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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1925

THE BEE'S KNEES

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

A BEE in the field is engaged in gathering three sorts of raw material — flour, varnish, and sirup; all of them commodities which present problems in handling and transportation.

That the yellow pollen of the flowers is simply flour to a bee may be gathered from the fact that beekeepers, in seasons when pollen is scarce, set out little troughs of rye flour which serves the bees instead and induces them to raise young earlier in the season than they otherwise would. Young bees, like young children, cannot thrive and develop on sweets alone; and so the pollen, a highly nitrogenous product, is the food of the young bee during the days when it is truly a baby in the cradle, occupying the open cell in larval form. Honey, a form of sugar, supplies the bee, as it does the human worker, with a vast amount of heat and energy; but it lacks the elements needed in repair and growth. The older bees eat the pollen in small quantity also, a certain proportion of it being necessary to health.

As for varnish, the bee gets hers from the same source that man does — the resinous exudation of trees. But the bee finds the readiest supply on sticky buds such as those of the balm of

Gilead tree, and, in lesser quantity, on the buds of poplar, horse-chestnut, willow, and hollyhock. While we are accustomed to think of the bee as a hoarder of honey, entirely possessed with her passion for sweets, the fact is that every worker bee has varnish on her mind. She will gather it as eagerly and hurry home with it in as high a state of happiness as if she were working in nectar or in pollen. A swarm of bees that has found suitable quarters in the decayed hollow of a tree will clean it out scrupulously, removing every particle of loose dirt and rubbish, and may then repair its surface until they have given it a complete coat of varnish. Those that are kept in the usual 'patent' hives stop up every crack and crevice with their resin; and they cement the lid on so tight that the beekeeper has to carry a special tool to pry it off. Mixed with wax it makes the wax stickier and hardens it, and this preparation they use as a basis and buttress with which to fasten their combs securely. If a mouse, or other large unwieldy animal, invades the hive and dies there, a problem in sanitary engineering has to be met and dealt with. Varnish-gatherers set to work at once, and in a short time they

have the mouse coated over and made odorless — virtually embalmed in their sweet-smelling resins. Usually bees deal with any objectionable object by dragging it out of the door and casting it overboard; but there are cases when such measures are not practicable.

Some years ago, on a bright warm day in spring, I set to work to varnish a sponson canoe and get it in shape for another season's use on the lake on which I live. I had not plied the brush long when I became aware that a number of bees were keeping me company. Then more and more bees. After a while they became so numerous, and were flying about in such a highly excited state of mind, that I put down the brush and began to worry. At that time I knew a great deal about bees, or thought I did; and so I was perfectly aware that bees gather the resinous propolis at great expenditure of time and labor. But up to the time when I met the bees in a common concern over the same sort of work, I did not really know what I had learned. This 'propolis' was a word which kept itself in a different department of my mind from that in which I deal with my everyday work; and so I did not know, as these particular bees did, that it was the same sort of stuff that I was putting on my canoe. But then — who would ever suspect that a bee could know so much about Greek! This little episode taught me a lesson in writing; I decided that if I ever wrote anything about bees I would use the plain word 'varnish.'

A bee carries her varnish in her pollen basket, so called because she also packs her flour in it. She gathers it when it is in such a warm sticky condition that it will draw out in a thread; and when she has loaded up with all the sticky stuff she can handle she hurries home and applies it to the hive while it is yet in a workable state. Commercial beekeepers, when they have worked a

while with their hives, taking off lids and handling frames, find their hands covered with a gummy tenacious substance which soap and water has little effect upon. Following the advice of their Langstroth, or other work on practical beekeeping, they use 'turpentine or alcohol' to get it off. A bee's varnish resembles man's in the embarrassing qualities of stickiness and insolubility; and so, if a bee can get it off her bristly body without using any special recipe out of a bee book, I think it is evident that she knows how to handle varnish. I am quite willing to believe that she could make use of canoe varnish, even though it is guaranteed to set dust free in a few hours and to be glass hard in a day or two.

The nectar from the blossoms is the bee's true food. While much of it finds its way into her stomach to supply her present needs, much more is retained in her honey bag, or crop, to be carried home in the form of sap and evaporated to honey in the cells. A bee that is engaged in field work never eats honey so long as the nectar is to be had. She simply stores it up for future use, and for the support of the bees that work in the hive. As a certain part of the swarm, the younger bees, stay at home and devote themselves to household specialties, — wax-making, comb-building, nursing, and ventilating, — they have to be supported on honey by the workers in the field. This current consumption alone is enough to keep them busy, especially when there is comb being built; besides which there must be a good supply of honey sealed up for time of need.

In hot weather a number of bees in every hive are acting in the capacity of electric fans, their wings working away at a great rate while they drive the air in just the directions needed in a well-calculated ventilating system. In front of any hive, holding their

proper stations at the narrow entrance, a detachment of these ventilating bees may be seen. Their heads are always turned toward the entrance so that the air is kept moving past them toward the rear, the reason for this position being that these bees are drawing out the foul air from the hive. On the inside of the hive, their heads turned also toward the entrance, is another file of bees propelling the air past them toward the interior. These bees are sucking in fresh air to take the place of the foul air. It is a double ventilating system based upon good mechanical principles.

To get the full effect of ventilation, it is not enough to admit a steady supply of fresh air at such an opening; it is also desirable to keep the whole mass of air in motion. Building engineers who specialize on such problems as are presented by theatres, moving-picture houses, and other human hives, have recently announced as an interesting discovery that there is a vivifying influence imparted to air simply by keeping it in motion; and this in addition to, or independent of, any new supply of oxygen. Whether there is any truth in these conclusions or not, bees fulfill all the requirements necessary to take advantage of them; for inside the hive are other detachments of bees steadily agitating the air. A bee has two pairs of wings, the rear pair and the forward pair being placed so close together that their edges almost touch. The wings are hooked together in flying, and to this end there is a row of little hooks on the forward edge of the rear wing and a stiff pleat on the edge of the front wing in which the little hooks may readily engage. A single pair of broad wings would be quite as serviceable in flying, but such a pair would not go into a cell. For this purpose they unhook and fold together like a fan. It has been observed that, in ventilating, bees do not have the wings hooked together.

The effect of this well-directed activity is not only to give a supply of life-sustaining oxygen to the multitude of workers in the hive, but also to keep down the temperature when there is danger of the comb melting; and, in addition, to evaporate the surplus water from the honey stored in the cells, which are never sealed shut till the product is properly 'ripened.' The nectar in some seasons is more watery than at other periods; but whatever its condition in this regard the bees bring it in and store it in the open cells and then fan it to the right consistency. The watery product is held in the uncapped cells largely by capillary attraction; but the bees have a tendency to build the cells with a dip toward the rear. When they are building cells especially for the storage of honey this dip is more pronounced, as if they considered it an advantage; but they also use brood cells which have hatched their young and been cleaned out, and here the tendency is not so pronounced. The practice of building the caps from the bottom up, after the manner of a dam, also helps them in filling the cells full without leakage. Their care in evaporating the honey till it is a highly concentrated food-product is an economic one, due to the high cost of wax. It takes from seven to fifteen pounds of honey to make one pound of wax; and this means that, in addition to all the time and energy spent in gathering the honey, there is the time spent in digesting it into wax. They cannot afford to use such an expensive product for the storage of water.

As this work of driving air in and out of the door is very exhausting, other bees take the places of any that have grown tired, and so the ventilating crew gradually changes. The hotter the day or the more liquid the nectar the more fanning there is in the hive. If the entrance is stopped up, by way

of experiment, the whole populace will set their wings agoing. It is apparent that the ventilating bees are not specialists, except as they specialize for a while on this part of the work. They are volunteers, taking their places among the files at the entrance or manning the forces of the interior as circumstances require. And what influence is it, or what supreme authority, that picks this bee and that one for the task, sets some to fanning the interior, sends others to complete the files of the fresh-air crew or the foul-air gang, and keeps up the balanced quota at the door? I am afraid we shall have to call this a mystery.

Indeed, we have now been led to the point where all study of bees, in any of their various activities, must inevitably lead us. At first we are shrewd observers, duly careful and skeptical in our conclusions, but led on by fact after fact until, just as we are about to reach the point of knowledge, we must admit that we are baffled. Unless we throw our scientific caution to the winds and turn poet or romancer, there is little to do but wonder. And I do not know but this latter outcome marks a man's deepest knowledge of nature. Especially as the wonder must beget a certain reverence, and a due humility of mind in the presence of the unknowable.

II

A bee needs so many tools in the day's work — such a variety of combs, brushes, pincers, shears, and what not — that her body is fairly covered with handy appliances. Any skilled workman, however little he might know about nature, would quickly conclude from an examination of the working parts of a bee that here was a fellow factory-hand who knew the tricks of some highly technical trade. Every hair and joint from head to foot has

some special development which makes it an ingenious combination-tool without interfering with the proper working of the bee's own person.

The leg of the bee — and I am not here forgetting that there are six of them — has a greater number of joints than has the leg of a human being. Midway between the knee and the joints of the foot there is another articulation, or knee, that is particularly interesting. In each of the three pairs of legs this knee is differently developed so as to furnish the bee with three sorts of very useful tools — pincers, crowbar, and comb.

On the first, or front, pair of legs, there is just below this joint a self-threading needle arrangement so equipped as to make a combination comb and scraper for keeping the antenna clean and in condition. It consists of a deep notch, constituting somewhat more than half a circle, in the horny shell of the leg; and the open part of this notch is closed, or bridged over, by means of a strong little piece of horny substance opening and closing by means of a hinge. The principle of this contrivance is, as I have said, that of a self-threading needle — though it is more finely and mechanically made than most of man's contrivances. Its object is to allow the bee's antenna to be slipped into the notch when the little bridgelike piece is raised; and then to be held in place, like a thread in the eye of a needle, as the little piece is dropped down and pressed into position. The interior of this notch is furnished with a comb, the fine long rounded teeth of which are set close together in a single row all round the half circle. The little horny piece which closes the opening does not carry any teeth, but has a sharpened edge. When the bee's feeler, or antenna, is slipped into the opening and drawn through, the little horny piece presses it down against the teeth.

As a bee's feelers carry its 'smell hollows' and the fine, peculiarly designed hairs which serve somehow as a means of communication between bees, it is important that they be kept free from sticky substances and the accumulation of summer's dust. With these comb-and-scraper devices placed so conveniently on the front legs — one for each antenna to right and left — the bee can slip her feelers into these self-threading inventions alternately and so keep her means of communication in working order with a minimum of time and trouble.

Looking now at the middle pair of legs, and turning our attention to this same joint upon either one of them, we find a very different sort of arrangement. Sprouting out from beneath the hard shell of the leg, at the edge just above the joint, is a process or prong which I can best describe as being a diminutive elephant's tusk. It has the same curve, proportions, and general appearance of utility. This is the bee's combination pick and crowbar; and she uses it particularly for loosening the close-packed pollen in her pollen basket — which she carries upon her hind pair of legs — and pushing it out into the cell in which it is to be stored.

Anyone who has had even a little experience in gardening knows how a packed soil may be loosened with a single tine of a potato fork; or how the worker in the most stubborn soils easily conquers with the point of a pick. For a better illustration, watch the grocer as he separates a pound of dates from the close-packed mass, and observe that it may be pried loose only with a single-pointed instrument which acts as pick and crowbar. Nature had like knowledge of adapting the means to the end, of fitting the tool to the trade, when she equipped the bee with this prong for loosening her load of pollen. Burroughs says that when a bee

has brought a load of pollen to the hive 'he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off as one might his overalls or rubber boots, making one foot help the other.' It is not done in quite so loose and easy a manner as this description would imply. The tusklike tool is working to pry the pollen loose, the one on the left leg serving to unload the right, and the right doing a like service for the left. 'He,' as Mr. Burroughs here uses it, must be a grammatical he. No male bee ever gathered any pollen or honey or did any work around a hive. The drone is strictly a gentleman of leisure.

This brings us to the hind legs of the bee, the longest, strongest, and most elaborate of the three pairs; and here we confine our attention to the pair of knees which correspond to the ones we have been studying on the other two pairs of legs. The hind legs of the bee differ from the others in the fact that they become much wider and spatulate toward their lower extremities, somewhat like a sailor's trousers when well pressed. Rather they are like oars with broad generous blades. Of the three principal divisions of the leg, the upper one is round like the haft of an oar, and the next two sections are flattened so that each is like a blade or paddle. The joint or knee we are now considering unites these two broad, paddlelike sections of the leg. These are hinged together only at one edge, the result being that when this particular knee is bent it opens a wide gaping mouth with sharp, serrated edges. This is the bee's combination shears and pincers. With these she seizes and disattaches the flattened wax which extrudes from between the joints of the body, on the abdomen, and furnishes her with building material.

In considering the supplies which the bee in the field is engaged in gathering, no mention was made of wax, because

it is a product of the hive. It is manufactured like fat in the bee's body, out of honey which is eaten in large quantities for the purpose. On each side of the abdomen are four little wax-pockets situated in the joints of the hard-surfaced body; and here the supply of wax may be seen issuing, the flat, light-colored wax appearing somewhat like a letter which a man has tucked up under his waistcoat.

When there is comb to be built, certain bees will hang themselves up in festoons from the roof of the hive and remain there quiescently while wax forms and pushes its way out from the pockets. It takes about twenty-four hours for a stomachful of honey to be converted into wax, the bee having gorged herself with honey for the purpose. And it is the younger bees, which seem to have the most vigorous digestion and wax-forming ability, that take this specialty upon themselves. The festoons consist of loops like a watch chain, each bee hanging by the claws or hooks on her forelegs to the extended hind legs of the bee above her; and the whole loop is supported by the bees that have hold of the ceiling. At first they form chains hanging straight down; and then two chains uniting at the bottom form a loop.

When the appointed time has been fulfilled and the bee feels that her wax is ready for delivery, she separates herself from the others and proceeds to a part of the roof where building is to begin; and now she detaches the wax from her abdomen, macerates it, — for which purpose she seems to moisten it with some form of fluid or saliva, — and sticks it against the ceiling. Bee after bee comes here and does likewise until a little wall of wax has been built up — a crude blank wall on which the architects have not gone to work. From this it will be seen that the shears and pincers on the hind legs serve a bee

to disattach the wax from her own body — not from the body of another bee. Sometimes the floor of the hive will be littered with these wax scales, in which case the worker bees pick them up and carry them to the work, regarding them as so much useful lumber. As the hive is warmed by the bodies of so many busy workers, the wax is rendered pliable and soft, so that it is easily united to the edge of a growing cell and worked into shape by the strong, blunt mandibles of the bee.

The wax shears, as we have seen, are a development of the joint itself; and now, for further interesting developments, we must turn our attention to the broad, paddlelike sections of the leg above and below this particular joint. They are made thus broad in order that there may be room on them for all the devices needed in the reaping and loading of pollen. On the upper one is the pollen basket. It is situated, like a pocket, on the side of the leg away from the bee's body. On the lower one is the pollen-reaping or gathering device; and this is on the side *toward* the bee's body. The pollen basket is most frequently referred to as being on the bee's 'thigh,' or on her 'hip,' but this is far from correct. It is on the tibia, which is the section below the thigh; and the pollen-gathering device is on the section next below that. It is important that these devices be low down on the leg, at a considerable distance from the bee's body, in which position they have free scope and reaching power. A bee loads her left pollen-basket with her right leg, and her right one with her left leg; and I dare say anyone will see the difficulty in reaching a hip pocket by means of the opposite shin. Bees that carry their pollen in that position are poetical bees, not the work of a practical mechanic.

The pollen basket, so far as its bottom is concerned, consists of the broad,

smooth side of this section called the tibia, its surface being slightly concave. It is fenced round by a row of spines or bristles that serve like the stakes around a wagon bed; and there are longer hairs curving inward and over the top and serving to keep the pollen from falling out. The pollen packs firmly into this place like flour or snow; and being held by the row of stiff spines which fence it in, and the long incurving hairs which clasp it down, there is evident need for the little tusk or crowbar on each of the middle pair of legs. Without this it would be difficult to unload.

On the broad section of the leg next below the one which holds the pollen basket, and, as we have already noted, on the inner side instead of the outer, we find the pollen-gathering and loading device. Arranged across this part of the leg is a series of combs, yellowish brown in color, and looking for all the world like the side combs which women use to hold the hair in place. Each comb has its teeth slightly raised from the surface of the leg, and partially overlapping the next comb below. These combs, by being constantly plied over the bee's breast, serve to gather the grains of pollen which adhere to the feathered hairs on this part of the bee's body; and then, when the combs are full, to transfer it to the pollen basket on the opposite leg. The bee bends the knee and wipes or draws the row of combs across the back of the opposite leg just as a man might draw his shin-bone lengthwise across the back of his thigh; the little stakes or spines which surround the pollen basket pass between the teeth of the combs and clean them out; and thus the pollen basket, after many such combfuls, is well packed with pollen and the bee is ready to go home and unload. The whole device works together with the ingenuity and perfect fitness of a piece of agricultural machinery.

The feathered hairs on parts of the body are an indispensable part of the machine. These are hairs which have other little hairs growing all over them, giving them a feathered or mosslike appearance. They serve to entangle and hold the grains of pollen better than ordinary smooth hairs would do. On other parts of the bee's body the hairs are smooth; but these are of different sizes and proportions according to the functions they serve, and are grouped, as we have seen, with various objects in view. On the front pair of legs is an arrangement of hairs which serves the bee as an eye-brush. As bees have no eyelids on their compound eyes, and are always thrusting their heads into the flour bins of the summer's blossoms, they would seem to have need of some such convenience.

A bee's sting consists of two separate spears or shafts, each with nine barbs. It will be more readily comprehended by viewing it as a single spear which has been accurately split down the middle so that the two halves move smoothly up and down on one another, and the shafts are enclosed in a neat-fitting sheath which holds them together and guides them when thus working. There is a muscle belonging to the sting which gives the spears a pumping motion in the sheath, first one and then the other; and this muscle is able to keep up the pumping motion to a certain extent even after the sting has become disattached from the bee. The consequence is that when the sting is thrust slightly into the flesh the barbs take hold, and the barbs on one spear hold the sting firmly in place while the other spear is thrust deeper, and so on, alternately. The sting works its way in by its own power, and thus goes deeper than the bee could thrust it with her light weight and the limited hold of the little claws and gumlike pads on her feet. Attached to the sting also is the

poison sac, which feeds the spears with poison by a groove in their working surfaces.

III

Readers who have read anything whatever about bees are probably familiar with the queen bee and the sexual peculiarities of the swarm. These things belong to the better-known facts in bee life such as are to be found in any treatise on beekeeping; but I shall repeat a few of them here, partly because of their intrinsic interest and partly because they lead on to some further considerations regarding the bee's tools.

In a swarm of bees, numbering anywhere from ten thousand to a hundred thousand individuals, there is but one female, the 'queen bee.' During her whole life she does nothing but lay eggs. She does not even feed herself, but is accompanied by a guard of fifteen or twenty bees who watch over her and attend to her wants; and when she thrusts her tongue out they put honey upon it. A few days after she is hatched she leaves the hive and goes forth on her wedding flight; and when she comes back she can lay fertile eggs during all the rest of her life—as many as a million eggs—with but the one impregnation. Except for this wedding flight and the flight she takes when she goes out with the swarm to a new home, a queen bee has no experience in the outer world. While the other bees go forth for work, for exercise, and for cleansing flights, she sees nothing of the world of daylight. She lays eggs; and she goes out of that little door for no purpose whatsoever. And as she builds no comb, lays up no honey, takes no part in the rearing of the young, and does nothing but go from cell to cell laying eggs, she has no opportunity for experience or development in the work of the hive.

The workers, usually called neuter

bees, are really females that are sexually undeveloped. They do all the work, of whatever sort, including the 'nursing,' which consists in feeding the larvæ in their cells and tending to all the needs of the young. Dean Inge, dealing with social questions in a recent number of the *Atlantic*, referred to the bee community as a 'socialistic gynæcocracy of maiden aunts.' It is a phrase which deserves to be perpetuated.

The males, or drones, of which there are only a few hundred in the hive, are nonworkers. They do not bother to support themselves, but depend upon the others to keep plenty of stores in the hive. But they do go outdoors and enjoy themselves generally. They loaf about on the porch like true gentlemen—each a potential husband of the queen. And when the days of plenty are over, and winter is in sight, the worker bees have a day of slaughter and kill every last drone. They also go over the comb and murder all the baby drones in their cells.

The queen has an appearance quite different from that of a worker. She is longer and slimmer and has wings that are shorter in proportion to her size, though she is a powerful flier. And yet the queen bee is hatched from the same sort of egg as is a worker bee. Usually a queen is hatched in a cell especially designed for the purpose; but if the bees find themselves queenless at a time when there is no royal cell with an egg in it they proceed to raise a queen from one of the eggs in an ordinary worker cell, for which purpose they give the egg more room by tearing away some of the adjoining cells. The larva is then fed exclusively on a predigested food called 'royal jelly,' up to the time when it is sealed in to undergo its metamorphosis into a bee. Ordinarily that larva would have received predigested food, a sort of mother's milk, for only a short time, after which its food would become

bee bread, or pollen mixed with a little honey. But by this different feeding the egg that was intended to become a worker has its destiny changed and becomes a bee with different tools, different instincts, and a different form. They can make this change even after the larva has been started out in its small cell as a young worker bee, providing the process has not been too long delayed.

This brings us around again to the interesting subject of the bee's tools. A queen has no pollen basket; she is not intended for that sort of work. And, lacking the pollen basket, she is also wanting in that set of combs for gathering and loading the grains; in short, she lacks the whole mechanism for reaping the crop. The drone, not being intended for work, also lacks it.

A queen lacks the eight wax-pockets on the abdomen which a worker has; and the drone, as he does no building, lacks them also. The antenna of a female bee or worker has thirteen joints, while that of a drone has one more. The sting of a queen bee is curved, and with it she kills rival queens. The sting of the worker is straight and serves to defend the hive. The drone, as he is not a sentinel or soldier, has no sting at all; and as he is killed at the end of the honey season, so that he may not consume any of the winter stores, it is a good thing for the others that he has no weapon and cannot fight back. In the wonderful compound eyes of the worker bees there are six thousand facets; but a drone has more than twice as many. And his antennæ have more 'smell hollows' than do the antennæ of the other bees.

From what we have observed of the sexual arrangements of the hive it will be seen that a queen is the daughter of a father and a mother neither of whom has had any experience in the work of the bee, either in the hive or out; and

these fathers and mothers were descended from others who never had any experience in those things which make up the marvelous mechanism of the swarm. Consequently they can have no acquired traits or habits, or responses to environment, or effects of the use or disuse of organs to transmit to their offspring. And the neuter bees, who have all the struggles with life, and most of the special fitness which makes the swarm survive, cannot transmit to their offspring any new results of experience, or developments of habit, or gradual conformation to environment — simply because they have no offspring to transmit them to.

Right here is where Darwin's theory of evolution went on the rocks. To any theory of evolution, heredity — the ability to transmit evolved traits to offspring — is absolutely necessary. A 'law' that does not account for all cases that it is supposed to cover is no law at all; consequently the law of evolution has to succeed here or fail to be a law. Knowing this, Darwin was much perturbed when, about the two hundred and fiftieth page of his *Origin of Species*, he came to this problem of the neuter insect. As he says, it is a difficulty 'which at first appeared to me insuperable and actually fatal to the whole theory.' In fact, he must here submit a theory which seems plausible, or acceptable as a working hypothesis, or it is the end of his theory of evolution — or, for that matter, any other theory of evolution. And so, while his theory went on the rocks at this point, he set to work manfully to pull it off and get it into some sort of working condition.

He lays aside the idea of animals which vary from generation to generation and which transmit these advantageous changes to their offspring, and supposes instead the ability of a queen, somehow acquired, to *lay eggs* which vary in this advantageous way. Queens

which laid such eggs survived because their swarms had advantages which caused them to survive. As to how such queens came to lay eggs with these peculiar potentialities, and different from the eggs of other queens, he puts the whole stress here on 'spontaneous' variation — by which he means variation which we do not understand and cannot account for. Thus the theory went ahead again, but without having been really cleared up even by this supposition. While he had to account for all neuter insects, he was dealing especially with ants; and among ants the neuter insects in a community are not all alike, but have definite classes or castes, quite different from one another in structure and instinct. Here the theory would have to be stretched pretty far — almost too far. For how did a queen ant, simply employed in laying eggs, get this ability to lay eggs in which the whole intricate plan of the community, with its various instincts and different physical structure, was all latent and ready to spring forth from this egg and that? How does 'evolution' account for such a thing? Darwin never got quite over the difficulty here, as can be seen in his recapitulation, where he refers to it with an evidently dissatisfied mind.

IV

However, all this is a difficult and recondite subject for the layman to employ himself upon, and he would never know his own opinion of evolution if he had to consider and weigh such obscure and questionable facts. If he wishes to bring his mind to the testing-point he must get at it more directly.

Here on this front leg of the bee is that self-threading, combined comb and scraper for the bee's antenna. It is not in the patent-applied-for stage of invention, but is a complete and per-

fect working device. The whole affair would be quite likely to receive papers from the United States Patent Office; but a lawyer would have to draw up his basic claims pretty carefully to keep some useful point from being stolen. It might be the invention of some assiduous Yankee — though it is doubtful whether he would get it so perfect that it would not need further improvement and repairing.

Considering this now as a mere 'fortuitous' falling-together of raw material, a mere happening or series of coincidences, a result of pure blind chance, the human mind simply refuses to take that position. In anything like this we see preconception. And preconception is mind, intelligent force. It is something quite different from material.

'Darwin considered natural selection, operating by means of small fortuitous individual variations, as the most important factor in organic evolution.'

So says the New International Dictionary, very correctly including the *fortuitous*. Indeed, blind chance is of the very essence of the theory; for the survival of the fittest, as the result of advantageous variation, implies that other animals had variations which did not happen to be advantageous. The advantageous variation is one which happens to coincide with some feature of the environment; and so natural selection is a theory which gives an animal a 'spontaneous' tendency to vary in all sorts of aimless and undirected ways, and then builds the animal up from some primitive or one-celled form by a long series of coincidences. Essentially it is 'fortuitous.'

The human mind, accepting this theory, and starting out to give it definite application, is immediately brought to a halt. A man simply *will* ask questions — it is part of his nature; and so he wants to know whether the

bee's antenna existed first and needed a cleaner for long periods of time, or whether the cleaner happened first and was in need of something to clean. As to the gradual evolution of tools, here is a bothersome thought! Some tools are of such a nature that they are not of use till they are complete. A wheelbarrow without a wheel, a pipe wrench without a jaw, would be an entirely unevolved piece of evolution. The *idea* might be there, but — ! The antenna-cleaner seems to belong to this class of tools. One cannot imagine its progressive stages and see how any one of the imaginary states of incompleteness would give its possessor any advantage over other insects in the struggle for existence.

One sees now why evolutionists have more recently taken up the theory of 'mutations,' which is that individuals may acquire new characteristics suddenly, all at a birth. This would be a much better way for such tools to happen — all at once, and overnight as it were, answering the need of an antenna that ought to be cleaned. And so it would appear that the antenna and the cleaner must have been made together — in fact, maybe they were made at the same time the bee was made! But this will not do, for this is not evolution at all. Evolution is opposed to *special creation*; that is its very definition as set down by the evolutionists. We must not imagine any such thing because it is against the law of evolution. So there we are again — the human mind refusing to meet the conditions. For my part I must admit that I am completely frustrated; and so I shall proceed to drop the subject.

Practically, it is like an argument about infinity. Eternity is difficult to admit; a thing without end is beyond

the reach of thought. On the other hand it is just as difficult to admit that there could be an end to time or space — beyond which point there would be neither time nor space. Both are impossible.

Evolution, practically, is something in the same line. At first it is a supreme act of faith, under the guise of a 'working hypothesis'; and very soon it has become a sort of theology, disbelieving which you are a heretic. Right here is the ground of complaint as set forth by Fundamentalists and others. They say that evolution has become a dogma, a creed of science, set forth as if it were truth instead of a mere theory. The 'working hypothesis,' which belongs in the laboratory of the trained investigator, has got itself mixed up in our educational programme. It is a school of thought. Young men and women, instead of being brought face to face with the unknowable, and trained in any sort of contemplation or reflection, are wholly neglected in that important department of their natures.

For my part, I cannot contemplate a wasp, a spider, or a bee without being confronted with absolute Mystery. At the end of every telescope, beneath every microscope, at the bottom of every marl pit, is Mystery pure and simple. Science reveals more for me to wonder at, but solves nothing. This may not be religion exactly, but it is a continual reminder of my own position in the universe. And so I think that a system of education which takes the attitude of accounting for all things, or being just upon the point of accounting for them when the scientists have discovered just a few more facts, is not education at all. It stops just short of the truth; and therefore it is not exactly honest.

CURE-ALLS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

It was a chemist's window on a dingy street corner, and there stood in it a portrait of the once famous practitioner whose sign was an uplifted forefinger, and whose slogan was 'While there is life, there is hope.' Beneath, printed in fair large text, was this jubilant couplet: —

There's a Munyon pill
For every ill!

and, reading it, I was made pleasantly aware of the survival of human confidences: not merely the confidences of my childhood, but the confidences of the childhood of the world. For uncounted years mankind believed, ignorantly but not illogically, that Nature, who had provided multitudinous ills for her children, had also provided correspondingly multitudinous cures. The ills she gave open-handedly, mindful of her duty to destroy; the cures she gave grudgingly and under pressure, but they were always to be found for the seeking.

With a still more touching simplicity, we believe in this age of experience that for the evils, spiritual, material, and intellectual, which beset us, remedies are at hand. There's a pious pill, a social pill, a political pill, for every ill, and they are offered to us at the street corners of life. Their action is assured. Their numbers are as remarkable as their variety. They range all the way from licensing parents, which is warranted to curtail the birth-rate,

to a bonus on babies, which is warranted to increase it; from simplicity of living, which is doing without things we do not need, to 'consumptionism,' which is acquiring things we do not want; from Fundamentalism, which is the triumph of the rigid, to Spiritism, which is the triumph of the nebulous. Distinguished specialists offer us private and particular remedies for our private and particular ills. A few years ago an enterprising lady succeeded in persuading a number of Americans who had heretofore been considered sane that if they changed their proper names — she chose the new names — and wore specified colors — she chose the colors — they would grow as healthy, wealthy, and wise as if they got up early in the morning.

Color psychology is playing an interesting part in the rehabilitation of the world. The happy possessors of an aura distinguishable to the medium's eye are very particular about its shade. Readers of *Raymond* — and nine years ago everybody was a reader of *Raymond* — will remember the use of colors, as described in that jocund volume. According to reports received through 'Feda,' a youthful control of volatile disposition and retarded mentality, spirits residing in the 'beyond' absorbed goodness and greatness through rays of parti-colored light. If they were unloving, they stood in pink rays and grew affectionate. If they were stupid, they stood in orange

rays and grew intelligent. If they were materialistic, they stood in blue rays, the most delicate and powerful of all, blue being the light of pure spiritual healing. The simplicity of this device, compared to our cumbersome human methods, could not be too highly recommended; and we were assured that in the coming years the world would learn the curative and educational value of colors, and so be spared much misdirected effort.

Nine years before the revelations of *Raymond*, Achille Ricciardi, an ingenious and enthusiastic theorist, assigned an æsthetic value to colors; and his assumptions are reset from time to time by equally ingenious and far more practical authorities. Ricciardi held that colors have a life of their own, 'a rich treasury of emotive connotations,' and that they not only feed our sensations but control them. He never affirmed that these emotive connotations were alike under different conditions. The moral values of red and blue were the only ones he believed to be beyond dispute. To-day we hear strange stories of rooms painted yellow in which nobody feels cold, and of rooms painted slate-blue in which nobody feels warm; of rooms hung with violet in which people weep without cause, and of rooms hung with orange in which people laugh without reason. One color psychologist informs us that light brown and blue inspire confidence in business ventures, and that green walls and yellow curtains inspire corresponding confidence in religious teaching. Another, equally assured, is of the opinion that a pink kitchen will make a cook contented with her work, and so bring about the radical regeneration of the world.

It is all very interesting, very sanguine, and a little contradictory. From those mysterious statistics that are compiled by people who enjoy an

infinity of leisure, and the precise purposes of which are hidden from the profane, we learn that yellow—the delight of the Orient—is regarded with disfavor by American undergraduates of both sexes. These young people can hardly have inherited the aversion of the early Christians for what was once considered a lascivious hue; but a large majority confess to liking it least among colors. Perhaps its arbitrary and wholly fanciful association with a certain type of journalism, as well as with slackers and obstructionists during the war, may lie at the root of this antipathy. I, at least, should be sorry to see it exchanged for pink in American kitchens, were it only for the sake of the child, Henry Adams, aged three, sitting in the sunlight on the yellow kitchen floor, and remembering this first happy consciousness of color all the rest of his life.

II

Applied psychology, autosuggestions, and royal roads to learning or to wealth are among the cure-alls urged upon us by kindly, but not altogether disinterested, reformers. Simple and easy systems for the dissolution of discord and strife; simple and easy systems for the development of personality and power; booklets of counsel on 'How to Get What We Want,' which is impossible; booklets on 'Visualization,' warranted to make us want what we get, which is ignoble. 'Let science cure your ills!' is the clarion cry of one miracle-monger. 'Let culture crown your life!' is the soft whisper of another. The common pursuit of wealth is proffered as a human bond, which it has never been; the individual pursuit of knowledge is proffered as a social asset, which it can never be.

When Dr. Eliot selected his famous

five-foot shelf of books, he little dreamed that it would be lifted to the proud preëminence of a cure-all. For years scholars and readers had diverted themselves by making lists of the best ten books, the best fifty books, the best hundred books, the best books to read on a desert island, presuming we were cast away with a little library of our own selection. Indeed, the Librarian of the University of Pennsylvania has come forward with a list of the best thousand books, which is warranted to keep us profitably employed for the rest of our natural lives. Dr. Eliot was the first to associate measurement with erudition, and the practical nature of this device, combined with the sanction of his name, gave to his list — which was frankly personal — ascendancy over other lists, which were frankly scholastic or frankly popular. Literature is alien to the natural man; but the limitations of a five-foot shelf were everywhere understood and appreciated.

With what result? Dr. Eliot has expressed from time to time a veritable enthusiasm for that shop-worn word, 'efficiency'; but it has never been a factor in his intellectual pursuits, and it was certainly not haunting his mind when he compiled his brief and weighty list. One does not grow efficient by reading Jonson, or Shelley, or Marlowe. The irony of fate decreed that his five-foot shelf should, in the course of time, be converted into a five-foot pill-box, the contents of which, when absorbed in homœopathic doses, are warranted to fit us for all the emergencies of life. We are asked to believe that financiers are impressed with the conversation of young men who have read *The Wealth of Nations*, and that pretty girls surrender themselves to the charm of suitors conversant with the *Areopagitica*. *The Fruits of Solitude* lends sparkle to a

dinner party; the *Religio Medici* and the *Confessions* of Saint Augustine, books written for the secret pleasure and the secret solace of humanity, assume an unsuspected value when retailed for the edification of society. Education, once defined as 'the transmission of a moral and intellectual tradition,' has crystallized into a compact substance, absorbed without effort and imparted without reserve, as useful as a ready reckoner, as universally popular as a trump card.

Reformatory measures are hailed as cure-alls by people who have a wholesome confidence in the perfectibility of human nature, and no discouraging acquaintance with history to dim it. The Eighteenth and the Nineteenth Amendments of our Constitution were such gigantic steps, reaching so far and involving so much, that five and six years are manifestly periods too short to permit of our forming any reasonable opinion of their value. Indeed, Mr. Brownell has pointed out that the data of human life are unfitted to serve the purpose of theoretic demonstration. It takes more than one generation to test the soundness of men's intelligence, the prophetic vision of their enthusiasms. Senator Borah emphasized this point when he told the Philadelphia Forum that Prohibition had failed in the past because it lacked the sympathy of the nation; but that it would triumph in the future because the sympathy of the nation would be with it.

At present it comes under the head of statutes which Mrs. Gerould has described as passed in the interests of morality, and evaded in the interests of human nature. If it were possible to make a moral law out of a civil law, if it were possible to legislate evil into an innocent thing, or innocence into an evil thing, the path of the legislator would be smooth, and revolutionists —

the purest-minded of them — would be the sinners, and not the saviors of the world. A sumptuary law, to be successful, must be in accord with the temperament of the people. Geneva seems to have liked Calvin's rulings. At least it professed to like them; and the worldlings who found them past bearing fled to more habitable towns.

The Eighteenth Amendment deprived the United States of an enormous revenue. Its enforcement costs the taxpayer anywhere from \$10,000,000 to \$30,000,000 a year. This is a point worthy of consideration. We ought to get something handsome for that money; we ought to be sure that it is something we want, and very sure that none of the millions are misappropriated. So much has been written on the subject that the public has ceased to read any of it. A glance at Poole's Index from 1919 to 1925 will show that this was the only life-saving course to pursue. Even the phraseology of the writers no longer calls for comment. The anti-Prohibitionist's urbane allusions to wine and beer, the Prohibitionist's invariable use of the terms 'rum' and 'booze,' illustrate to perfection Mr. Henry Sedgwick's analysis of the prejudices and partisanship of words.

'An indoctrinated and collective virtue,' says Santayana, 'turns easily to fanaticism. It imposes irrational sacrifices.' This is the story of all inquisitions, religious, moral, political. Torquemada never dies. He merely turns his attention from heresy to some reprobated form of self-government or self-indulgence. And always his intentions are of the best. Always he offers a sharp remedy for errors to which he is disinclined. Freedom is no less displeasing to him than temperance, which is the child of freedom, the eternal principle of moderation, inherited by Christianity from the

noblest forms of paganism, and raised to the glory of a cardinal virtue for the upholding of the dignity of man.

If the Eighteenth Amendment was admittedly a measure of reform, a stupendous cure-all designed for the deliverance of the nation, the Nineteenth Amendment would never have been thought of in these terms, had it not been for the overardent and oversanguine assertions of its supporters. It was a measure of reason, of justice, of legitimate and inevitable progress. Those who had it at heart saw it — very naturally — through a golden haze, and talked about it as the promise of a golden age. Enthusiastic feminists, the ones who did the talking, said, and perhaps believed, that women voters would be more honest and intelligent than men voters, and that women officials would be more honest and able than men officials. They assigned to themselves the glory of 'race-building,' quite as though they built alone. When they were idealistic, they foretold that the religion of women, which is the religion of birth, would replace the religion of men, which is the religion of death. When they were practical, they engaged to clean up politics, clean up vice, clean up streets. The city, the state, and the nation are but expansions of the family, and they were prepared to adopt and mother them all.

Now this is not much more than political parties promise at election time. The essence of electioneering is the repeated assertion that the safety of the country and the welfare of its citizens depend on our voting the Republican or the Democratic ticket. Nobody expects the millennium as the result of such voting, but nobody hesitates to predict it. The enfranchisement of women was hailed as a 'world-changing phenomenon.' 'Elevate' was the word most often

used to express the working of the new freedom, the new influence in public life. Opponents of the measure accepted their defeat with the good grace of those who were at heart indifferent; and the only people to be pitied were the insistent agitators, who, deprived overnight of a perfectly good cause to agitate, were compelled to fall back on a mad medley of reforms, social, international, psychological, pathological—all of them matters with which they profess an appalling familiarity, and which they urge upon our reluctant consideration.

To expect elevation from the rank and file of women voters is manifestly absurd. It is also manifestly unjust. If, being less intelligent, less informed, and less experienced than men, they are not less conscientious, they give sufficient proof of their fitness to cast a ballot. At present there seems to be some trouble in persuading them to cast it. After listening for years to impassioned appeals for the suffrage, I listened last autumn to impassioned reproaches for its neglect. Clubs and societies spent themselves in exhorting women to vote. Badges to be worn by those who had fulfilled this duty were distributed, and the badgeless ones were asked to consider themselves as the moral lepers of the community. An active and intelligent minority, which had wrestled for its rights and won them, faced an apathetic and elusive majority, and compelled it to accept its good fortune.

III

A great and growing moderation is noticeable in the public utterances of American women. Now and then they get a word of bad advice, as when Lady Astor told them they could hold the balance of power—which is, let us hope, as impossible as it is undesirable.

Holding the balance of power means selling out to the highest bidder, a very demoralizing process. Now and then an enthusiast like Kathleen Norris, who has not outlived her enthusiasms, finds herself able to speak of women as the crusaders of the body politic. Now and then a hardy fighter like Elizabeth Robins (Parks, not Pennell) asserts with undiminished vigor that the moral power of women is the appointed antidote to the perverted physical power which has hitherto ruled the world. Now and then, but very seldom, a feminist born out of date runs amuck through the formalities of Christian civilization. Less than two years ago a writer in the *Century* lifted up her voice in a spirited tirade against Saint Paul, whose very moderate appreciation of women—'sex-embitterment,' she called it—stood responsible in her eyes for the failures of Christianity. The 'stuffy asceticism' of the Middle Ages, the 'polluted atmosphere' of the Reformation, the 'follies and brutalities' of our own time—all could be traced back to the Apostle of the Gentiles, and all originated in his imperious masculinity, which the wives and widows of the infant Church were not courageous enough, or discontented enough, to deny.

These varieties of the cure-all doctrine, with which we were once sadly familiar, grow rarer with every year of suffrage and experience. When women have gone one step further, and have secured through legitimate State legislature their equal rights, we shall never hear them again. By that time 'sex-embitterment' will have been relegated to the dustbin. At present it is only very belligerent pacifists who strike the old note of anger and contempt. Even when they are disposed to be moderate, their moderation conveys a reproach. 'In the matter of war, the women's point of view has asserted

itself in clear contradistinction to men's,' wrote Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt a few years ago in the *Woman's Home Companion*. 'It is not that women will oppose an individual war when it comes, but that they oppose the blunders of government which cause war. . . . Women realize that it is nobler to lead a nation out of trouble than to lead it through trouble when trouble comes.'

It is just possible that men, wise men, have realized this for a few thousand years, and have found the leading of nations more difficult than the leading of sheep. We have Mr. Root's word for it — and he ought to know — that 'democracies are always in trouble.' Yet they are 'cure-alls' themselves, very high up in the order of deliverance, and must be extricated with care and tenderness from the consequences of their own blunders. When pacifists, more impatient or more masterful than Mrs. Catt, ask immediate assurance of a world peace, something universal and unbreakable, which will take effect overnight, and last out the century, statesmen sigh and smile, and face with fresh discouragement the difficulties of their task. The demand that governments shall 'instantly' disarm, 'under pain of revolution and overthrow,' sounds business-like; but if the governments have not yet disarmed, who is to bell the cat? The oft-repeated threat that women will refuse to bear children while there is a shadow of war in the sky is practical in purpose, but nebulous in outline. Nature is a strong antagonist. She has two things to do, create and destroy, and she does them with all her might. The procreative impulse is extinguishable in individuals, but not in the race. There is something to be said for as well as against it; but impulses are independent of argument. While middle-aged spinsters of irreproach-

able morals are bidding men make their choice between war and children, babies are being born so fast that their immediate needs keep the country hard at work providing for them.

An exasperated American politician has said that women's political views defy classification. This is only partially true, and when it is true the reason is not far to seek. Party politics are subordinated in the minds of some women to feminism — the desire to advance their own sex — and in the minds of others to reform. The uneradicated cure-all notion affects their point of view. They attach more importance to the private character of a candidate than men do, and less to the principles he advocates and the work he has done. Where could a woman have been found to echo Sydney Smith's heartfelt wish that Mr. Perceval had whipped his boys and saved his country?

The very able women speakers who pleaded for the Democratic cause before the last elections dwelt largely on moral, and lightly on practical, reforms. They had a great deal to say about the Teapot Dome, — some of them carried around a huge teapot as a symbolic and satiric device, — but very little about taxes and tariffs and the high cost of living. They were passionately aware of political corruption, though naturally disposed to look for it only on one side of the fence; but they had apparently never bought a pair of blankets since the passing of the Fordney-McCumber bill. Hearing them, I thought of those Tudor-ruled Britons who shrugged scornful shoulders when their fat king married and murdered his wives; but who voiced a prompt and stern denial to his exorbitant demands for money. 'Prerogative monarchs,' says Trevelyan, 'are the making of constitutional lawyers'; and the triumph of representative

government is humane taxation. The supreme triumph will come when to humane taxation is added wise expenditure. With the dawning of that day the world and Democracy will be made safe for each other, and the plague of officialism will be healed.

IV

Perhaps a profound distaste for the methods of Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns may have disposed us to concede to Democracy a species of holiness, a curative value, not easily analyzed or proved.

God said, 'I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more,'

wrote Emerson in 1863, voicing his own pardonable weariness, which he never doubted was shared by the Almighty. In 1914 Autocracy gave to the world an object lesson in organized and efficient evil that made Democracy's blundering incompetence seem like the shining of angels' wings. What if the power of the people is apt to degrade public service to a common level of incapacity! What if intellectual inequalities are as distasteful to it as social inequalities! What if waste, corruption, and the miscarriage of justice can be laid to its charge! These sins are not the sins of Cain. They do not cry to Heaven for vengeance; but plead for time, and patience, and renewed confidence in a public conscience, which, though not always an intelligent conscience, is acutely sensitive to direction.

An ingenious theory advanced by Santayana maintains that leadership is immaterial in a pure democracy because of the 'contagious sympathy' of the pure democrats. As soon as the pressure of circumstance necessitates leadership, the pure democracy becomes a rudimentary monarchy. This is true, inasmuch as every government

holds in it the rudiments of another form of government. How far the democracy of the United States is a pure democracy, it would be hard to tell. There are those who hold with our kind English critic, Lord Bryce, that we are wholly and triumphantly democratic; and there are those who hold with our caustic Canadian critic, Sir Andrew Macphail, that we are not democratic at all; that in no other civilized country are the liberties of the people more frequently and systematically raided. One thing is sure. Leadership affects us less than does the contagious sympathy of our fellows. It was not leadership which took us into the Great War, — our leaders were men of many minds, — it was the contagious sympathy of pure democrats who, like Emerson, were tired of the ways of kings.

Plato, whose words have a curious fashion of sounding as if they had been spoken the day before yesterday, says that Democracy is 'a charming form of government, full of variety and disorder, which dispenses equality alike to equals and unequals.' Even little lap-dogs, he observes, walk about consequentially, with their noses in the air, and get out of nobody's way. Criminals are treated benevolently. Men condemned to exile or to death are neither exiled nor executed. They 'just stay where they are,' and, when they appear in public, affect the demeanor of heroes.

Translated into slang, this paragraph might appear any day in any newspaper as the observation of a sardonic American humorist. It will be remembered that Lord Bryce admits we are an 'indulgent' people, and that our courts of justice could thole amends. It is also plain to his reluctant vision that Democracy as an institution fails to vivify intellectual life. But he most firmly believes that,

for all its difficulties in a country subject to unresting immigration, it makes for methodical progress, and that it embodies a spirit of hopefulness, not to be found elsewhere. This last asset is our heaviest and our best. To hope unreasonably for immediate results is distressful; but to hope with deep and abiding patience for the future is inspiration and strength. 'The mapped lands and chartered waters of orderly development' lie well within our reach.

If misdirected effort sidetracks us, we are not the only travelers through life who must retrace our steps. And if the worst comes to the worst, and the measure of accomplishment is always unfulfilled, then surely everlasting hope is no bad cure-all for the sadness of an imperfect world.

'For every age,' says the melancholy Conrad, 'is fed on illusions, lest men should renounce life early, and the human race come to an end.'

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

UPON returning last summer from a long sojourn among the islands of the eastern Pacific, I decided to break my journey across the continent at Prairie Hills, a little town in Iowa where my aunt Harriet Mason lives. It is a homely sort of place, at the end of a branch line of railroad, and owing to its isolated position and the conservatism of its long-settled inhabitants it still has the aspect and the feel of the eighteenthies. My aunt's house is of a yet earlier period. It is a large square brick dwelling surmounted by a glassed-in cupola, with a view to the westward over a dozen miles of upland prairie. A wide hallway, cool on the hottest days of summer, divides the lower floor and, as all the rooms give on it, the mingled fragrance from all of them pervades it — a fragrance of dried rose-leaves, of Pears' soap, of pine-needle sofa pillows, of Civil War *Memoirs* and bound volumes of *Harper's Magazine*. Many

a time, in places thousands of miles distant, I have been aware of that perfume, which is composed of scores of ingredients too subtle to define. To breathe it again in reality was almost to doubt the passage of time. I rapped gently at the screen door and, receiving no reply, walked through to the back porch. Aunt Harriet was sitting on the steps, shelling peas into a salad-bowl.

Two hours later we sat down to supper. There was delectable fried chicken, mashed potatoes with giblet gravy, corn on the cob, green peas in cream, beet salad, apple, grape, and currant jelly, hot rolls, strawberry shortcake, and iced tea. 'A pick-up supper,' Aunt Harriet called it. I had dreamed of those pick-up suppers often enough when eating coconuts and fish on lonely islands in the South Seas. I hated to hurry through this one, but there was no help for it. There was to be a meeting at the church of the

Foreign Mission Society and, as of old, my aunt was in charge of the arrangements.

We entered by way of the Sunday School room, where I met the minister, Mr. Williams, and the visiting missionary, a thin, sallow-faced man just returned from New Guinea. He was dressing several of the local young people in the ceremonial costumes of the New Guinea savages: headdresses of brilliant feathers, garments of dyed grass, anklets of human hair, bracelets and necklaces of pearl-shell, sharks' teeth, and brightly colored seeds. They were very self-conscious and plainly dreading the moment when they must appear before the audience.

'Is n't it awful,' whispered Aunt Harriet, 'to think of human beings getting themselves up like that? And think of it, dear! They have souls to be saved just as we have! Mr. Robinson' (the missionary) 'has saved hundreds of them. He's lived in New Guinea for nearly fifteen years! He's doing a wonderful work — wonderful!'

She was busy for half an hour helping with the preparations. Then we took seats in the rear of the church. On the platform above the pulpit a large map of New Guinea had been hung. It was colored a deep and uniform black, save for narrow fringes here and there along the coast. These were dazzling white to show the progress of missionary enterprise on that immense island-continent.

The church was crowded. People were seated in the aisles, standing in the vestibules and at the open windows. After the invocation the congregation sang that old militant hymn: —

The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar —
Who follows in His train?

It was splendidly sung, everyone joining in. Aunt Harriet's eyes shone as she added her clear strong voice to

the others. The missionary, standing very straight, gazed in rapt listening attention over the heads of the audience. At the conclusion of the hymn he stepped forward, without introduction, and in a quiet, impressive voice and manner he began: —

'My friends, there are those who believe, or profess to believe, that the spirit of the Christian religion is dead. The same view was held a generation, a century, five centuries ago. In every age, in every land, there are doubters, faint-hearts, and there will always be. But I am here to say — and I believe it with all the strength of my soul — that the Son of God goes forth to war at this moment, as triumphantly as He did in the time of the Apostles themselves. A *kingly* crown to gain! To gain? In countless dark places of the earth it *has* been gained to the everlasting glory of the Church. But how mighty are the hosts arrayed against us! How far-flung is the battle-line of the great army of Christ! I have come, this evening, to tell you of one of the farthest outposts of that conquering army; to speak, not so much of what has been done there, but of what remains to do.'

Then in the same simple, deeply earnest manner he told the story of his years among the savages — of the dangers, the hardships and privations, of the opportunities for service. He engaged one's interest, one's respect, by the transparent sincerity revealed in every word and gesture, every intonation of his voice. I could see that he lived only for his lonely mission-station among the coastal swamps; that he would go on living for it, and die for it at last, conscious of a life well spent. He was in the midst of his narrative when there was a slight stir in the crowd at the rear of the church. A slip of paper was passed from hand to hand to my aunt Harriet. She read it hastily.

'Mrs. Wintersteen is very ill,' she whispered. 'They want me to come. I must go at once.' I knew what a disappointment it must be to her to miss the rest of the meeting, but there was not a moment's hesitation. No one ever called on Aunt Harriet in vain.

'You need n't have come, dear,' she said, a little reproachfully, as we were walking toward the Wintersteens' house. 'I don't see how you could! Were n't you interested?'

'Very much,' I replied. 'But I don't like to stay indoors on such a night, and remember, Aunt Harriet — this is my first visit here in ten years.'

'Yes, I know.'

We walked in silence for a little way, and when I left her at the Wintersteen gate, 'Now go right home and don't bother about me any more,' she said. 'You must be tired and sleepy after your long journey. Your room's all ready, and there's some nice fresh milk and a cherry pie in the ice box.'

After exploring the ice box I went out on the back porch. The view from that vantage point is beautiful at all times, particularly so by moonlight on a summer night. A short distance beyond the house the hill slopes steeply to the densely wooded bottom-lands along the Chaquaqua River, and on the farther side the prairie stretches away to an horizon, distant and gently undulating, like an horizon at sea.

The night was very still. June bugs droned by and fireflies glimmered through the currant bushes and around the peony beds. The frogs were in full chorus along the river, and a whippoorwill was calling from the wood-lot. I stretched out in the hammock, meaning to pass in review fragmentary periods of boyhood; but instead my thoughts turned to my recent wanderings in the South Seas. The missionary was responsible for that, with his talk of New Guinea and the dark places of the

earth. The islands I had visited in the eastern Pacific had been called dark places, too, not many years ago. Now, doubtless, they are shown in purest white on the military maps of the ever-victorious army with the red banner. And yet it was curious to think that at the time when my Aunt Harriet's father, whom I could vaguely remember, was felling trees for his first log-cabin at Frairie Hills, the inhabitants of most of those islands were still heathen. 'There are men living to-day,' I thought, 'who must have been carried as babies in arms to missionary meetings where funds were being raised to Christianize those very places.' What vast changes had taken place in the Pacific in less than a century! Now the blood-red banner streamed beyond horizons far to the westward. Supposing that within another fifty or seventy-five years the vanguard of that great army should overtake the rear guard on the other side of the world — what would they do then? Perhaps the eager pioneers would be appalled at the realization that there were no more heathen lands to conquer. Some, perhaps, would go on through sheer force of habit, sheer necessity. Others would turn and, marching slowly back over old battlefields, would look about them, noting the changes which had taken place. Would they be satisfied in every case? Would they speak as freely then of victories gained 'to the everlasting glory of the Church'?

It was an interesting subject for speculation. I had seen some of their ancient battlefields during my recent wanderings. The recollection of one of them in particular was made the more vivid by a burst of martial music which just then broke the stillness of the night. Evidently the missionary had finished his address. The congregation was singing the closing hymn. It was 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'

II

When I first saw the island I had been traveling for several weeks on a small schooner whose captain and owner is one of the few independent traders left in that part of the Pacific. We had gone from island to island and from group to group, picking up a few sacks of copra or pearl-shell, a parcel of vanilla beans — anything in the way of cargo which might be found at the more remote, sparsely populated places. One evening, the wind coming fair from the southeast, a course was laid for Taputea.

'We might as well go up there now as later,' the captain said. 'I've got some mail for Mr. Cowden. I expect he's wondering what's become of it.'

'Who's Mr. Cowden?' I asked.

'He's a professor, a countryman of yours. Been coming to Taputea off and on for twenty years. Sometimes he stays for as long as a year, studying crabs or snails, I forget which it is. They're going through some queer kind of evolution, he says. But Mr. Cowden's all right. I've known him since the first time he came out here.'

At dawn, two days later, we could just make out the land, a faint bluish triangle showing above the horizon every time we rose to the swell. It was the peak of Tanifa, the highest mountain on the island, the captain informed me.

'It is n't often you have that view,' he added. 'We're still about sixty miles off. We'll be at anchor to-night if the wind holds.'

All day, from a perch aloft, I watched the land emerge, changing color as the light changed. At sunset we were close enough to see the surf breaking against the cliffs which rose perpendicularly in many places to heights of more than a thousand feet. Above the cliffs grassy plateaus sloped gently toward the

mountains, whose jagged peaks rose clear of a level film of cloud. We coasted along, close inshore, past several deep valleys filled with purple shadow, and at length, rounding a headland, we entered the most beautiful harbor I had ever seen.

It was about half a mile wide, completely landlocked, with portals of sheer rock to seaward, and a broad sandy beach around the inner border. The valley itself, as nearly as I could make out, was of great depth and filled with trees and dense bush. The houses of the settlement were hidden for the most part, but I had glimpses of a few of them — an upper balcony with pillared arches, a diminutive church-spire, the white wall of a warehouse. Soon they were merged in the gathering darkness. No lights were to be seen, and the only sound I heard was the plaintive bleating of goats far up in the mountains.

An awning was stretched over the main boom. I placed my deck chair under it and was watching the last light fading from the sky when the captain joined me. Neither of us spoke for some time. Finally he said: —

'Well — what do you think of Taputea?'

'It seems a very lonely place,' I replied. 'One would think the arrival of a schooner would be quite an event here. Where are all the natives — asleep?'

'Yes, that's it,' he said in his gentle drawling voice. 'They're all sleeping in the bosom of Abraham.'

Of a sudden he heaved his immense bulk out of his chair and stood by the rail, looking toward the land.

'Lonesome? I should think it is! I hate to come up here in these days. Too bad you could n't have seen Taputea forty-five years ago. Even then it was finished, only I did n't realize it. The first time I came was in seventy-

eight. I was twenty, and Taputea was the first South Sea Island I'd ever seen. We came in about this time in the evening, and long before we'd rounded that point dozens and dozens of natives came swimming off to us. I can't begin to tell you what a fine lot they were! Since then I've seen every kind of native in the Pacific, but none of 'em could hold a candle to these. But I remember as we were coming in to the anchorage Captain Pritchard — old George Pritchard, the man I named this vessel after — told me just about what I've been telling you. "This place is done for," he said. "You ought to have seen it twenty years ago." Very likely some other skipper told him the same thing twenty years before that. I'd like to have been the first white man that ever saw the place, back in the old days.

"The worst of it was," he continued, "that all through these islands the first white men were nearly always missionaries. I've got no use for that tribe! I suppose it's because I've had to carry so many back and forth. I've heard too many songs of Zion rising over the deep. Little they cared about the old days! What they wanted was the New Jerusalem, with all the inhabitants dressed in white trousers and black Mother Hubbards, going to prayer meeting with Bibles under their arms. They meant well, I suppose, but Lord deliver me from your well-meaning people! He did n't deliver these poor heathen. You can see what's happened — they're all dead. When I first came there were still three or four hundred living in this one valley. Now I could take all that's left aboard my schooner and still have room to spare."

"But are n't you a little unfair in blaming this on the missionaries?"

"Not at all! Not the least bit! You remember the old song: —

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

That's the missionary spirit! It always has been and it always will be. They'll save your soul if they have to kill you to do it! They believe there's only one lamp of life and that they've got it; so they snuff yours out.

"I said just now that I could take all the people there are left in this valley aboard my schooner and have room to spare. It's a fact; I could. Do you know how many there are? Eighteen, and five of those are white. There's Mr. Cowden; old La Motte, the government agent; Rudge, the Protestant missionary; Father Gilbert, the Catholic; and Sister Theresa at the convent. The rest are natives, all in a state of grace except two — an old man and woman that live a good way up the valley. They're pure heathen. The missionaries have been trying to save them for years, but they've had no luck. More power to that old couple! If ever they give in — well, Mr. Cowden will have to find someone else to bring him his mail. I'll never come to Taputea again. Hello! There's a light. That'll be Mr. Cowden."

He walked to the companionway.

"Tihoti! We'll have *kaikai* on deck this evening; and fetch up those sacks of mail out of my cabin."

I waited with a good deal of curiosity to see this lonely man who had spent the better part of twenty years at Taputea, 'studying crabs or snails.' He hailed us from a distance and came alongside, rowing vigorously. Having made fast his skiff, he clambered aboard with the agility of a boy. He was about sixty, with a white moustache, thick white hair, and a deeply tanned, healthy skin.

"Well, Captain," he said, "I thought you were never coming."

'Yes, we're a little late, Professor. But you know how it is at this time of year — no wind. Until yesterday we have n't made a fair day's run the whole voyage. Meet my first-class passenger. He's having a look round the islands. I was just telling him that he's forty years too late.'

'Later than that, much later. However, Taputea has its attractions even to-day. I would n't have believed it possible to become so attached to a place.'

Then, excusing himself, — 'This is my first mail since last November,' — he emptied on the deck the sacks we had brought him and made a hasty examination of their contents. I noticed that the bulk of his mail was made up of periodicals and parcels of books. These last he examined eagerly. 'By Jove!' he exclaimed as he opened one of them. 'Here's a piece of luck! Captain, do you remember my speaking of Lieutenant Collingwood, who came to Taputea in the *Resolute*, in 1832? He wrote a Memoir of that visit. I've had every bookseller in England and America searching for it, and here it is at last! Edwards, of London, discovered it. That man is a marvel! Give him time and I believe he could unearth the lost books of Livy!'

He was immensely pleased with his good fortune, and talked of it all through supper. He now had everything, he said, which had been written about Taputea from the very earliest days.

'Are there many volumes?' I asked.

'No, not a great many; thirty-odd, not counting the missionaries' records. But they are all extraordinarily interesting.'

'Well,' said the captain, 'I would n't give you three ha'pence for all the missionaries have written.'

Mr. Cowden laughed.

'You may have discovered,' he said

to me, 'that the captain is a little violent on the subject of missionaries? Strange, is n't it, that traders nearly always are? They could n't have made a living anywhere in the Pacific if missionaries had not prepared the way, and yet they see red the moment the name is mentioned.'

'You're right, Professor, we certainly do — and with good reason. I've never held that traders were any great blessing to savages, but they believe in living and letting live, and that's more than you can say for the best missionary that ever drew breath. Is n't that so? Come now! What's your honest opinion?'

'On the question, "The Trader versus the Missionary as a Civilizing Influence"? It's an old controversy, Captain. It seems hardly worth while reopening it in these days.'

'Well, traders have one thing to their credit — a sense of humor. When I look at Taputea and see what white men have done to it — traders, missionaries, all of us together, in the name of God and the Higher Civilization — I could laugh if it was n't so downright tragical. But take old Rudge or Father Gilbert; they're still exhorting away and sending up prayers of thanksgiving that the heathen have all been saved. I'd hate to be left in this place with those two for company! How do you manage, Professor?'

'You forget, Captain, that I'm not a trader. Missionaries are not my hereditary enemies. Rudge is n't, perhaps, the sort of man I would choose for a companion, but Father Gilbert can be quite interesting if you can start him on matters outside religion.'

'How's he getting on with his dictionary?'

'Oh, famously! He's halfway through the letter K now.'

The captain laughed scornfully.

'You know,' he said, turning to me,

'Father Gilbert has been writing his dictionary of the Taputean language for the last twenty-five years, and by the time he's finished there'll be no one left to speak it but himself, Mr. Cowden, and me.'

'You're forgetting Rudge, La Motte, and Sister Theresa. Well, Captain, I must be going. What are your plans? You'll not be leaving at once, I hope?'

'No. I want to take in a supply of firewood, and to-morrow afternoon I'll give the sailors a run ashore. We'll sail sometime Sunday morning, very likely.'

'In that case, what about shore leave for the first-class passenger? Would you like to come?' he added, turning to me. 'There's plenty of room at my house, and to-morrow you might enjoy a walk around the settlement.'

I accepted the invitation with pleasure. It was a warm starlit night, so profoundly still that long after we had left the ship I heard one of the sailors there singing softly to himself. We passed around the end of a ruined pier and entered a river with immense trees overarching it from either bank. Hardly a gleam of light came through the interlacing branches. Presently we brought up before a flight of stone steps descending into the water, where the skiff was made fast.

It was so dark there that I did not see the man seated at the top of the steps until Mr. Cowden switched on his flash-lamp. He was a native, a very old man, naked to the waist, and wearing a pair of knee-length cotton drawers. His white hair was closely cropped, and a band of tattooing across his eyes had precisely the appearance of a mask. He rose as we approached, and stood leaning on a paddle. I noticed then that his whole body was covered with tattooing in curious and intricate designs. When Mr. Cowden spoke to

him he made a barely perceptible gesture of assent by raising his eyebrows; otherwise one would have thought that he had not observed us at all, and as we passed he stood gazing sombrely over our heads toward the opposite bank of the river.

My host preceded me through an arched gateway opening into a garden overgrown with weeds. Just before we reached the house he stopped.

'Has the captain told you of the old heathen Father Gilbert and Mr. Rudge have been trying to save for so many years? Well, that's the man. He has no use for any of us, though he tolerates me, after a fashion, because I furnish him with tobacco. You should see his manner of accepting my small favors, like a king receiving tribute from a petty prince. Jove! I feel petty, too, in his presence. You noticed his height? He is six feet four. Imagine this island in the old days filled with men of that stamp!'

He led the way then into a spacious two-story dwelling, with upper and lower balconies all round. It was in a sorry state of repair. Heavy wooden shutters hung askew; the pillars supporting the balconies were crumbling away, and large fragments of plaster had fallen from walls and ceilings. Mr. Cowden occupied three rooms on the upper floor. These had been comfortably furnished, and were in the agreeable state of disorder of most bachelor establishments. When the lamps had been lighted my host sorted over his mail.

'I'll not bother with this to-night,' he said. 'I've only three or four letters to get off — plenty of time to-morrow; but if you don't mind I'll just glance through this volume of Collingwood's. Here are some magazines that might interest you.'

He lit his pipe and stretched out on a sofa with his book, while I turned over

the pages of monthly and weekly reviews, some of which I had read in America long before. There were articles on religion, politics, social questions, criticisms of novels and volumes of poetry, and in all of them I was conscious of a recurring note of cynicism, of disillusionment as plainly discernible as the melancholy laughter of a trombone in a 'Blues' symphony. I made a brief extract in my notebook of one critical article—a review of an anthology of verse called *American Poetry since 1900*. 'There are more than five hundred professional poets,' the critic began, 'practising their trade in America at this moment! So solemn a thought must make anyone pause.' He then paused at length, to consider the contents of the volume, and having quoted and commented through two columns he came to the following conclusion: 'Futility, vulgarity, overconsciousness of the one, blindness to the other—these are the two things that weigh upon our time. With no dreams left that they can agree to value deeply, men either hold dear what is cheap or turn in weariness from all. While we cast our voices across the Atlantic without having anything to say; while we fly across continents in a day without knowing what to do when we have arrived, this is the sort of literature we produce. Wireless and aeroplanes are the poetry of our age, mustard gas and high explosives the stage-properties of its tragic genius; but of memorials outlasting bronze we have raised ourselves but few.'

'Well!' said Mr. Cowden, closing his book with a sharp clap, 'I'm going to have a rare time reading Collingwood. It's interesting to find that he bears out what all the other explorers and travelers have said of the beauty of life at Taputea in the old days. It must have been so. It's impossible to doubt it in the face of such unanimous

opinion. Have you read anything about the island?'

'One or two old books,' I replied. 'Otherwise my knowledge is limited to what I've seen and heard to-day.'

'I can imagine what you've heard, with respect to missionaries in particular. I often take issue with the captain on that question; but, you know, I think he's right. I doubt whether there has ever been, elsewhere, a primitive race so utterly and quickly destroyed by the Christian Church as the inhabitants of this island. That's a broad statement. One might talk until doomsday without convincing a churchman of the truth of it. Various causes contributed to the disappearance of these people, but there is not the slightest doubt that the missionaries bear by far the larger part of the responsibility.'

'You know, very likely, that the group to which Taputea belongs was among the last in Polynesia to resist the encroaching whites. The natives had an instinctive distrust of us from the first, more deeply ingrained than is often the case with a primitive people. When representatives of the first Mission Society attempted to establish themselves here, the result was utter failure. The two men chosen to work this virgin field were Israel Thompson, described in the record as a "boot-maker," and William Creel, "gentleman's servant and since tin-worker." Nearly the whole complement of saints on the mission ship were fanatical, narrow-minded, ignorant people, with an appalling conviction of the sacredness of their cause. The natives would have nothing to do with them, and small wonder, for they were a proud, intelligent race for all their primitive culture, and they were not long in discovering the truth—that they were superior to the men who had come to them as teachers and preceptors. And they learned as quickly that the purpose of

the missionaries was nothing less than to overthrow their society and to establish in its stead a civilization as joyless as it was ugly and alien. Well, as I have said, the first attempt was a failure, but the missionaries had the horrible persistence of their kind. They came again and again, and when peaceable methods failed they resorted to force. They were landed under cover of the guns of warships. The natives accepted them then because there was no alternative.

'The result was the inevitable one. The missionaries set to work at once to destroy the *tapu* — a system of laws, half secular, half religious, which constituted the only restraints the natives knew. These restrictions were always enforced and rarely violated. They covered every phase of human life, from the insurance of an adequate food-supply to the worship of the gods and the Levitical code governing child-birth or marriage with a relative. All of this was destroyed, as it had to be if Christianity was to thrive; and that is why I say that the Church is as guilty with respect to these people as though it had lined them up in their thousands and shot them down. Take from any nation its religion, its secular law, the tradition and immemorial custom which have all the binding effect of law — what is there left? What happens? Precisely what has happened here.

'Think of it! This wholesale desolation has taken place in one man's lifetime! The old native we met last night has witnessed the greater part of it. He remembers the last of the tribal wars. The Taputeans had wars, of course, but compared with ours they were as innocent as boys' mimic battles. In the old days, although they had bows and arrows, these were only for sport. It was considered ignoble to use them in warfare, which was a man-to-

man adventure. And here is another thing to their credit: they abhorred infanticide, the system of birth-control which was practised by other branches of the Polynesian family. Children were welcomed, cherished, and almost spoiled by love. Strangely enough, during their centuries of isolation Nature seems to have adjusted matters so that the men far outnumbered the women. Their marriage customs, which so shocked the early missionaries, were undoubtedly better suited to their tribal life than the monogamy which was the white man's substitute. Each woman had two husbands at least — a young man who was her lover, and an older man to provide for her. The position of women was high among them; they might rule as chiefs in default of men —

'Am I boring you with all this?' he asked suddenly. 'What started me anyway? Oh yes — Collingwood's book.'

'Please go on,' I replied. 'Tell me something more of the people. Cook, as I remember it, called them the finest race in the Pacific. Was that true, do you think?'

'Yes, I think it was. If there were time for you to go through these books of mine you would be impressed by the unanimity of opinion on that point. Every explorer, without exception, who visited the island in former times, described the inhabitants in terms of almost extravagant praise. Naturally enough, the women came in for the larger share of it. Mendaña said they were lovelier than the famous beauties of Lima, and you may remember the later account of Cook's surgeon. He declared the women to be the most beautiful he had ever seen, and that the race as a whole surpassed any nation in Europe in physical perfection. Even the missionaries were reluctantly impressed by their beauty. A droll incident occurred when they first came here.

A group of young women, dressed only in girdles of leaves, swam off to the mission ship. There were some famished goats on board, and in their eagerness for green fodder they soon stripped these nymphs of their light garments. Imagine how shocked the missionaries must have been! But evidently they did n't turn away their eyes, for in their record it is stated that "for symmetry of form these young women might have served as models for the statuary and the artist." Let me make one more quotation, from Collingwood this time. He visited Taputea, as I have said, in 1832, as second-in-command of the *Resolute*. While his captain was charting the bays and harbors, Collingwood, with two young midshipmen for companions, explored the valleys. He spent six months ashore, living with the natives, and during that time not a single unpleasant incident occurred to mar his relations with them. He must have been an exceptional man, tactful as well as brave. This is a part of what he says of the inhabitants under a chapter called "General Observations":—

'It is not possible to praise too highly the beauty and grace of body of the Taputeans. The men are unusually tall—rarely less than six feet in height—and splendidly proportioned. The women by comparison seem uncommonly diminutive. They are of a pale-olive complexion, with exquisite hands and feet, and their hair would be the envy of the most richly endowed women of England or France. Both sexes have teeth of milky whiteness, due perhaps to their largely vegetable diet. Their features are regular and so distinctly European that one could easily believe this race to be some lost remnant of our own. During my six months on the island I saw no instance of natural deformity, and disease appears to be unknown. The Taputeans have developed a complex and highly organized system of government and religion well suited to them. The communal life as it exists in

their valleys seems to me as nearly perfect as any system of human society is ever likely to become. We have nothing to teach the Taputeans which could benefit them in any respect or make them happier than they now are. If for once the nations of Europe could forget their hatreds and jealousies and their eagerness for dominion; if they could agree to unite in protecting these islands, never to visit them, never to interfere in any way with the lives of their inhabitants, there might remain to after time an example of a primitive race living under natural and social conditions which one may truthfully say approach the ideal.'

Mr. Cowden threw the book on the table and walked restlessly up and down the room.

'What a splendid suggestion!' he said. 'Supposing it had been carried out; supposing that England and France and America had joined forces for that purpose. They might have taken the mandate in turns. There is one small island in this group which has never been inhabited, and it is far enough away from the others so that there could have been no intercourse with the natives on the part of the sailors. This might have been made the station for a man-of-war whose purpose it would have been to see that no ships of any nation ever touched at the islands. The natives would have been left wholly to themselves. Once every fifty years or so, a few men of Collingwood's type might have been permitted to spend several months ashore so that the outside world might keep in touch with this primitive civilization. Personally, I should have been content merely to know that it was in existence. And it might have been at this moment—think of it!

'But how absurd for me to be talking like this!' he added with a wry smile. 'What nations could have been found with the forethought, the unselfishness to carry out such a plan? No, no, it

would have been impossible; but we've lost something here well worth preserving, and it can never be replaced — never! Think of the people who were asking, one hundred years ago, as we still ask even more eagerly to-day, "Where is human happiness to be found?" And at that very time ignorant men and women were destroying, in the name of Christianity, the one place in the world, perhaps, where happiness was the rule and not the exception. And the old missionary record says, "The devout intercessions of the Christian world were continually ascending, like incense to Heaven, for the success of the embassy." They were — there's no doubt of it. Well, their prayers were answered.'

'What happened after all the natives had been converted?' I asked.

'What has happened nearly everywhere else in Polynesia. The old life was completely changed, and the natives, exploited by men of superior cunning, lost heart. By 1850 they were rapidly decreasing in numbers. Trade had followed the Word, of course, and disease followed trade. The white colony was growing all this while. In the sixties there were three hundred or more — planters and traders making small fortunes in cotton during our Civil War. The chief difficulty was in persuading the natives to work on the plantations. There was nothing they wanted. Knives, mirrors, cheap jewelry, and gaudy calicoes — the usual inducements of the white man — were worthless here. At last the traders thought of opium, and after that there was no more trouble. The natives would do anything to get it, even work.'

'I suppose this old house is a relic of those days?'

'Yes. There are half a dozen others like it in the settlement. No one has lived in them for years. After the

Civil War, when American cotton was again on the market, the place began to run down, and by the late seventies nearly everyone had gone. Old La Motte, the government agent, is the only one left of all that crowd. He must be nearly ninety — in his dotage, of course, and very deaf. The Resident Agency used to be quite an important post. It was abolished in 1901 — there was nothing left for an agent to do, and La Motte was retired on half-pay. But he's forgotten all about that. He thinks he's still in the government employ and goes to his office every day. I'll take you to see him to-morrow.'

III

The sun was an hour high by the time we had finished coffee the following morning. I decided to spend a part of the day in an excursion up the valley, but before starting I went in my host's company to call on Mr. La Motte. The government building was a gloomy-looking structure, so encompassed by the jungle that the air inside was like that of a cavern and the light very dim. The walls of the hallway were covered with the mud cells of wasps, and open doorways revealed high-ceilinged rooms filled with a litter of old furniture, copra sacks, barrels, and packing-cases. We found Mr. La Motte in a large room at the rear of the building. He was seated at a table, writing, his eyes within an inch of the page before him. Mr. Cowden greeted him in a loud voice, but it was not until he touched his shoulder that he looked up from his work. He was frightfully emaciated, quite bald, with a face so pale that it seemed to radiate a faint light. He gazed at us with a puzzled expression.

'You wish to see me?' he asked, in a low colorless voice.

'Yes; you remember me, Mr. La

Motte? Cowden, Professor Cowden. The George Pritchard came in last night. She's brought us a visitor.'

He seemed to be pondering the words, trying to rearrange them in his mind. At length he nodded, smiling wanly.

'George Pritchard? Oh yes, I remember him.' He looked doubtfully from one to the other of us; then, speaking to Mr. Cowden, 'This is his son?'

'No, no — not his son. Merely a visitor. He came by Captain Grey's schooner. You remember, he calls her the "George Pritchard."'

'Oh,' he replied, and was again long silent. 'Of course!' he added; 'you wish to register. Just a moment.'

He rose painfully, went to a shelf filled with ancient ledgers, and stopped irresolutely before it. While he was making his search I glanced around the room. It was musty with the smell of old documents, which were piled everywhere on tables and chairs and scattered over the floor. The walls were covered with faded photographs of sailing vessels, picnic parties, and plantation scenes. In a tarnished-gilt frame above the table was an engraved invitation requesting the presence of Mr. Alfred La Motte at a dinner and ball to be given on board H. M. S. Impleable on the evening of November 21, 1872; and under this was the menu card of the dinner prepared and eaten a half-century ago. Mr. Cowden touched my arm and nodded toward the old man, who was wandering vaguely here and there. Noticing some papers on the floor, he stopped to pick them up. Having collected an armful, he returned to his table and gave a slight start as though surprised at finding us there.

'You wish to see me?' he asked again, in the same puzzled way.

'Some other time, Mr. La Motte. It is n't at all important. We'll call again when you're not so busy.'

'Yes; you'll excuse me, gentlemen? I have some very important matters to look into. Come round to the club at four. We have very jolly times there.' And he resumed his chair and began fumbling over his papers.

'I'm sorry I brought you,' said Mr. Cowden when we were again outside. 'But sometimes his mind is fairly clear, and in that case it would have pleased the old chap immensely to have had a visitor. He would have made no end of a fuss in looking over your papers and having you register. Here's the club, by the way. Hardly worth while going in. It was closed long before my time.'

We halted in front of a decayed wooden building with a sign, 'Colonial Club,' still faintly visible over the door.

'I'll leave you here,' he said. 'A little farther on you will find a path leading off to the left. Follow it past the convent to the river. Then you have only to keep straight on up the valley. Wait a moment! Here's Father Gilbert, our philologist.'

A robust little man wearing a sun helmet and a black soutane had just emerged from the path I was about to take. He had a long grayish beard and pale-blue eyes, all but hidden under shaggy eyebrows.

'Well, Father, how are you getting on with the dictionary?' Mr. Cowden asked, after I had been introduced.

'Slowly, slowly,' he replied. 'I can't say that I see the end of the K's, but I'm making progress. And by the way, Professor — you remember our discussion, some time ago, of *kahi*, the word for "albacore"? You said, if I am not mistaken, that it was *kakahi* in the Proto-Polynesian tongue?'

'Yes, I believe it was.'

'Well, I've been searching out modifications of the word, and I find that it is *kakasi* in the Penrhyn Island dialect — there, you see, the consonants are still retained. But note this! The

Tahitian variant is *aahi*, and in Rarotongan we have *aai*, the pure root form. Is n't that interesting? It is an excellent illustration of my point, that in all the Polynesian dialects the roots are vowel.'

I left them a moment later for my walk up the valley. The path was clearly defined at first. It led through a thicket of weeds and bushes to the convent, a large two-story building with a grass-grown gravel walk before it. All the windows were closed and shuttered save those of one room at the corner. Hearing the sound of voices I glanced in. It was a schoolroom running half the length of the building, filled with rows of empty desks. Sister Theresa, a tiny woman completely hidden by her bonnet and robe, stood at a blackboard with a pointer in her hand, and two native girls, her only pupils, were repeating after her in singsong voices,

'Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty;
Five times seven are thirty-five,
Five times eight are forty.'

They were pretty children of fourteen or fifteen, and one of them had the splendid hair Lieutenant Collingwood had praised so highly in her ancestors.

Crossing the river by a steel girder — all that remained of the bridge — I passed through a grove of mango and breadfruit trees where there were three or four thatched huts. They were evidently occupied, but I saw only one old woman sleeping in the shade of a doorway.

Far up the valley I came upon the house of the old native I had seen the night before. He was leaning against a tree, and his wife lay on a mat near by, her chin propped on her hands. I passed within a dozen yards of them, but neither spoke or gave the slightest indication that they had seen me.

There was no trail beyond this point, but I pushed on, through bushes

festooned with spiders' webs, over and around the trunks of trees, walking sometimes in the river and sometimes along the banks. All the way up the valley, on both sides of the stream, I saw great stone platforms on which the natives had formerly built their houses. Most of them were overgrown with trees and shrubs, but they had been so massively built that hardly a stone had been dislodged by the encroaching jungle. Toward midday I entered a ravine so deeply shaded by overhanging mountain-walls that it was nearly free from undergrowth. After following it for some distance I found it blocked from side to side by a terrace of stonework. A rude stairway led to a second and a third terrace, and beyond this was a paved platform, fully one hundred paces long by half as wide. At the back of it, in a recess hewn out of solid rock, was an immense stone image, partly covered with moss. It had fallen from its pedestal and was leaning against the mountain wall, gazing with wide-eyed vacuity at the empty sky.

It was an impressively lonely spot, but not so lonely, I think, as another in the main valley where I stopped for a swim. There the river descended in a series of cascades to a splendid bathing-pool, walled on one side by a flat-topped boulder almost as large as Mr. Cowden's house. Steps had been cut up the sloping face of the rock. These were plainly footworn, and there was another depression at the summit where countless generations of island children must have stood before leaping off into the still, deep water.

I returned slowly toward the settlement, trying to imagine the scenes one would have witnessed in the valley a century ago. Collingwood had estimated its population at twenty-five hundred, and that of the island as a whole at six thousand. Now it was

indubitably a Christian island, but the cost of making it so seemed out of all proportion to the result achieved. The silence of the place, its forlorn and lonely aspect, brought to my mind that dolorous land in Lyonesse where King Arthur

glanced across the field
Of battle: but no man was moving there,
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen.

Indeed, the only living things I saw during my solitary ramble were a few tiny iridescent lizards rustling over the dead leaves, and a species of small dust-colored bird which fluttered soundlessly through the undergrowth. But no — I had forgotten. Late in the afternoon, about a mile above the settlement, I met the native girl whose beautiful hair I had admired as I passed the convent school. She was walking arm in arm with two of the half-caste sailors from the schooner. They saw me from a distance and all three vanished into the bush. When I passed the place I heard a ripple of laughter hardly to be distinguished from the murmur of the stream.

IV

On Sunday morning the captain sent word that we were to sail at ten. I was glad to leave Taputea, although reluctant to part from my kindly host. We had talked as men do who meet by chance, and part knowing they will never meet again. I have not forgotten an observation of his made as we were

walking along the deserted grass-grown street toward the beach. We halted for a moment in front of the Protestant church.

'Take a last look,' he said. 'Here you see the result of three generations of missionary effort.'

The service in Mr. Rudge's church had just begun. There were four worshipers — one man and three old women. Mr. Rudge was reading the lesson from a native Bible, rounding off his periods with vigor and solemnity. The church stood close to the beach, and as we waited there for the schooner's whaleboat we could hear the missionary's voice echoing through the empty building.

'Think of it!' said my host. 'What a fiasco this whole civilizing, Christianizing experiment has been! Who has profited by it in any way? Who has been made happier? No one — not a soul. The natives are dead; the island is forgotten by the nation that stole it from them. As the captain said, it would be amusing if it were not so tragic.'

'I wonder what Mr. Rudge and Father Gilbert think?' I said.

'They've lived here too long to appreciate either the humor or the tragedy. I doubt whether they ever have. Listen! Mr. Rudge can speak for himself. Do you know that hymn?'

They were singing at the church. The words were in the native tongue, but the air I recognized at once.

It was 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'

THE TRUE LIGHT THAT LIGHTETH

BY ROBERT F. FITCH

I

AT the same table with me, in the dining saloon of a small coasting steamer, which was slowly making its way among the boats that swarmed in the harbor of Macao, sat a grizzled sea-captain with jaw set and face tense in the effort at self-control. At last the strain became too great and he spoke out his mind.

'You must know of the strike which the Chinese have organized in Hong-kong — the men who work at the wharves and who transport in lighters the cargoes from ocean ships to the shore. They have secured a sympathetic strike from every other worker. No one can ride in a sedan chair, no wheelbarrow can be hired for the carrying of loads, no coolies will clean our floors, no boys will wait on our tables, no amahs will tend our children, and no cooks will prepare our food. Even the Governor of the Colony must go to market and his wife must do the household work. The ships cannot unload, nor can they take on cargo. The Chinese have beaten us and in three or four days we shall have to accept their terms. All this is because you missionaries have brought them modern education. We never dreamed they had such a capacity for organization. When education reaches the entire race, they will wipe the white man off the face of the earth and we shall have you missionaries and the Christian religion to thank for the result.'

'And how long have you lived as a

sea-captain on the China coast?' I asked. 'For twenty-five years,' he answered. Then I said: 'It amazes me that a man of education should come to such illogical conclusions as those which you have just expressed.' With well-controlled yet evident indignation he reiterated his former statements and said I should soon see the evidence in the harbor.

I too stood my ground. 'I have been studying in the city of Hangchow the history of merchant guilds and labor unions. They have existed for centuries. The Chinese laborer knew and used the principles of collective bargaining, as well as the method of the strike, long before the Christian missionary arrived in China. As a captain, you must know that the cost of living for the Chinese laborer has doubled since the World War; that during the war shipping-prices on this coast doubled and even quadrupled. The Chinese workman knows of these larger profits which he has not shared. He now demands a forty-per-cent increase of wage, and you well know that when the shipping companies capitulate they should in justice give even more than is demanded.

'You also know that this strike has been brought about by the impact of Western industrialism upon that of the East; that the strike has had nothing to do with missionary effort; and that, if anything aside from commercialism has come into the situation, it has

come through strike-leaders who have learned the methods of labor unions in the West. If there had never been a single missionary in China this strike would have happened just the same.

'This, then, is the question: Since the commercial impact of the West on the East will force the Chinese to reorganize their educational system and to send students abroad, shall this reorganization be antforeign, selfish, intensely nationalistic, or shall it be tempered with the spirit of human brotherhood and international sympathy taught in the Christian faith?'

Then I told him how the Japanese Government, in selecting companions for the Crown Prince on his journey to Europe, decided that such men, in order best to assist the Prince, must have the international mind and international sympathy. Two of the foremost men chosen were Japanese Christians, chosen not because they were Christians but because they met the qualifications. Also, in a recent popular vote in China regarding the foremost statesmen, twelve of the forty-eight selected were from Christian schools and were regarded as Christians, men who, more than the rest, had a broad international vision.

II

The opinion of this sea-captain reflects the attitude of a considerable number of the intellectuals in our own country. Because of this confusion many keen thinkers and leaders of public opinion misconceive the purpose and also the result of Christian missions.

Quite recently a noted publicist and traveler, giving addresses before large audiences in this country, expressed sympathy with the cause of missions but emphasized its one vulnerable point: missionaries had 'speeded-up the East.' This he greatly deplored.

To one who lives in the East no conclusion could be more ludicrous. Steamers, telephones, telegraphs, railroads, modern factories with their long hours of labor — all these have come through the commercial impact of East and West. They have in some cases come more easily because of the pioneer work of missionaries, but they would have come, with all their results in 'speeding-up the East,' if no missionaries had ever lived.

The late Marquis Okuma, one of Japan's greatest statesmen, after years of personal contact with missionaries, — especially Verbeck, the missionary statesman, — gave testimony which is all the more deserving of careful thought since he was not himself a Christian. Speaking of his own country, he said: 'Development has been intellectual, not moral. The efforts which Christians are making to supply to the country a high standard of conduct are welcomed by all right-thinking people. As you read the Bible, you may think it antiquated, out of date. The words it contains may so appear; but the noble life which it holds up for admiration is something that will never be out of date, however much the world may progress. Live and preach this life, and you will supply to the nation just what it needs at the present juncture.'

Another point of view which I regard as pitifully untrue is often defended by the modern intellectual of America. A recent experience of mine, also on shipboard, illustrates this point of view. I had been chatting with a new friend about my studies and travels in various parts of China and in the Black Lama region of Tibet. In my study of Buddhism I have spent weeks in Buddhist monasteries, eating the vegetarian food of the priests, charting their temples, learning their folklore, studying their philosophy, and coming to a high regard for some of their nobler types in

priesthood and laity. All this helps to make conversation on shipboard.

My new friend, after about three days of delightful conversation, suddenly found out that I was a missionary and was so shocked that he expressed himself in this wise:—

‘How can you bring a foreign religion to China? The Chinese have their own ancient faiths and their time-honored customs. Do they not resent the idea that you, a foreigner, should come to them, a much more ancient race, and try to destroy their ancient loyalties? Do they not also resent a sense of personal superiority on your part and a certain condescension which you must feel in trying to supplant what they believe with what you believe to be superior? Why should you try to convert the Chinese?’

‘And what are you doing?’ I asked.

‘Selling Standard oil and American kerosene lamps,’ he answered.

‘And why sell them Standard oil?’ I asked.

He was a bit indignant, and said: ‘Why not sell them Standard oil and good lamps? See what for centuries they have used for light—a small earthen bowl of bean-oil, in which is inserted a bit of pith wick, the projecting tip being lighted at night to give a weak and flickering flame, with the result that millions of eyes have been ruined or enfeebled while trying to study the ancient classics in the late night hours. Standard oil and modern lamps are much better. I do not see why you ask such a question.’

‘Oh,’ I said, ‘so you are trying to convert the Chinese to the use of Standard oil and modern lamps. Do they not resent the idea that you, a mere modern, should come to them and change the habits of centuries? Do they not feel that on your part there must be a sense of personal superiority and an attitude of condescension?

There is but one advantage which I have over you; it is that the light which you bring is but a recent importation from the Occident, whereas the Light I bring shone first in the Orient long centuries ago. There need not be any sense of personal superiority on the part of one who is trying to convert others. But without the idea of conversion—government, science, art, commerce, would become either static or decadent, and society would relapse into a kind of blind ancestral worship.’

In this connection let me relate an experience which I also shared with my friend. Though I was born in China over fifty years ago, and played with Chinese children in my boyhood, it was not till about fifteen years ago that I suddenly came to a conviction which subsequent years have fortified: that the capacity of the Chinese race for physical and moral courage, for intellectual culture, and for religious ideals, is equal to that of the American or any European race. As to extent of territory covered, armies led, and toll of life—conquerors like the Cæsars, Alexander, and Napoleon cannot compare with men like Genghis and Kublai Khan. The World War took its toll of eighteen million lives, but in the Taiping Rebellion, which was fought in China about the time of our own Civil War, the toll of life is estimated at fifty-five millions—thrice as many as were slain of those from Europe, North Africa, and the United States.

The history of China is full of the records of great heroes. I have but to recall the recent experiences of Tan Ts-tung and Liang Chi-chao at the time of the Reform Movement in China. The Empress Dowager had set a price upon these two men. They fled to Tientsin, planning to escape on a Japanese boat to Japan. While waiting for the boat, Tan Ts-tung went to his

friend with these memorable words: 'Liang Chi-chao, you are the greatest literary genius of our country. It is your duty to flee to Japan and to write for the magazines of China, as well as to produce books, advocating the cause of Reform. As for me, since I lack all natural gifts, it is best for me to return to my Empress and submit myself to the death that awaits me, in order that the shedding of my blood may mingle with the literary use of your pen, so that together they may arouse our race to a sense of the need of reform. Alone, in spite of your marvelous gifts, you cannot accomplish the result; but if we are united, the result will be irresistible.' Tan Ts-tung went back to his Empress and suffered the penalty — to be beaten to death slowly with bamboo rods, death not to ensue until after twenty-four hours of agony. But in the midst of physical torture his spirit was jubilant at the thought that his death would count for more than his life. His hopes were verified. The sacrifice of this ardent patriot, high in political life, sent a thrill of horror throughout China and prepared the country for the wonderful message of Liang Chi-chao.

Not long ago, while working in the Congressional Library in Washington, I learned through one of the librarians that within the next few years approximately five hundred works of Chinese philosophy would be translated into the English language. This did not surprise me much, for in my own somewhat limited reading I had come to the conclusion that almost every important school of philosophy in Europe, from the time of Socrates and Plato to the present day, had had its duplicate in similar schools in China. I am also convinced that China has furnished thinkers of the highest order in the realm of pure metaphysics.

When one realizes that at the time Buddhism came to its flowering period

in China there were tens of thousands of men and women who left home, commercial and political careers, and all that life held most dear, to retire to caves, hermitages, and monasteries, in order to cultivate higher spiritual values, one can easily see the capacity of the race to sacrifice itself for what it conceives to be higher values.

I know that my own experience is the experience of many other missionaries in other lands. Our affection for the race to which we go, our respect for those who, we know, equal in capacity the so-called advanced races of to-day, is one of the deepest experiences of our lives. We carry this conviction back to the nations of the West. Those Western nations often think themselves superior to the East because in their present achievements in communication, industrialism, armaments, and modern inventions, they are more advanced than is the East. But if Christian principles go not hand in hand with modern progress, then in the future Armageddon of competition, when the East is finally awakened, I see but little chance for the West.

III

Another misconception of Christian missions was recently revealed in the conversation of a friend who expressed his respect for many of the ancient traditions and customs of the Orient, and his fear that so revolutionary a thing as Christianity would overturn the social fabric of the East; that the entrance of Christianity might tear down as much as it built up.

It must be confessed that there have been grounds for this fear. In earlier days missionaries too often judged a race by the lower strata of humanity with which they came almost exclusively in contact. To-day we know that many of the more superstitious

practices of the masses are not believed in by the more intelligent strata, and there is a genuine effort on our part to appreciate those customs of the past which command our respect and esteem, to maintain them as far as possible, but in accord with more enlightened opinion. For example, in parts of China, at the time of the Ch'ing-ming Festival, corresponding to our Easter season, when the Chinese are accustomed to worship at the graves of their ancestors, we now encourage them to go out to their ancestral graves, to repair them, perhaps to have a family feast; and then, in connection with a very simple service, to read from the family documents the history of those who have gone before and whose example we should recall and emulate. On the birthday of Confucius it is the custom, in a number of our Christian colleges, to have a special celebration, to invite men outside the Church, who are prominent in Government and in official life, to address the students, and to have Christian leaders honor Confucius as one of the world's great sages. It is our expectation that, as time goes on, our services and forms will more and more correspond to a Chinese conception of things rather than to a Western conception. The fact that in some of our National Church Councils the missionaries must be in the minority is evidence of our respect for the splendid and able leadership in the Orient. The fact that in many of our local organizations and ecclesiastical bodies the control of funds from America and England is taken out of the hands of the missionary, and put under the supervision of committees where the majority are almost always natives, shows the desire of the man from the West not to use money as a basis of authority. I have known of many cases where missionaries were outvoted — and took pride in the fact — in local matters.

To-day in many places throughout the world, if a missionary has little influence through his tact and appreciation, he can no longer have recourse to authority. He may as well retire. This is as it should be.

IV

And now let me speak of that which is yet more fundamental to missionary experience. I almost hesitate to do this lest I be misunderstood. But I believe the time has come to bring this truth out into the open. Throughout the mission fields there is growing, consciously and unconsciously, a new attitude toward the religious faiths of those peoples to whom the missionary is sent.

The Light that comes to humanity is from One Source, but is modified by the media through which it comes, and hence we have the various colors of the rainbow. Dark purple and radiant gold may seem far apart, and so they are in the spectrum; but their Source is One. They may stay apart, or they may unite into a brighter, purer synthesis. It is as Saint John said: 'That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'

Is the teaching of Christ a final synthesis? Is it hostile to the fundamental ideas of other religious faiths? Can Christianity, if it be a final religion, be better understood and appreciated by studying those component truths which are stressed and expanded in the teaching and experience of founders of other faiths?

As a Christian missionary, there have been times when my earlier attitudes were most seriously challenged — yes, and some of them have been overturned. I well recall, in my travels among the Buddhist monasteries in China, meeting a priest of simple dignified mien, who was dressed in rags. He stopped in front of me, looked me over from head

to foot, realized that I was much better dressed than was he. He then said to me: 'I am dressed in rags, and you are well clothed. I wear the garb of a Chinese priest, and you wear the garb of a man from the West. There could hardly be a greater difference in our outer appearance. And yet I feel, in spite of all that my eyes behold, that there is an essential unity between us. There is the Buddha or divine nature in you, and that same nature is in me.'

I have often wondered whether, in my earlier years, I as a Christian missionary could have felt that remarkable sense of sympathy, based upon a feeling of essential unity, with some Chinese stranger. It was a lesson I shall never forget.

Another experience is a recent one. I was conversing with one of the foremost Japanese leaders in the Christian Church, a man especially prominent in educational circles, who has addressed large crowds in India. He said to me: 'In my childhood and youngmanhood I was a Confucianist. The ethical teachings of Confucius, his social and political philosophy, and his conception of a Moral Power back of all things, held me as a loyal follower. When I came to learn of the Christ it seemed as if all that I had formerly known was to flower out into a fullness of truth and experience that would have been impossible otherwise. Almost nothing did I reject of my former beliefs. It was rather like an entrance into a yet larger stream of light. As to the Jews Christ came to fulfill rather than to destroy, so to me He came rather to fulfill than to destroy.'

These two experiences may help to dramatize to my readers an attitude toward non-Christian faiths which I wish to develop.

Animism, perhaps one of the earliest concepts of the human race, insists that back of all material phenomena is a

presiding spirit, or energy; that the ultimate interpretation of life is not mere matter and form. Surely this central idea, however ludicrous and crude some of its manifestations and by-products may be, is nearer to the truth than our modern materialism. It is interesting to note that Professor Haldane has told us that before long we shall look back upon this century of scientific thought as the century of scientific superstition when many believed in inert matter as the basis of existence and even of life itself. We no longer believe that so-called matter is inert, nor do we believe in matter itself as it was formerly conceived. Professor Haldane goes on to affirm that he believes we shall more and more realize that the ultimate explanation of the universe is intellectual and spiritual and not based upon contingency. What is this but a reassertion of the underlying idea in primitive animism, except that it greatly expands this original idea? Nay, I would assert that even the materialistic development of science was necessary to the higher development of religious faith.

Hinduism is an expansion of animism. It affirms a basic unity, back of all the outer phenomena of life. It is a unified, reorganized form of animism. It is pantheism. It has given to the Hindu race its subjective powers, its gift of metaphysics. But it has been too subjective, too metaphysical, too independent of the observed and more material facts of existence with which theory must be in accord. As pantheism it has even given religious sanctity to ideas and experiences which are gross. As pantheism it has fixed the various social strata of India, has given India her castes, and has removed hope, as far as this life is concerned, from millions of souls. But in pantheism there is a reach upward, in the more giant spirits of an early age,

toward a sense of unity, of universality, necessary to the future unity of humanity.

Buddhism was a revolt against the by-products and degradations of Hinduism. As modern materialism was a necessary revolt against a religion in danger of becoming static and constricted, so Buddhism was a revolt against caste and the polytheism of Hinduism. Original Buddhism, known as 'Lower Buddhism,' was also atheistic, though at the opposite pole from materialism. In order to spread into Tibet, China, Korea, and Japan, it took to itself more pantheistic and theistic ideas, but these were absolutely divorced from any expression of immorality. Thus it was that it became what is known as 'Higher Buddhism,' a Philosophy of the Achievement of Divinity. Outside of the Christian religion there is hardly to be found a more wonderful emphasis upon Love as the Supreme Virtue, taking up all other virtues into itself and surpassing them all. But Buddhism is pessimistic as regards this earthly existence. Human desires, activities, and occupations are to be shunned, if one is to attain to spiritual enlightenment. Buddhism's highest exercise is to be found in its 'Hall of Contemplation.' I should reject the word 'Contemplation' and call it 'the Process of coming to a sense of Spiritual Reality.' In such a hall the priest will remain for hours in a sitting posture, with eyes closed, removing himself from all sense of outer environment, that his spirit may attune itself to the All Soul of the Universe.

It is true that the masses in Buddhist lands know almost nothing about the philosophy of Higher Buddhism, that very many of their practices in the temples are exceedingly crude and some of them are objectionable; but, as far as I know, none of these practices in themselves have any tinge of

immorality. As far as I can see, the fundamental teachings of Buddhism mark a great advance in the spiritual illumination of the race.

Original Taoism is also a great advance in religious thinking. To-day, in China, its observance among the masses has degenerated, more than any other faith in China, into superstitious practices, many of which Lao-tse would wonder at as much as we do. It has its underlying unity in the 'Tao' of the universe.

This Tao corresponds very closely in its basic idea with the Logos of Saint John. Change, complexity, modern civilization, inventions, all are the *mechanism* of things. They may be very wonderful. But they are like the many facets to the diamond, worthless unless there first be the diamond. Life's purpose is rather to free the diamond of its rough exterior, so that it may come forth in purity and in beauty and thus grow into divinity. The world is one through its union with the Tao. The thoughts of Lao-tse were far beyond the thoughts of the men of his day and most of his followers have prostituted them to selfish ends.

As the colors of the spectrum develop from primitive dimness to a larger light, the change is fascinating. Just as when the sun, rising at earliest dawn, begins to illumine the far horizon, and the outline of things begins to appear, until at last all becomes more clear and the whole earth is radiant with light, unimpeded, glorious. Yet even then there may be clouds that pass in the sky, or our sight may be dim.

V

I have spoken of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Taoism. All these have carried us higher and higher into a metaphysical comprehension of things. But they are in danger of going too far.

Midway in our spectrum is the philosophy of the Golden Mean, the common-sense philosophy of Confucianism, needed by the race when Confucius came and needed by humanity for all time. In the 'Great Learning' of Confucius there is a marvelous mystic sense of a Supreme Power back of all things, of which or of whom can be predicated practically all of the attributes of the Shorter Catechism in its definition of God. But Confucius is rather concerned with life itself, not only in its individual existence, but in its social and political relationships. There is as it were a Stream of Life into which we are born, universal and sacred. The justification of our existence is in proportion to the manner in which we fit into and subserve the Stream.

This conception is in striking contrast to the extreme individualism of our American life, an exaggerated individualism which for the time being is necessary to us, but which in its extreme manifestations is impermanent. In Confucianism the 'Princely Man' begins with personal cultivation which is to end in the capacity to bring social harmony to mankind. His goal is the 'Ta-tung,' the Great Unity, the Great Harmony for all under Heaven, which is his vision of Internationalism, an Internationalism which has a comprehensive and also a spiritual basis. The solidarity of life, the sacredness of the family as furnishing the initial experience in social solidarity—these are mighty concepts which have held that mighty race together throughout the centuries and which will tend to swing the more volatile and crazier elements of humanity into line. Confucianism has had its wrong emphases, its evil by-products, but basically it is sound, and when its unnecessary and extreme outposts have been worn away its core

will remain as a permanent contribution to the religious experience of mankind.

Into these various and distinctly colored rays of the religious spectrum of humanity, Mohammedanism seems to come with a virility suited to its mission. While certain races have progressed, there are yet others which are still in a condition of primitive dimness. Mohammedanism picks up the backwash of humanity and puts it on a higher plane; it is no longer to serve images of clay and other human fetishes, but the Will of Allah. The exotic, exuberant, and often lawless habits of primitive tribes are awed and forced into subjection before this supreme conception. Under the tutelage of this faith certain races were harnessed and directed, and have made considerable achievements in education and in the arts—as witness the Moors.

About the time that a certain measure of light came to the race through Gotama, Lao-tse, and Confucius, there also came to the Jewish race, through its great prophets, a rich flowering-out of inherent monotheistic ideas. Before this time the ideas of the Jews were racial and limited, but now they began to take on concepts of universality with a moral grandeur and ultimate vision of things that shall ever be a precious heritage to the race. It is true that in the Christian Era these larger concepts seemed again to be lost, and Jewish Nationalism, with its hatred of Rome, expected an earthly Jewish Kingdom which was to dominate the whole earth by a sword, not so different from the sword of Mahomet, but vastly different from the spiritual sword of the great prophets of the chosen race. But for several centuries before Christ there was already a grander, more radiant light in the imagination, passion, and vision of the Jewish race. The final

gleams of that light, so different from the divided colors of their former spectrum, were so surpassingly unique and brilliant that it dazzled them; they closed their eyes in agony.

I mean to say this, that in the teaching of Christ we have a White Light. If Christ were to meet Gotama, Confucius, and Lao-tse, He would love them and they would love Him. He would not consign them, as some of us have done, to regions of torture and of eternal suffering. It is because we have put a smoked glass between Him and humanity that His Light is not ready to illumine the earth.

Humanity cannot even know its ultimate redemption until it lives and functions by a light that is white, hence ultimate. Even in that light it will go on growing, but it will never be content to live again in the less radiant shades of existence.

Christianity is at war with the things that are bastard in other faiths. It is also at war with the things that are bastard in its own organized life. But it realizes that there are many basic and imperishable things in other faiths with which it is in sympathy. Let me say this: my realization of the religious impulse in humanity as coming from an Energy that is universal to all life has given me a greater and a more reverent conception of the Christian faith. Compared with what I once saw, I see a transfigured Christ, who came not only to fulfill the Law and the Prophets of Hebrew life, but to fulfill the law and the prophetic experience of universal life in all nations.

VI

What is that conception which Christ emphasized and exemplified? It is His belief that back of all the ebb and flow of life, back of its seeming tragedy and chaos, is an Energy at work

which has a Father nature. This concept transcends the present achievements of science and the ordinary experiences of humanity. It is a concept so high, so all-comprehensive, that it has been abused and misunderstood by many followers of Christ. It is so staggering that He who saw it saw it as the result of a unique spiritual insight and of an intellect that was unique. By 'unique' I mean an intellect that could see the terrible, seemingly hopeless facts of experience in others and in Himself, and yet harmonize them with that concept of Fatherhood when the heavens were black, men were malignant, and His own heart was broken.

Let me relate briefly three experiences in my life which have challenged this concept and this faith.

Once I was in a junk, in a typhoon, in the China Inland Sea. An anchor was lost, the windlass was torn away. Before we could drop a reserve anchor I was carried out on a fishing dike and beaten against it time and again. I felt sure the junk would capsize, and I held to a plank, that in last resort I might plunge into the sea. Yet I was a mile from shore, and in that fearful surf should have been churned to pieces long before reaching land. After twenty-four hours of such experience the junk was finally driven over green fields, and we had to get twenty men to dig a canal to get us back to sea. But during that awful storm, on a craft that was quivering and creaking from stem to stern, with the boatmen on the rear deck bumping their heads in an agony of terror before a little clay image of the Goddess of Mercy, with death before me and my loved ones not far away, the question came to me, as I looked above, about, and beneath me: 'Is it possible to believe that back of all this demonstration of chaotic fury there is a Power such as Christ conceived Him to be?'

I know not how it was, but I said: 'I can,' and then peace came to me in that fearful demonstration of wrath and I was ready to go or to stay.

Another experience was in the Province of Shantung, when I went on a tour of a large famine-district in behalf of the International Famine Relief Committee. For about two weeks I tramped, or rode in a Peking cart pulled by a mule that was a famished skeleton. I went through an ocean of misery. I saw villagers climbing up bare trees in the dead of winter, gathering the few remaining dead leaves from the branches for food. I saw groups of people digging up the ground to discover roots of trees that had disappeared for a decade. One day I heard a foreigner scoff at the idea of the Chinese being in the midst of a really severe famine, because, said he, 'the dogs are well fed; the people cannot be lacking food.' Then I saw and photographed what he had not seen — dead bodies thrown over a city wall to the valley of death below; fat, well-fed dogs, feeding on the carcasses of human beings. I saw an aged, white-bearded grandfather leaning over the bones of a baby that still could wail for food, striving by the heat of his body and with the few remaining fragments of dirty cotton wadding to keep warmth and life in that helpless little thing. I asked myself again and again the question: 'Is it possible to believe that back of all of this human tragedy there is a Power such as Christ conceived Him to be?'

On another journey in the heart of China, under more peaceful conditions, while traveling in a houseboat in comparative comfort, evening after evening I went to the top of a high hill, each time under new conditions. I could count about fifty villages on the plain. The twilight deepened, and on the stillness of the mountain air came the

sounds of the life below. I pondered the nature of that life — one generation the same as the generation before, and all without any apparent intelligibility or spiritual motive. And again I asked myself the question: 'Is it possible to believe that back of this unceasing tide, with an ebb like unto its flow, there is a Power such as Christ conceived Him to be?'

There was no answer in the storm, or on those famine oceans of misery, or in the still plain below. But One who experienced the seeming hopelessness of life more than ever we have could sing a hymn and then go to Olivet. And that hymn was one of the ancient Psalms, a hymn of praise to God for His goodness and for His mercy to the children of men. Was it not a colossal assumption without any apparent evidence? Was it not a colossal presumption?

But I believe that Jesus saw to the heart of the universe and to the heart of man, as no one else has ever seen. His last words began with the word 'Father,' and He saw that humanity would some day attain to a new social creation, a new brotherhood, a divine kingdom, in harmony with the spiritual meaning of the universe; and that the only Power that could accomplish the ultimate and tremendous result was a Power for whom the truest definition was the word 'Father.'

That which is most spiritual cannot force itself. It must come by growth, by experience, and by illumination. So our Father in Heaven, not by any process of contingency, but by a spiritual process of necessity and of inevitableness, is bringing humanity more and more into harmony with the realm of the spirit.

'That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' That Light, the Logos or intelligence, the highest expression of

which is Love, has ever been at the core of the universe and has expressed itself as a continuous impulse or Energy in all humanity ever since humanity began to be. It has shone in the dimness of primitive savagery, it has ascended in ever-brightening rays through media more and more fit for its transmission. It has found its ultimate synthesis and brilliance of illumining power in the experience and consciousness of Christ.

It has its work to do and will not cease till the last shadows of existence are dissipated. On the Island of Puto, one of the famous Buddhist resorts of China, I have seen this well-known inscription carved on a great rock: 'All Life within the Great Universe shall become Divine.' The prophet Isaiah said: 'For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth.' Of Christ it was said: 'He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.'

To complete that unity, that fulfillment of humanity, it is necessary that there be a religious basis. Otherwise a mechanistic growth will bring our destruction. There must be world-sympathy, world-coöperation, and mutual sacrifice. It must be in harmony with the moral order and, what is infinitely more significant, with the Moral Energy of the universe, who is God. It must be Christian. But when I use this word I refuse to identify it too closely

with the concepts of organized Christianity. Organized Christianity has even in our day far too much of the letter; it is impossible for the religious life of the future to be as narrow as the organized Christianity of to-day. As long as we are compartmental in our thinking in our various denominations, exclusive in many respects toward each other, and thanking God that we are not as other men are, we shall never be able to present Christianity as a universal faith. As long as Christianity is compartmental in its attitude toward those other beams of light which have come from one and the same Source, it cannot present itself to humanity as a universal faith. It is only when Christ is regarded as One who came, not only to fulfill the Law and the Prophets of Hebrew life, but to fulfill the law and the prophetic experience of universal life in all nations, that His followers, in love and in sympathy toward all mankind, can make Him the Light of a Universal Faith.

And what is the object of that universal faith, mediated to us in Christ? It is the revelation and fulfillment of an Energy of the Spirit, a Father Power in the universe that will never cease its work until it harmonizes all existence, and brings to birth a New Earth, a Divine Kingdom, all comprehensive, in unity with itself and with the Universal Heart and Mind.

'SELLING IT'

BY A SOCIAL WORKER

I HAVE an extensive acquaintance among bootleggers. Not, let me hasten to admit, among those plutocratic gentlemen who arrive in limousines at the doors of great office-buildings to solicit orders for 'genuine pre-war and imported stuff'; my acquaintance is among the men and women who manufacture the liquor up narrow dirty alleys and who sell it in small delicatessen-shops and cigar-stores.

I know them fairly intimately, for I know them through the social work I do with their children, and so am regarded as a family friend; and I know how much romance, how much power and plenty, 'selling it,' as they term it, puts into their dingy lives.

I am a social worker, not a propagandist, and I speak entirely without malice or preconceived opinion. What I have learned on the subject of Prohibition — and bootlegging — has been because it is continually under my eyes, because it is part of the existence of these boys and girls whom I am trying to help. There is little reticence about the matter; the children, and indeed the parents, are quite willing to tell one all about it — even to the best methods of evading the police. For those to whom the information might be useful, I may state that it is useless to bribe the police; they take the fifty dollars, but 'they don't give you no warning no more.'

There are many bootleggers for me to know; opposite our Neighborhood House, which is in the heart of the polyglot foreign district, there are

three small shops in a row, all 'selling it.' Scattered up and down the block there are nine more, and up the four small alleys opening off the block there are more. How many I do not know, but at least two to each alley.

And all this in spite of rigorous law-enforcement. Ours happens to be the city recently declared to be the dryest in the United States, and the police are under a strong director who dismisses for the slightest neglect of duty. There are raids without number. And yet —

Law-enforcement is like going out with a shotgun to destroy a mosquito. These little businesses are so small, so insignificant, so slippery, that it is almost impossible to catch them, or, catching them, to break them up. A shop is closed and its proprietor is fined and sent to prison. Immediately a new shop opens next door, run by his wife or his brother, or by his eighteen-year-old son. The new shop is raided. Grown wary, the acting proprietor has taken care that there is nothing for the police to find but half a gallon of whiskey, a little homemade wine, parts of a still. In his turn, he of course has to pay a fine, which he can very well afford to do. The little shop makes so much money that a fine or two is a very small overhead expense. The man comes home, and a friend calls several times during the evening, each time with his pockets well filled; perhaps he carries a bundle as well, and business is ready to begin again.

The profession is carried on so that the risks are slight and the chances of

detection are few. And even if he is caught it does n't make much difference to the bootlegger. He can afford the fines and he accepts a term in prison with the same philosophy that other people accept a sojourn in the hospital — unpleasant but necessary. The little shops sell 'it' — as whiskey is always delicately referred to in humble bootlegging circles — by the drink or the small bottle. There is never more than a gallon on hand in these little shops. Occasionally there is a small still and a little is manufactured; but as a rule it is distilled in small quantities and in private homes. This is brought all day long to the distributing centres.

A buxom widow of my acquaintance, a German Jewess, runs a small delicatessen-store. Her son of twenty and her thirteen-year-old daughter help her. In the little kitchen back of her shop she sells whiskey by the glass to the rowdies of the neighborhood and to college boys; occasionally the car of a prosperous-looking man of sporting proclivities will stop there. Her son has a car in which he dashes up to the door every half-hour or so, his arms full of packages. He has established a number of small stills tended by boy friends of his — less progressive souls who are glad to be in the bootlegging game without the responsibility — in the cellars and garrets of their homes. What is not sold in the shop is taken at night once or twice a week to the nearest large seashore-resort. In dull times the widow clears five hundred dollars a week, in good times more. Her expenses are light: the upkeep of the car, the cheap and adulterated materials used in making the whiskey, the few bottles she fills, the wages of the boys who tend the stills. These have to be heavy, of course, for there is always danger that they may blow themselves up, and a certain amount is lost

through the boys selling it on the sly. The widow complains that 'you can't trust nobody no more.'

Time and time again the widow's shop is raided by the police, and the widow in her best feathered hat and fur coat rides away in the patrol; but little whiskey is ever found, and there is nothing that can be legally proved to connect her with the chain of small stills.

As does the widow, so do her neighbors on either side of her. Not until her friend and rival across the street, Mrs. Donelli, had been hauled into court for the ninety-third time and had been 'away' — the polite expression for a jail term — several times, did she grow discouraged. Now she has retired from bootlegging, and with her earnings has set up a prosperous butcher-shop in another neighborhood. Her daughters, swathed in handsome fur cloaks, with the latest in hats atop, parade back and forth from their home to the butcher-shop, and drop in on their old friends to discuss the happy and romantic days when they too were selling it. Black Joe, who has one of his numerous stills up one of the alleys, has progressed to a limousine and a white chauffeur. He no longer sells it by the drink; his whiskey is now sold by the case, 'imported stuff' with forged labels on the bottles.

The conditions under which the whiskey is made are foul and dirty. The dirtier the court or alley, the less chance there is for the sniffing official nose to detect among odors rich and rare the peculiar acrid odor of raw whiskey being distilled. The materials are, of course, the cheapest possible. If the customer feels that he has been cheated in his drink he can scarcely complain into the ear of authority. One shudders to think what these poisonous compounds must do to the human system.

If bootlegging is bad for the consumer, it seems to be of great benefit to the bootlegger. It is like a socialist's dream gone mad. It is as though the great fortunes of the brewers and distillers had been confiscated and split up among the submerged, for which in good Red fashion they neither toil nor spin.

By a curious paradox the lawbreaker is lifted into the 'good citizen' class. From being a social problem, a drain on the relief organizations of the city, he stands on his own feet. He achieves a new decency. He ceases to live with his entire family and a boarder in one room. The children go to school with clean and whole clothes — galoshes and overshoes on his family's feet are usually the first sign to the observant that a man has gone into bootlegging. The children are better nourished, the cheap and sensational movies are abandoned for the higher-priced ones showing 'The Thief of Bagdad' or 'Peter Pan'; the public bathhouses with their fee of from five cents to a quarter are patronized oftener. Daring souls, after they have bought fur coats and an automobile, even install a bathtub. There is a little shy contribution to charity and plans are entertained for the children to 'make the education.'

Nor is there any feeling of shame about the matter. Rather is there pride and self-satisfaction. Most of the bootleggers are foreign-born, without any inherited love for America or respect for her institutions. If Americans make these, to them, silly laws, which the Americans themselves don't pretend to obey, why not profit by so delightful a state of affairs? This, indeed, is the America they came here looking for, a land in which a great deal of money can be made with practically no effort at all. The only thing that does worry them is what they consider the capitalistic greed which makes

them pay fines and serve in prison when the proprietors of the big hotels and committees of rich men's clubs go scot-free.

The bootlegger is a big man to his friends, able to take his place with the ward-boss as a dispenser of benefits. He is generous and he builds up an atmosphere of good will. When he is forced to go to prison, he is regarded with sympathy and the respect due to a sufferer in a worthy cause.

The children of the bootleggers have a not unenviable position among their mates. Here and there a youthful nose may be turned up at them in disdain, but there is a certain envy in that disdain. The son of the widow mentioned above is engaged to a well-to-do young Jewess of a respectable Jewish family. Before his engagement he 'took out,' with the entire consent of their families, two pretty, respectable young high-school girls, Christians — girls that he would scarcely have met if it had not been for the prestige of his car, his good clothing, his ready money, his supposedly dangerous and dashing life-work.

Of the absolute lowering of standards, of the twisted point of view, of the distaste for honest work and contempt of authority, which all this money made so easily, this pleasant reward of unrighteousness, is going to give the boys and girls, it is dreadful to think. The little boy who told me that the greatest thing in the world is to be rich, and that the easiest and best way in the world to get rich is 'to sell booze to bums,' expressed an opinion lamentably common.

Those who are trying to set in motion an effort to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment will have two factors to fight: the sincere and earnest believers in Prohibition, — there seems to be little doubt that in some parts of the country it is a success, — and the bootlegger.

FOOL O' THE MOON

BY AMY LOWELL

THE silver-slippered moon treads the blue tiles of the sky,
And I
See her dressed in golden roses,
With a single breast uncovered,
The carnation tip of it
Urgent for a lover's lip.
So she dances to a stately
Beat, with poses most sedately
Taken, yet there lies
Something wanton in her gestures,
And there is surprise of coquetry
In the falling of her vestures.
Why?

Out of old mythology,
With a pulse of gourds and sheepskins,
Banging bronze and metal thunders,
There is she,
Wonderfulest of earth's wonders.
As for me,
Head thrown back and arms spread wide
Like a zany crucified,
I stand watching, waiting, gazing,
All of me spent in amazing,
Longing for her wheat-white thighs,
Thirsting for her emerald fire,
My desire
Pounding dully from my eyes.
And my hands
Clutch and cuddle the vast air
Seeking her where she's most fair.

FOOL O' THE MOON

There,
On the cool blue tiles of heaven,
She is dancing coolly, coldly,
Footsteps trace a braid of seven,
And her gauzy garments fleet
Round her like a glittering sleet.
Suddenly she flings them boldly
In a streaming bannerall
Out behind,
And I see all.
God! I'm blind!

And a goodly company
Of men are we,
Lovers she has chosen, .
Laughingstocks and finger-posts
To the wise, a troupe of ghosts
Swelled by every century.
Mad, and blind, and burnt, and frozen,
Standing on a hilly slope
At bright midnight,
And our hope
Is in vain, or is it not?
Legend knows the very spot
Where the moon once made her bed.
But the pathway as it led
Over rock-brows to that valley
Is an alley choked and dead.
One by one our fates deceive us,
One of hundreds will be shown
Ferny uplands whose great bosses
Of tall granite hide the mosses
Where our Lady's lying prone,
All her stars withdrawn, alone.
So she chooses to receive us,
Out of hundreds, only one.

Such a vale of moss and heather
Spreads about us, hither — thither.
Hush!
Shall I tell what befell
Once behind that bush.
When the rattling pods at noon
Made a music in September.
Shall I say what I remember —
While the long sea-grasses croon,
And the sea-spray on the sand
Chips the silence from the land?
Hush, then, let me say it soon.
I have lain with Mistress Moon.

THE HARSHTEST THING IN THE WORLD

BY C. E. ANDREWS

As the lamplighter turned into the little street, the long pole over his shoulder cut the streak of ten-o'clock twilight that glimmered between the old black houses down the rue de Lappe. He stopped to say, '*Messieurs — dames!*' to the sabot-makers and the butchers' families who sat chatting at their doors, surrounded by legs of mutton and strings of sausages, pots full of scraggy flowers, and cages with thrushes that had gone to bed. He nodded to the proprietors of the little bars through the old iron grilles in front of their windows, and remarked, 'It makes warm this evening!' as he turned up each crooked gas-lamp that threw pale gleams on the house walls and the cobbled street and lighted the passing faces of young workmen and their girls

as they strolled and straggled from one little dance-hall to the next. In nine places down the tiny street the glimmering sign BAL tempted young Parisians to their favorite Saturday-night amusement, and under each sign a warm flood of gay light shone out upon the knots of loafers who found vicarious joy in watching the dancing from the doorways and listening to the shrill squeal of accordions.

One of these little *bals de famille* had a rear window open to give the dancers air. The window gave on a black alleyway that led to a blacker courtyard full of rubbishy wagon-wheels and old pushcarts that stared vacantly up at the stars. Beside the window, just out of the light, stood a man intent upon the dancers as they whirled past for a

second or two. His thick neck slouched between his big shoulders, his black cap was pulled at an angle over one eye, and a half-smoked cigarette stuck over his ear. He watched the dancers slip into the spot of light and out again — faces serenely impassive, faces with passionate smiles, healthy complexions of boys who worked pressed against the rouge of girls who did not, dark eyes intense with love, a kiss on a white neck, the grin of a happy grocer's-boy, the fat smile of a pork-butcher's wife, plumbers looking like Apaches with a half-inch of cigarette sticking to the corner of their mouths, shopgirls who looked like joy-girls in their bargain-sale waists and their high heels, and a pair of little blue soldier-boys dancing together very happily.

Suddenly among the couples flashing past the lighted window came a big fellow with a close resemblance to the man watching outside, one of the *forts aux halles* who unload barrels and stack boxes and carry quarters of beef till the gong sounds at four in the morning at the great central markets. The girl was a plain little person, unrouged and unadorned, and her eyes were like two wilted blue flowers. She had the air of one who accepted life as she found it, and dancing was one of its few pleasant elements. The big fellow with her did not hold her as tightly as the other men with their black caps and their half-inch of cigarettes held their girls, but he was very careful of her, and when his thick red hand stopped clutching her waist for a moment to push a careless dancer out of the way the careless dancer moved quickly and murmured, 'Pardon, m'sieur.' For the politeness of the rue de Lappe is perfect, up to the moment when it may cease altogether.

As the couple whirled past the window the man outside took his hands out of his pockets, came forward into the

light, and stared jealously at them. Each time they came by, his eyes glowed narrowly and his fists clenched hard as he looked now at the man's face and now at the girl's, and then at their dancing bodies. They were not dancing like lovers, but how could he know? A skein of doubt spun in his brain and was winding itself round his heart. All the evening he had gone from one dancing-place to another all down the rue de Lappe, and watched expectantly for the girl whose image had filled his mind during the last four months. He had even looked in at the Auvergnats' ball, where the country people hop about and stamp their feet to the sound of the squealing bagpipe; and he had been to the Three Columns, where there are more men than girls, though he knew she would be superior to such places. He had spent his last franc over at the gay Petit Balcon, watching the whirling dancers with a hungry heart.

He knew she had no money when he was suddenly taken away, and he had wondered and wondered how she could get on. And with the wondering was a doubt. Now he had discovered her again, and the doubt was winding itself around his heart.

In a few minutes he left his place by the window and went round to the door of the little *bal de famille*. He shook hands with madame the proprietress at the zinc bar and received a cordial nod of the head from the shirt-sleeved accordion-player, who sat enthroned on a high box, calmly staring at the electric-lighted ceiling as he squeezed out a merry piece about 'The girl who got her hair cut,' and accompanied himself with jingle bells on one active ankle and a pedal bass-drum worked by the other foot. Louder than the energetic work of the musician came the scraping sound of dancing feet, sharply punctuated by orders to the bar from the

hot-faced waiter: '*Un bock, deux diavolos, et un rouge.*'

The man gave a hitch to his shabby corduroys and his red-cotton sash, sat down at a table, and, avoiding the eyes of the dancers, stared self-consciously at the sign painted on a large mirror: 'One pays after each dance. Ladies must not smoke. Men do not dance together.'

But the little blonde opposite him was puffing a cigarette, and the two little blue soldier-boys were doing an exaggerated shimmy called the Java. Half of the couples were doing the Java. But out of the corner of his eye the man saw that his girl and his brother were not. The music stopped, and madame's husband, satchel in hand, exclaimed:—

'Let's pass in the money, *s'il vous plaît!* Let's pass in the money!' And the men handed him five sous as they went to their tables.

As the couple came by, the man jumped up and exclaimed, 'Marcelle!'

Marcelle, with a start, cried, 'Look, Jean, it's Lulu come back!' She rushed to the table and kissed the man on both cheeks. The big Lucien—or le Gros Lulu—returned her kisses with a clumsy pat between her thin shoulders, conveying a sense of marital proprietorship which there were no documents to justify. His brother Jean greeted him with an affectionate kiss and the jealousy unwound itself from around his heart.

'How pale you look, Lulu,' began Marcelle. 'The last time you were up at the *Centrale* they put you to work outdoors. Did you get the solitary this time, *mon chou*?'

'*Ça y était, ma chérie.* I hit a keeper with a shovel one day and they put me on bread and water for a month. I could n't help it. The *mec* made me mad when he told me to quit thinking about my girl 'cause somebody else had her

now. So I biffed him one on the bean. It was kinda dull, though, in the solitary, *sans blague!*'

'And what were you thinking about your girl, *mon petit chou*?'

'I was wondering how she got on, poor little kid, when the *flics* came and pinched me so sudden.'

Here Jean interrupted with, 'Let's go over to old Gaillard's place down the street. It's quieter and we can talk all tranquilly. This music makes such a racket. *Ça fait un barouf!*'

And so the three filed out, shaking hands with madame at the bar, strolled past the countrified gayety of the *Auvergnats' bal* with the sniffy air of born Parisians, and were dazzled with admiration of the celestial glitter of the great Bousca Bal with its noisy orchestra and its cheery bar.

'Never catch me in there again,' said Lucien. 'He's of the police, Bousca. It was he who told 'em where I was that night. Tells on everybody. That's why the *flics* let him alone, the dirty mackerel.'

As they passed a street lamp Lucien stepped quickly out of the glare into the shadow and remarked to Jean:—

'You have n't seen him around, have you, the big *mec* I almost finished? I don't want to meet him to-night, for I have n't bought a knife yet. Will you lend me your pigsticker, Jean?'

'I don't carry one now for a while. The *flics* are always searching a fellow,' replied Jean, stealthily slipping his five-inch pocketknife from his coat to his baggy velvet trousers where it could not be casually discovered.

'*Ça ne fait rien,*' said Lucien. 'If he comes around me I can knock him out with my bare fists. I was ready for murder that night. If anybody calls my girl names he'll get his, *'cré nom!*' And just as they came to Père Gaillard's bar he wrapped Marcelle in a crushing embrace that made her breathless, and she

called him *petit cochon* as she warmly returned his kisses.

Jean watched the embrace with a tightening of the muscles of his throat.

'Come, come,' he said, pushing his brother and Marcelle inside, 'let's sit down *en famille* and have a coffee.'

Père Gaillard, a shaggy old chap with a big white moustache, shook hands with the three as they sat down at a little round table, which he wiped off with a very black rag.

'Glad to see you back, *mon ami*. I was sorry they got you, though you did cause me a heap of trouble. *Parbleu!* Did n't they ask me questions and write a notebook full about it! But I did n't tell 'em anything — *reste tranquille*. And they did n't close my place, because I've always before prevented any trouble from happening. But, *mon ami*, you've a terrible temper when you get stirred up. Not but what I am on your side — *reste tranquille*. The *mec* did use an ignoble expression about mademoiselle. You could n't stand that; you were quite right. *Ah oui*. But you almost finished him. In the hospital over two weeks, he was. But that's the way it is when one is young and in love. *Ah oui*, I don't blame you — *reste tranquille*. But four months was a long time for one little word, eh? May I offer a little glass of something with your coffee? *Trois fines? Bon!* Here's to the happy reunion!'

And once more Lucien and Marcelle enjoyed a long embrace, and once more they called each other 'little pig,' and 'little cabbage,' and 'little bug,' and Père Gaillard remarked that Lucien was very *vache* and nudged Jean in the ribs, but Jean only pulled at his moustache and tried to smile.

'But where did you get this dress, *chérie*? It's new; you did n't have it when I went away,' said Lucien, observing the simple dress with its few bright ribbons.

'You do remember things, don't you, *cher ami*? Yes, it's new. You see, I tore the old one when I tried to pull you and the *mec* apart when you started to fight. I just had to have a new one. Do you like it?'

'But you have n't told me what you have been doing, poor little one. You've been square?' he asked, gripping her slight shoulder roughly.

'Yes, Lulu, I worked in the factory until I was laid off. Then Jean lent me two hundred francs to keep me going till you came back. That was a month ago. And now you are back again, *chéri*, and I am very content. I'm glad you like the dress. You'll pay Jean the two hundred francs when you get a job. And I'll help, when the factory opens.' She slipped her arm around his neck and he played with her ear and nodded.

'*Oui alors!*'

Then Lucien struck a sulphur match and watched it burn and smell.

'*Oui alors* — when I get a job,' he repeated.

'Oh, I'm in no hurry — *ne t'en fais pas*,' muttered Jean, without looking up. And then a silence fell between them, broken by Marcelle, who leaned her head on Lucien's arm and purred like a contented kitten. But the skein of doubt began winding itself again around his heart.

'Jean was very good to me, was n't he, Lulu, while my man was away?'

The match burned out. Lucien struck another, watched its blue sputter, and then lighted his cigarette. It drooped from the corner of his mouth and the thin column of smoke wavered uncertainly before his sharply squinted eyes.

'Men don't lend women two hundred francs for nothing!' he exclaimed sulkily, drawing away from Marcelle.

'Oh, Lulu,' she cried, '*c'est injuste!* Why do you spoil our first evening by

saying things like that! And Jean is your brother, too! *C'est injuste!*'

Jean interposed.

'Don't let your jealousy run away with you, Lulu. You are not fair to her. You know she has been on the square with you ever since you have been together. There's nothing between us. I swear it. I lent her the money out of friendship. *Je le jure!*'

'There is never friendship between men and women — only love.'

'Lulu, you are not reasonable. I had to have money because I had no work. I thought it was all right to go to the *bal* with him sometimes because he is your brother. And it was four months, Lulu, and I was lonely.'

'I won't believe Jean ever lent money out of friendship. Men don't do such things. They don't do such things!'

Lucien's voice became hard and the muscles in his thick neck twitched convulsively; the doubt twisted itself more tightly around his heart.

'Oh, Lulu, *mon cher*, I swear it's true. I've been your girl ever since you were gone. You must believe me. You make me afraid when you look like that! Be reasonable, *cher ami!*'

'Reasonable! I know the world. Women are like that. Always the same. You are just like the rest of them! *C'est fini*. I won't have anything more to do with you! You can go with him.' And his eyes glared with anger, not at his brother, but at Marcelle. 'The months in prison I have thought about you! When I was in the solitary there was nothing in my mind but you. My brain was full of you. The cell was full of you! And this is the sort of girl I almost killed a *mec* for insulting!'

'Stop! Stop, Lulu! Don't!' cried Marcelle, throwing one arm tightly around his neck and stopping his mouth with one hand.

Lucien brutally pulled away her

arms and jumped to his feet, sending his chair with a crash to the floor. Old Père Gaillard tried to calm him with a '*Reste tranquille, mon gars, je t'en prie!*' But Lucien with a sweep of his arm pushed the old fellow over against the bar, and stood staring at Marcelle with fists clenched, his eyes bloodshot with anger.

'Men don't lend women two hundred francs for nothing!' he roared. And his neck felt choked with great blood-beats muffled by jealous anger.

Marcelle cowered in her chair like a she-hound before the threatened whip of her master. She stood up, trembling frailly, and whimpered, 'Only out of friendship, Lulu, I swear it!' She tried to put her hand on his arm. But the jealous animal gave her a blow in the face which sent her spinning backward out into the street.

Père Gaillard rushed between them and pulled down the corrugated-iron front with which the bar was closed for the night, shutting Lucien inside and the girl out.

'You have wrong, Lulu, to strike your girl like that. She's a good girl, I swear,' interposed Jean, who had leaped to his feet and stood with one hand in his pocket fingering his knife. 'You have wrong! And you are a damned brute!' he added, ready for Lucien's expected attack.

But Lucien did not attack. He turned to the bar with '*Viens vite, Père Gaillard — un coup de blanc.*'

The old man nervously poured a glass of white wine, which Lucien drank at a gulp. Then turning to Jean he said gruffly, 'Come, Jean, what'll you have to drink? That's all over. No family quarrels over a woman! Let's sit down. A bottle of sparkling, *patron*, and come and join us. I'll pay you for it next week.'

The old man joined the two brothers, shaking his head and muttering, 'Ah,

mes amis, what is the harshest thing in the world?’

‘I know, *grandpère*,’ said Lucien with a bitter smile. ‘It’s bread and water for a month. No mistake about that!’

‘*Non, mes amis*, it’s not that. Oh no, not that. It is love. *C’est l’amour*,’ he growled through his moustache, and rubbed one dim eye with the back of his hand. ‘That’s the cause of all the trouble, quarrels, bread and water, and the police. They’ll be closing me up if you don’t stop, Lucien.’

Lucien laughed and patted him on the back, and filled the three glasses again.

‘No, being thirsty is the worst thing in the world. Drink up and don’t worry, *mon vieux*. That’s why you got old so soon. You are always letting things worry you. You ought to take life as it comes. There’s nothing really in it to bother about, *mon ami*. A glass of your good wine drowns all. What stuff they gave us in the pen! When it was n’t bread and water it was wine sour as vinegar. It’s always so. We change government every few years, but the jails are always the same old holes. Never do anything about them. *Ah oui*, it’s good to be out again.’

The three men went on drinking and talking. Lucien’s eyes sparkled with good nature. He seemed to have forgotten what had just happened. Then in a pause in the talk came the faint squeal of the accordion in one of the *bals de famille* down the street. It was playing, —

*Rien de plus charmant
Qu’un petit amant . . .*

Lucien beat time to it, nodding his head, and suddenly remarked: ‘Oh, I

should like to dance to that. It’s a grand tune.’

The other two men said nothing for a moment, and in the interval came the muffled sob of a woman outside the iron front of the wine shop. Lucien got up suddenly and went out the back door behind the bar into a passage that led to the street.

In a few minutes he reappeared with his arm around Marcelle and tried to dance with her in the tiny space in front of the bar. She protested, smiling woefully with one badly blackened eye while she dabbed her weepy nose with a dingy powder-puff. But Lucien was not to be resisted. He made her drink a glass of wine and by main force dragged her out the door again and down the street, toward the seductive accordion that continued to squeal merrily.

Jean and old Gaillard sat alone, silently puffing their cigarettes, Jean staring into his empty glass. Presently he got up and went toward the door saying, ‘*Oui, grandpère*, you are right about the harshest thing in the world. It’s love.’

He went down the rue de Lappe, past the other little bars and the gay and noisy *bals de famille*, till he came to the one where he and Marcelle had been earlier in the evening. He went into the dark passageway and stood outside the open back-window and watched the dancers whirl by, warm faces with eyes full of fun and eyes full of passion. Marcelle and Lucien were there, doing a most outrageous Java, her sadly blackened eye concealed completely against his collarless shirt.

Jean watched them dance passionately by the window and tears came into his eyes.

‘*Ah oui*,’ he murmured to himself, ‘the harshest thing — *c’est l’amour*.’

SOLDIERS, INDIANS, AND SCHOOLS

BY LEO CRANE

I

It was a hot sweltering desert-day in July when I proceeded westward from Oraibi to survey for the first time the contentious pueblo of Hotevilla, Chief Youkeoma's retreat. I did not expect to meet this strange personality, but his very name caused me to have an interest in so rare a character: *You-ke-o-ma*, or 'something quite nearly complete' — as one might say, 'almost perfection.' An American Dalai Lama.

These Hotevilla cliffs have little of dignity; they picture chaos, as it was left by the rending and scarring of some violent earthquake in the ages gone. The pueblo itself was on the westernmost edge of the mesa. There, where the rocks dropped away again in huge broken steps, overlooking the vast Dennebito Wash country, the Hopi built their curious little houses of stone and mud. If not balanced on the edge of a precipice, apparently they are not happy. Fatalists — when the aged or blind plunge over it is regretted, but not grieved about sufficiently to disparage the site. Alcoves of the mesa benches were fenced with cottonwood boughs, and served as hanging balconies for burro stock. They had no cattle, few sheep, and fewer horses; but in those things that do not run counter to the traditions, such as corn meal and burros, they had great wealth.

There was one man with me, and he advised against going into the village. Indeed, I was not inclined to insist on it, for coincident with our topping the

last rise the roofs of the highest houses had been posted with guards, watching, watching us in an ominous manner — a custom that has prevailed for many years, and one that causes the stranger to feel a trifle less than comfortable.

'Very likely they feel that we slipped up on them,' I said to my companion.

'Not at all,' he replied. 'They have been expecting you for days. They knew when you arrived at Oraibi yesterday. Be sure of it, old Youkeoma has gone underground and will remain in hiding until the coast is clear. Those watching fellows simply want to know where you go and when you depart. If we sought to take off a kid or two to school there'd be a fine row. They know we have no backing. I'll bet they knew when you left the Agency and started out this way.'

All of which proved to be true.

We sat on a baking sand-hill and surveyed the place. It was simply a dirtier duplicate of the other pueblos. And if there is a place in America where aroma reaches its highest magnitude, then that distinction must be granted Hotevilla on a July afternoon. The sun broils down on the heated sand and rock ledges, on the fetid houses and the litter and the garbage, and all that accumulates from unclean people and their animals. Multitudes of burros and chickens and dogs. Hosts of dogs. Lank, slinking, half-starved, challenging dogs. Poisonous-looking dogs that would attack one.

The smell of cooking arose from the houses, a muttoney odor — although it may have been burro-haunch — mingled with smoke and the thick incense of smouldering cedar. In and out of the doorways the women passed at their tasks, and one sat weaving a reed plaque. They were all indifferent, with a contemptuous sullen indifference, to the stranger. There was a perfect swarm of children, wary, watching children, ready to dart and hide, long-haired and dirty, and most of them as nude as Adam.

When it grew near to sunset the men began returning from the fields, plodding in with their sacks and staves and huge planters' hoes. Many of them were aged, their long hair matted and snaky-looking; but there were enough of the burly thickset fellows to give any official pause if he contemplated dictating to that outfit. Especially would an official pause in dictation at the time of which I speak, for the Hopi had defied two former superintendents and for several years had done exactly as they pleased, in utter disregard of all admonitions emanating by mail from Washington. Of course official Washington had not worried, and for the rest of the world the Hopi do not exist; but the example to about fifteen hundred other and disciplined Hopi and to several thousand unregulated and undisciplined Navajo, all in constant touch with these rebels, was not good. The Agents reaped the effect of this timid policy, and it had given them concern.

The Hopi had so acted at other times, and the methods adopted to correct them had not been of the happiest. Officials had threatened and, when the native did not stir, had offered bribes.

'Your bones will bleach in the sun!' one set had promised — to be followed by: 'Won't you come in and be good, for a nice new contract-stove?' Now

the bleaching process had affected only those so unfortunate as to die naturally, and the Hotevilla people were content with their *piki* stones and adobe fire-places. The Indian *does not respect those who seek to buy him. When a threat proves as empty as it is boastful, he is strengthened in no small degree.* Washington has been much given to bluffing and buying.

The Indian Service had not greatly concerned itself about these strange people until 1887. Between 1847, when the Hopi were acquired as one of the blessings of the Mexican War, and 1887, when the first school was planted in Keams Cañon, — forty years, — they had lived practically as undisturbed as since their coming from the cliff and cavern dwellings in the northern cañons of the Utah border.

In 1890 the defiance of the Oraibi first caused notice. Old Lo-lo-lo-mi, their good chief, had been to Washington, and had agreed to place the children of his faction in the school. His counsels were disregarded by the opposition; in fact they imprisoned the old man and threatened him with death for this lapse from the traditions. Lo-lo-lo-mi was 'too good,' as his name implied. The Sub-Agent, Mr. Ralph Collins, arrested several of the war-chiefs and sent them to their Agent at Fort Defiance. When they returned they busied themselves making more trouble; so troops were sent to pacify and coerce them, and the first great blunder was made by an army officer. This officer accompanied Collins to the Oraibi mesa. They were warned that the hostiles had armed and meant to fight. Believing this to be so much bluff, they ascended the mesa to the pueblo. A war-chief, who had refused to attend a council, stepped out on one of the terraced houses. He was painted for the occasion, carried a rifle, and looked the part of his office. He was joined by a

medicine man, who wore a raw sheepskin that dripped blood and besmeared his body. These two, knowing of many sympathizers within the hovels, dared the whites to combat and greatly abused them. The two white men prudently retired after an abortive parley.

Then came five troops of cavalry. The commanding officer invited the hostile headmen to a council below the mesa, and gave his word that they would be respected. They came, but stubbornly refused to change their minds as to this white man's educational propaganda. They were then seized and bound as prisoners; and were afterward marched up the pueblo trail as a screen for the soldiers. This was rank betrayal, and the effects of it live in the Oraibi country to this day.

'Some white men do not keep their word.' And at Oraibi, or at least among unreconstructed Oraibans, who are now the Hotevilla, it is wisdom to suspect all white men.

Collins, the civilian and Sub-Agent, had no part in this. He advised against it and deplored it. It would have been better to risk a bit of bad marksmanship, for which the Hopi is noted; it would have been better to beat a few worthless war-chiefs and medicine men to death, if that were actually necessary. One can forgive a battle — but betrayal rankles in the heart.

The prisoners taken at this time were sent to Fort Wingate. In a few months they were released on promise to be good, but when they returned from captivity they too refused to keep the parole given. The goose of an officer had produced a flock of ganders, and his work was to live for nearly decades. In 1894 troops were again in demand at Oraibi, and nineteen of the Indian leaders were sent as prisoners to Alcatraz Island. They were imprisoned about eight months, and returned impenitent.

In 1898 the Hopi suffered from smallpox. It was not so bad as that epidemic told of by the Spanish, but it was severe enough. Superstition and fright, combined with fatalism, are hard things to conquer among a people who know nothing of vaccination, who trust no stranger, and who prefer to die unassisted by aliens. Troops were necessary, to effect quarantine and to cremate bodies. In 1899, say the records, troops came again, and once more prisoners were sent to Fort Defiance.

All this time internal dissension was at work among the Hopi, and in 1905 these differences reached a climax. This quarrel involved nearly everyone within reaching-distance. Matters did not improve, and by 1906 the trouble had increased to the point where troops were necessary once again. They came. They rehearsed their parts perfectly, and prisoners were taken. A special inspector was sent in to observe matters, and he found himself in a very embarrassing position. The one hundred captives had arranged a hunger strike. Receipts for their prison mess equipment had been demanded of them, in strict accordance with the farcical methods of accounting then in vogue. The true Hopi hostile, loyal to high priest Youkeoma, had never signed for anything. He is reared to be wary of the white man's papers. As he cannot read them for himself, he classes everything in the nature of a document along with the white man's word, as illustrated by the first army-officer who betrayed him.

'If they won't sign, let them starve,' said the soldier in this case, and he was not at all worried about it. But the special inspector was very much worried about it. He had to be more careful of his civil job; so he managed early one morning, with the seductive aroma of boiling coffee and the alluring scent of fried bacon, to develop a hungry

Judas among the younger men, who signed for the whole lot; and lo! by such means all tribulation was avoided.

So we had reached 1911, with the same old situation burning on the Oraibi mesa, save that the hostiles were now in a pueblo of their own, and could be dealt with, however justly or unjustly, without affecting those who had never actively resisted the Government. It was sheer nonsense to begin again the farce of supplication and argument, of cheap bribes and equally impotent threats. No bones had 'bleached in the sun,' and there were not enough native police and loyal employees to risk an attempt at coercing this sullen horde. I returned to the Agency and wrote a very impolite report. Anything of truth that the Indian Bureau does not wish to know is impolite.

I recited the facts, and recommended that, as the Government had found it necessary to send in troops so many times before, and always after much backing and filling and abortive negotiation, — all to the amusement of the savage, — why not send troops now, and quickly. This recommendation was dated July 28, 1911.

Government moves with a truly fearsome swiftness. It required until September 27, 1911, for the Secretary of the Interior to request the Secretary of War to detail cavalry to our distant point.

Another month drifted by, and on October 28 the Secretary of War detailed Hugh L. Scott, then colonel in rank, as an officer of Indian experience likely to have influence with these strange people. Under date of November 15, I was directed to coöperate with Colonel Scott — and as no allowance was made for the fact that it was winter, and mails were likely to be delayed along the one hundred and five miles of wagon-transport, the great

Indian diplomatist and his officers and men had reached the Moqui Agency before my orders! Four months had been devoted to the delicate untwisting of red tape that a telephone conversation between Departments and a telegram to the nearest post would have settled in twenty-four hours' time. How comfortable if those Hopi had been Ute, Apache, Navajo, or Sioux!

II

If you seek information on an Indian Reservation concerning things outside the line of routine, never ask the Agent in charge. He will have the important papers locked away from prying eyes, and will likely comment that it is none of your business. Why invite this rebuff?

Go to the mess-cook, the farrier, or the seamstress. They will have had all the essential details from some other post, from a mess-cook, a farrier, or a seamstress, who will have zealously garnered it from some leaky official, or mayhap from the telegraph-operator. Who told Sitting Bull that Custer had divided his command? By long odds it was a camp cook.

And when the school disciplinarian asked me one morning, as he was checking his watch with my chronometer, 'When do you expect the troops?' I knew that an unusual order had issued.

He was correct in his assumption, for the laundress had been notified. Now I do not presume to assert that the Secretary of the Interior had notified the laundress — but she knew. Perhaps some other laundress had found the order in the Colonel's wash. Anyway the column arrived just when she predicted.

It made a striking picture filing down the long cañon hill-road, black riders against the sky and yellow sand,

the field flag and troop pennant fluttering; and there was about it a certain campaign-note that caused as much consternation throughout the back country as if war had been declared, with Kit Carson back in the saddle.

Those of the wavering Hopi who lived apart from Youkeoma but leaned toward his policies when they dared, and who had been awaiting developments, began to rush their belated children to the schools. The smiling 'friendlies' industriously continued minding their home-affairs. And the Navajo, after one excited survey from the opposite mesa wall, completely disappeared from the landscape. Not a Navajo was to be seen about the Agency for a very long period. Their old chiefs, such as Hostin Nez and Billa Chezzi, could recall the captivity at the Bosque Rendondo, and the younger men had heard them tell of it. This was no time for argument with the Nahtahni, and while they had lost nothing in the back country, still it invited a peaceful hegira far from the tents and bugles of that column.

The whole affair was against all tradition. Three former Agents had argued and threatened and waited in vain, and the third had lingered helplessly at this post until revolt blazed out to singe his beard. Now this new Nahtahni had said very little; in fact, he had seemed depressed and a trifle bewildered. But here came the soldiers, a very different sort of 'Se-lough' from those three uniformed natives he was thought to depend on. The effect was immediate and lasting. And more than one official, having actual knowledge of conditions among the isolated Navajo, has agreed with me that such a column should file through that country every little while. There would be in both Indians and white men more of respect for the orders of the Government and fewer murders in lonely places.

And then I found the famous Colonel Scott seated at one end of my desk. I apologized for being so ignorant, having received no Departmental orders, and supposed that he would be thoroughly informed. Aside from the request that he coöperate with the Agent in this little frontier-squabble, it appeared that his mission was a survey, and action would await further instructions. Quarters were arranged for the officers and a camping-place for the men, and then the Colonel and I sat down to a discussion of conditions among the Indians of the Reserve. Having read of his career among the warriors of the plains, I felt that the less I said to this experienced soldier and tribal expert the better would be my chances for making no mistakes. I hoped to create an impression of wisdom by keeping my mouth shut.

But Colonel Scott would have none of that. He had then, and has to this day, a most disconcerting method of propounding a question and then boring one completely through and through with a pair of gimlet-like blue-gray eyes that pierce as if made of steel. He could see that I was very green and young at the business of being an Indian Agent, but he would not permit me to retreat before his age and superior rank.

'I propose first to go among these Indians, and learn something of their reasons for this refusal to obey the wishes of the Department,' he said. I remained silent.

'I will go alone,' he said.

I said nothing.

'You do not think they will receive me unpleasantly?'

'Oh, no!' I hastened to make up for lost time. 'They are peaceful enough, so long as they are permitted to have their own way. Very likely they will receive you with much of courtesy and even hospitality.'

'That is as I thought,' said the Colonel, who has always gone alone into hostile camps — a method of conciliation that would give most people pause. 'I will reason with them,' he continued, 'and I believe I can bring them to a sensible view of the matter we have to adjust.'

I said nothing.

'What do you think of my plan?'

'Why, sir, I would not presume to suggest —'

'That is not the question. You should be somewhat familiar with these Indian people by now. Will my plan succeed?'

His eyes punched through mine, straight back into the brain, out through the skull of my rear elevation, and I knew they were drilling on through the stone wall immediately behind me.

'Considering the experiences of former Agents, and even soldiers, Colonel Scott, and —'

'Do you think my plan will succeed?'

'It is a very good plan to try, Colonel. It has been your method with other tribes, and it may prove successful here.'

'But what do you think?'

There was no way of avoiding the truth. He would have it.

'You will not succeed.'

He studied a moment or two.

'I have dealt with unreasonable Indians,' he said, slowly.

'So I am informed, sir. But you have not dealt with the Hopi Indian, who is a religious fanatic; and since you pressed me for an opinion I had to give it. I can ask only that these people be not promised anything that will not be fulfilled. That has provoked half the trouble of the past. The Department has threatened them, and then curled up. They are accustomed to being betrayed by soldiers. They will talk endlessly; but if you expect to bring a

Hopi to reason without a show of force, it is too much. You will not accomplish it.'

Whereupon the Colonel seemed satisfied that he had procured an answer from me, and next day he departed for the pueblo of Hotevilla, with an interpreter and a striker to attend him. His extraordinary knowledge and uncanny skill in the sign language would avail him nothing among the Hopi, for few of the Southwest Indians use this method of conversing. The deserted mission-house was placed at his disposal. The troop remained encamped in Keams Cañon at the Agency.

That night the mail brought those belated orders, in duplicate, from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to me, and from the Secretary of the Interior to Colonel Scott. I read them with amazement and a complete mixture of feelings. They had been drawn without deference to the facts, and were as completely garbled a set of instructions as one could imagine. By merely accepting the conditions imposed, the Indians could win, and the whole expedition be reduced to farce. Washington had been so careful to preserve a shield between it and the sentimental critics of the country that, no matter what I proposed doing and no matter what the officer agreed to assist in doing, the fat was in the fire if those orders were recognized.

And here were more than one hundred men, with mounts and extra mounts, and a pack-train, and a wagon-train en route with additional supplies. Hay for the horses was being purchased locally at sixty dollars the ton, and oats in proportion; and these were but two items of the expense. A very costly piece of humor, indeed.

But the Colonel was at Hotevilla; and there he remained for ten days, talking, talking, talking, when he was not listening to Youkeoma. I had one

report from a messenger, who found the old chief seated in the centre of the floor, facing the Colonel on his camp-bed, the interpreter to one side. It was the seventh day, and Youkeoma, in the recital of his traditions, had reached a date only four hundred years removed. To give the old chief credit, he never weakened. The Colonel, sitting bolt upright, would go into a doze, finish a nap, and pick up the thread of the discourse immediately on waking, to continue as long as daylight lasted.

Of course there were breaks in this programme. They invited the officer to a rabbit-hunt, and gave exhibitions of their fleetness in running and their skill with the rabbit-club or Hopi boomerang; and he witnessed some of their ceremonies. But the end of it all was talk — so many words arranged one after the other; one string in slow, even-toned English, studied, level, monotonously imperative; the other in imperturbable Hopi, rising and falling like Chinese, started with a long intake of the breath and finished in whispers when Indian lungs were exhausted.

Ten days of it. Priestcraft and sorcery, superstition and cruelty, differ very little among primitive peoples. The Hopi beginnings were very like our own. And in the ages past they had outtalked many enemies. The old man flattered himself that so long as the Colonel listened he was gaining credence; and that when the officer became completely hypnotized by weariness he would capitulate, and cry, 'You win, old man! For God's sake, give me a rest!' Whereas Colonel Scott was awaiting a reply to a telegram forwarded through me four days after his arrival at the pueblo. He had recommended to the Secretary of the Interior that the children of the village be removed to schools, without further regard to this old fanatic and his sacred traditions. Youkeoma had confirmed

my view of the situation. At the same time, Colonel Scott had written to me: 'There is no use in arguing with a lunatic. If the Secretary says "Take the children," come on with your transportation and police and the troops.'

These messages were carried by riders to the nearest telegraph-point. To have sent them by the archaic mail-route would have courted long delays. Hotevilla was forty-five miles from the Agency and the railroad eighty miles south of that, so a round-trip required two hundred and fifty miles of riding.

On the eighth day answers were received in duplicate, repeating the original conditions. Realizing that the buck was being passed in strict accordance with our traditions, I forwarded the Colonel's copy to him by messenger, and ordered all necessary wagons to Oraibi. The lieutenant commanding the cavalry put his men in motion a little before midnight, to reach and surround the pueblo before dawn of the next day. Guided by Indian police, and following the shortest trails, they went directly to Hotevilla and had about it a picket-guard before the wondrous piece of white-cotton cloth, holding the hearts of all the people, swung up out of the East.

III

I found Colonel Scott at an early breakfast in the little mission-house, and reported to him that all things were right and ready save one.

'I am directed to read this telegram to Chief Youkeoma, and, should he have brains enough to seize on its provisions, this whole affair will spell failure.'

'Well, can't you do these things?' he asked in surprise.

'No one of them can be carried out. The placing of the children in the boarding-school at the Agency is made

contingent on certain equipment being at hand for their comfort, and the Office knows perfectly that such equipment is not at hand. I informed the Office to that effect some time ago, and the Office has not corrected the situation. Then parents are to be given the privilege of selecting the school in which their children shall be placed, either at the Cañon or at one of the local day-schools. The day-schools are not close enough to permit attendance. The Indians know it. Should they accept the day-school proposition, it would require a troop of cavalry to get the pupils in each morning. Moreover, this whole attitude is equivalent to indulging a group of contentious savages in the belief that they are to be consulted, and that they shall have the privilege of decision.'

'What do you propose to do about it?' he asked.

'Why, sir, since it would appear that Washington has none, I would supply a bit of intelligence and read it into these orders. And there would be a result.'

'Are my orders the same as yours?'

'Exactly the same; they are in duplicate.'

'Well, I am a soldier, and I do not break orders.'

This came in a tone of utter finality, and I could see that it would be useless to advance argument.

'Very good, sir. Then I suppose you will withdraw your men. This thing will go by default.'

But the Colonel had studied old Youkeoma for ten days, and actually he disliked as much as I did the accepting of stupid instructions issued by a Department that has a long record in buck-passing. And he felt that our dilemma might be dissolved by permitting the obdurate Indian to hang himself on the horns of it.

'Let us have in Youkeoma,' he said. 'And you propose to read the telegram

to him, stating plainly that these are orders from Washington. If he does not at once accept the conditions, will you be prepared to collect the children promptly, with a squad of soldiers and your police?'

'I do not think I shall need the police, and I do not want the soldiers in the village. If you will keep the picket-guard as it is, and have a squad ready in case of trouble, I will go into the houses with two employees who know the people. I will bring out the children for medical examination. But I certainly do not propose to enter into debate with each savage as to schools, bedding, and commissary matters.'

'Will you wish to make prisoners?'

'Not unless there is positive resistance. That has been done before, and I cannot see that any good resulted. It simply indulged the ringleaders in their idea of persecution.'

'Very good. Have the old chap in.'

Youkeoma came wrathfully into the council-room. His anger was like that of a trapped animal; his eyes gleamed with hatred, and he fairly quivered with rage. All morning he had fumed, realizing that he had wasted ten days of perfectly good oratory and traditions. He squatted on the floor.

'This is your Agent,' said Colonel Scott. 'He wants to shake hands with you.'

I held out my hand to him.

Youkeoma looked me over carefully, and drew his blanket around his shoulders as if he had been insulted.

'I am done with white men,' he said.

'I will not shake hands with you or any other white man.'

'Here is a telegram from Washington. It must be read to you.'

The interpreter explained.

'I do not care to hear anything from Washington.'

'But I must read it to you' — and I straightway began. The interpreter

translated the first sentence and the second — then the old fellow stood up. He waved his arm toward the soldiers outside, and cried angrily: —

'You have your men here; why not go ahead and do what you want? You can cut off my head. Why don't you do it? I will have nothing more to say to you. I am through with white people.'

And he stalked from the council-room, the maddest man in Arizona; and that was the last of him for many months.

'Now, Colonel, if you please, I will search the pueblo. Will you lend me your flashlight?'

'What do you want with that? It's broad day.'

'I shall have to crawl into every corner and cellar in the place, and none of them have windows.'

He directed that soldiers accompany me through the village, but at the first house I asked them not to come inside. They remained in the street. This method was followed throughout the search. The two employees who had some knowledge of this population entered with me.

'There should be three children in this house,' one would say.

There were never any children in sight. The long, narrow, principal room would seem to have no doors leading from it. Racks of corn, carefully piled, lined the walls, and blankets and folded skins. The employees, having assisted in such matters before, began lifting down these blankets and piled furnishings, usually to reveal a small door, and beyond this door would loom the blackness of a corn-cellar. The flashlight showed more corn racked up, melons in piles, and filled sacks; but no children. I would scramble through the little trap to make a closer investigation, recalling how Judge Hooker had walled up his brood when the Hopi of the

First Mesa protested against education years before.

In the first of these places there was no room for hiding between the sacks, and when I moved against them I could feel the corn they held. I prepared to leave the place, and was at the opening when I heard a sigh, as if someone had long held his breath and could hold it no longer. Back I went. No one among the melons or behind the racked corn. I began moving the sacks. Three were filled with corn on the cob; at the fourth my hand grasped the top of a Hopi head. It was like the jars of wine and the hidden thieves.

From the sacks we delivered the three children of that household.

When they appeared in the main room, laughing, the father caught them in his arms; and when they were taken from him the mother proceeded to play the same trick. It was easy to break his hold on them, but not so easy to handle a woman without giving grounds for complaint as to rough usage — a charge the Hopi like to make. But those children went into the street, notwithstanding all this hokum, and other employees took them before the physicians. There were three doctors present, the army surgeon and two physicians of the Indian Service. Each child received a thorough examination, and only those fit and above the age of ten years were taken from the village.

I do not know how many houses there are in Hotevilla, but I crawled into every filthy nook and hole of the place, most of them blind traps half-underground. And I discovered Hopi children in all sorts of hiding-places, and through their fright found them in various conditions of cleanliness. It was not an agreeable job — not at all the sort of work that a sentimentalist would care for.

In but one instance was real trouble

threatened. On coming from one cellar, I found the head of the house sitting in the centre of his castle with an axe at his feet. He protested against the removal of the children, and grasped the axe as if to use it. The men with me promptly removed the implement, and threw him into a corner.

By midday the wagons had trundled away from Hotevilla with fifty-one girls and eighteen boys. Our survey of the place in July had warranted an estimate of one hundred and fifty pupils, but in the five months that had elapsed an epidemic of measles and its terrible aftermath of bronchial pneumonia had swept the town.

'Where are the others?' the interpreter asked of a villager.

'Dead,' he replied, solemnly.

So much for expediency and Departmental delay.

Of those taken, nearly all had trachoma. It was winter, and not one of those children had clothing above rags; some were nude. During the journey of forty-five miles to the Agency many of the ragged garments went to pieces, and the blankets provided became very necessary as wrappings before the children reached their destination. It was too late to attempt the whole distance that afternoon, so the outfit went into camp at the Oraibi day-school, where a generous meal was provided, and the next day their travel was completed.

IV

Across the great Oraibi Valley was the pueblo of Chimopovy, perched on the highest of the mesa cliffs. And this place had a suburb, dominated by one Sackaletztewa, a direct descendant of the gentleman who had founded the original Hopi settlement after their emerging from the Underworld. Sackaletztewa was as orthodox as old Youkeoma, and it was his following

that had given battle to a former Agent and his Navajo police. I proposed to Colonel Scott that Chimopovy should be visited.

'Take the troop to-morrow morning, and finish it up yourself.'

So next day the same scene was enacted. It was a short job, only three children being found; but here occurred something like resistance. All the protestants congregated in the house of Sackaletztewa. When I entered, a man opened a little cupboard of the wall and produced a packet of papers. They were offered to me as documents of great value. And they were strange documents — letters from people of the country who had read in newspapers of Youkeoma's visit to Washington and his defiance of the Government. I suppose such persons have nothing better to do, and write letters of sympathy to the members of every Indian delegation that parades itself eastward in feathers and war-paint to present a fancied grievance. I recall the words of one of these papers, from some weak-minded woman of Indiana: —

Chief Youkeoma, you are a noble man. Do not let the Government have your children. Their schools are not the place for your Indian lads, who know only the hunt and the open spaces. Resist to the last gasp. Die rather than submit. . . .

Very like she is now writing scenarios. Of course this correspondent had read Fenimore Cooper, and was filled to the neck with the story-book idea of Indians — lithe, clean, untouched by disease, and painted by romance. The Southwest has no such Indians; and Indians, whether lithe or not, are seldom clean, and never romantic. She knew nothing of filth and trachoma and child-prostitution, while the Hopi had brought such things to a fine degree of perfection. And she lived in Indiana.

Now there is a very wide difference

between demanding the rights of Indians — rights that should be sacred under agreements, perhaps, and foreign treaties, such as those of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico — and inciting them to warfare and rebellion when teachers and physicians are striving to recover them from ignorance and disease. There is a vast difference between arguing that a title confirmed by three sovereign governments be not attacked for the sake of political loot, as in the case of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and denouncing the educational system of the United States and advising a group of benighted savages to kill in a distant, lonely desert.

That writer from Indiana should have been a field-matron for a while. I have no sympathy with this type of sentimentalist, and I deported some of them from the Hopi desert country when they appeared with their box of theoretical tricks.

I handed back the documents, and asked where the children were. Accompanied by my Tewa policeman, I entered a small room off the main house and found the three mentioned surrounded by relatives. The room filled up to its capacity and a harangue began. At Hotevilla we had not listened to argument, but here I thought it best to placate them, to explain things, rather more in line with the moral-suasion programme outlined by Washington. All talk led to one definite answer, growing sullenly louder and louder: 'You cannot take the children.'

We had to make an end. When I proceeded to lift one from the floor, in a twinkling two lusty Indians were at my throat. The Tewa came to my assistance, his face expanding in a cheerful grin as he recognized the opportunity for battle, and three or four others draped themselves around his form. The sound of the struggle did not at once get outside. The Tewa began to

thrash out with his arms and let his voice be heard. An employee peered inside and set up a shout. Then in plunged several very earnest fellows in uniform, and out went the protestants, scrambling, dragging, and hitting the door-jambs. The Tewa followed to see that these things were properly managed, he being the local and ranking officer in such affairs.

That night I joined Colonel Scott at the Agency.

I had advised strongly against the immediate recall of the entire troop, and had expected that a sergeant's squad would remain for some months to return runaways and to preserve discipline among those who might risk the power of my army of three policemen. It was not improbable that a band of Hotevillans would come to the Cañon to demand their children, once the soldiers were withdrawn. They had staged this play before. But trouble on the Border called. It was then I sought the Colonel's counsel. For a time he evaded a direct statement of his views, but I was insistent, and he said: 'I would never permit an Indian to remove his child from the school against my orders to the contrary. They would find me sitting on the dormitory steps. Other methods of prevention you will have to devise yourself.'

He concluded with the words: 'Young man, you have an Empire to control. Either rule it or pack your trunk.'

V

Now you will please not strive to conjure up a harrowing scene of terrified children, removed from their parents, lonely and unconsolated. They were not babies. They were nude, and hungry, and covered with vermin, and most of them afflicted with trachoma, a very unpleasant and messy disease. Some of them had attended this Cañon

school in the past, that time before their parents' late defiance, and they knew what was in store for them — baths, good food, warm clothing, clean beds and blankets, entertainment and music, the care of kindly people. There would be no more packing of firewood and water up steep mesa-trails, and living for weeks at a time on flint corn, beans, and decaying melons. There would be meat not cut from hapless burros and excellent bread of wheat flour, gingerbread even; and toys and candy at that wonderful time the Bohannas call 'Christmas.' There would be games for both boys and girls, and no one at this school would interfere with their innocent Indian pleasures. Their parents would be allowed to visit them and bring piki bread; and the parents very promptly availed themselves of the privilege.

So there was nothing of exile or punishment involved in this matter; and if you have any true regard for childhood and defenseless children there will be seen a great deal of protection and happiness in it. I fancy that many of the girls — especially those who had reached that age when the maternal uncles, the ogres of the family, assign them in marriage as the old men please — had been counting the days

since the news of the troop's coming.

It was a busy time for the corps of school employees when the wagons arrived. Seventy-two children had to be recovered from the dirt and vermin that had accumulated during their long holiday. The less said about this the better; but I should have been amused to see the critics at the job of hair-cutting!

Those children spent four years at the Cañon school, without vacations. When the school departments were closed in 1915, because certain buildings showed weaknesses and I feared their collapse, the Hotevilla children, having reached eighteen years of age, might decide for themselves whether or not they wished further education. With few exceptions they elected to attend the Phoenix Indian School. They had no wish to visit Hotevilla, and very frankly told me so. To illustrate their standpoint — Youkeoma's granddaughter, an orphan, was not of age so to elect. She feared that I would consult the old man about the matter, and she knew that he would insist upon her return to the pueblo life. So she secreted herself in one of the wagons that would carry the older pupils to the railroad, and went away without my knowledge.

FRANKLIN AND LIGHTNING

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

A LONGER and more comprehensive caption would be 'What did Benjamin Franklin know about thunderstorms, and what do we know to-day?' A flash of lightning, like any other flash, holds the eye and compels attention. But, as in case of the spurt of light when a gun is fired, we listen for the report; and later give some thought to the size and make of the gun, and perhaps to its deadliness as a weapon. So, then, we can best study lightning in connection with its source, the thundercloud; and to understand that better we must go back to the storm of which cloud, flash, and report are but incidents.

Briefly, lightning is an equalization of electric strain along a given atmospheric path. It has been defined by our leading American authority on lightning, Dr. F. W. Peek, as an electrical explosion. He should know, for, like Jove, he is keeper of the thunderbolts, what we may call 'near lightning.' In the high-voltage laboratory of the General Electric Company at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, one can see the outcome of years of work with various ten-foot-long lowbrow streaks of lightning, deadly enough to suit the most carping critic. These are summoned, measured for the work in hand, and then sent forth to do it.

Truly this gives a categorical answer to one of the questions that stumped poor old sore-troubled Job: 'Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?' At Pittsfield and also at Schenectady the

answer is: 'Yes! We can send them with voltage of a million and current of ten thousand amperes giving for short periods a power of several million kilowatts. And a kilowatt is considerably more (33 per cent) than a horse power. These flashes are warranted to split large wooden posts, puncture metal, break down air and water gaps, give such snappy reports that the listener jumps, and in brief do all the things that a not entirely grown-up flash of lightning can do!' And it is not conducive to long life to stand near them.

While we may accept the definition given above, — the electrical explosion, — which does define the flash itself, perhaps a better conception is given by antedating the flash a little and picturing a state of strain in the dielectric, the air, followed by a break or rupture and a quick readjustment. Indeed a lightning flash may be said to resemble an earthquake, for the latter is only a slip along an earth fault-line or path of previous fracture. So, in a way, a flash is to the air what the sudden break is in the earth crust. Furthermore, just as the seismograph picks up the feeble tremors or waves of earth motion, so the break in the air causes electromagnetic waves in the ether (if there be one) and these are picked up in places far distant by radio receivers. Thus a severe thunderstorm in the heart of Africa may cause stutter and splutter in the Sunday-afternoon sermon broadcast from Brooklyn or elsewhere. If on the golden

sands of Africa's sunny fountains the heathen could turn on thunderstorms at pleasure (and enough of them), they could (and perhaps would) muffle, muddle, and muzzle all the missionary sermons of the wide, wide world.

But Franklin knew naught of this. He invented, discovered, and suggested much in science, particularly in the field of electricity; but even his most admiring followers — and we are in that class — cannot claim that he heard the first radio-message. And yet, in some of his experiments with Leyden jars, we of to-day can see operating the same etheric wave-transmission which makes radio possible.

And what is a Leyden jar?

Ten years before Braddock was defeated and a young volunteer officer named Washington saved the retreating column from total destruction, someone in Pomerania made a glass jar with a cork pierced by a long nail. When the jar was half-filled with water and held in the hand, it could be brought near the pole of an electrostatic machine and charged. Removing the hand and touching the head of the nail produced a little spark and a feeble shock. Later, metallic coatings inside and outside were used instead of water.

Writing from Philadelphia to Peter Collinson, Esq., F. R. S., London, on March 28, 1747, Benjamin Franklin, Esq., says: —

Your kind present of an electric tube with directions for using it, has put several of us [meaning the Library Company started by Franklin in 1730, when he was twenty-four years old] on making electrical experiments in which we have observed some particular phenomena that we look upon to be new.

He promises to communicate details in a later letter, saying that probably someone on that side of the water has hit on the observations. He ends with

a sentence in which we read a forecast of much that did come to pass: —

For my own part I never was before engaged in any study that so totally engrossed my attention and my time, as this has lately done; for what with making experiments when I can be alone, and repeating them to my Friends and Acquaintances, who from the novelty of the thing, come continually in crowds to see them, I have during some months past had little leisure for any thing else.

Oh, rare old Ben! Even then a public character, disseminating knowledge.

April, May, and June passed without the promised letter; but during the second week in July Franklin found time to write, and almost in the opening sentence says: —

The first is the wonderful effects of pointed bodies both in *drawing off* and *throwing off* the electrical fire.

This discovery, if such it can be called, long dominated Franklin's views on the nature of electricity. Strangely enough he did not himself devise the experiment demonstrating the 'throwing off' effect. His esteemed and ingenious friend, Mr. Thomas Hopkinson, discovered this by chance and communicated it to Franklin. There were also certain experiments with *pinwheels* (Yes! Newton played with soap bubbles and Franklin played with pinwheels; both to some purpose) which seemed to show an *afflux* and an *efflux* of electricity. These did not originate with Franklin, but were made and communicated by another of his 'worthy and ingenious friends,' Mr. Philip Syng. Evidently the Library Company had an open season, that spring, hunting this new electrical fire, coaxing it from glass globes rubbed on leather cushions, bottling it in coated jars, chasing it away from insulated shot, always sparking, tickling, shocking themselves or admiring friends.

With all their astuteness and originality they failed, however, to detect the discharging power of a certain kind of light, — the ultra-violet rays, — though they did reflect sunlight from a mirror and found that it produced no result. They also tried light from an open fire and found that it did rob the charged cork ball; but later concluded that, as with smoke from a candle, it was the current of smoky air which facilitated the discharge. But the greatest entertainment was in 'electrifying' — Franklin's word for our electrifying — themselves and others. One person stood on wax and rubbed the tube, which was of green glass, about twenty-seven or thirty inches long. Another person on wax drew the fire. Both were thus electrified; and a third person standing on the floor could present his knuckle and get a spark from each. And so they tried to puzzle out the problem which has required one hundred and seventy-eight years to answer, and still is not entirely solved: 'What is electricity?'

Small wonder these Colonial physicists could not give a satisfactory answer. It is only within the past five years that an acceptable explanation of electric force has been obtained. The underlying conceptions are entirely at variance with those held for a century. Only now is man beginning to understand the true nature of electricity. What is known as the quantum theory provides the clue, and the structure of matter is as an open book to those who can follow the processes of radiation and energy-transfer in the orbits of electrons.

The luminiferous ether and the Newtonian law of attraction wave us a farewell greeting with classical dynamics and physics as they all depart from the heights they held so long and so well. *Sic transit gloria mentis*; the greatest generalizations of the human

mind give way to modern requirement.

But back to our Colonial experimenters.

'As the vessel is just upon sailing,' writes Franklin, 'I can not give you so large an account of American Electricity as I intended.' Note the word 'American.'

In a brilliant lecture (Sixteenth Kelvin, February 5, 1925, Institute of Electrical Engineers, London) Jeans notes the difference between the engineering type of mind of Britain and the more metaphysical Continental mind. It was something more than a coincidence that Newton, Kelvin, Maxwell, and Faraday were all British, while Bosovich, Einstein, Bohr, and Weyl are not. One wonders who best represent the American type. Franklin, Edison, Thomson, Steinmetz!

Our earliest investigators had a certain humor of gallantry. They developed the electric kiss. Thus, let a gentleman and lady stand on wax, one holding the electric phial. Let them kiss. When their lips approach, 'they will be struck and shocked.' They made counterfeit spiders of burnt cork and linnen (*sic*) thread; and these wriggled their legs 'in a very entertaining manner.' And finally the 'worthy and ingenious' Mr. Syng made a simple and effective electrical machine, because the Europeans used a heavy, clumsy affair which made rubbing the tube a fatiguing exercise.

Then on September 1, 1747, Franklin could not forbear writing another letter to Collinson about M. Muschenbroek's wonderful bottle. He finds that the electrical fire is 'crowded into the substance,' that is, the glass; and he begins to talk about positive and negative electricity.

Now appears upon the scene another experimenter, the 'ingenious' Mr. Kinnersley. Why Franklin dropped the

'worthy,' we know not, for they were good friends; and Kinnersley loaned him a large electrical machine. They made magical pictures. 'Having a large metzotinto with a frame and glass, suppose of the KING (God preserve him) take out the print.' Then follow minute directions about pasting gold leaf. We wonder what he really meant when he adds, 'Hold the picture horizontally by the top and place a little moveable gilt crown on the king's head.' (This time *king* is in lower case.) Evidently kings are not different from other people when it comes to electrical shocks. The picture being electrified, if a person touched the inside gilding with one finger and with his free hand tried to take off the crown, he would 'receive a terrible blow and fail in the attempt.' Surely a satisfactory result to all good royalists. If the picture was big enough and highly charged the consequence might perhaps be as fatal as that of high treason. Oh, rare old Ben! But at any event they were able, in 1750, to kill a hen. (Whether the hen remained killed, our philosopher fails to mention. In all likelihood the bird got up after being stunned and indulged in choice hen profanity regarding the experiment.)

Then, hot weather coming on, it is proposed to put an end to the experiments for this season 'somewhat humoursly in a party of pleasure on the banks of the Skuylikil. . . . A turkey is to be killed for our dinner by the *electrical shock* and roasted by the *electrical jack* before a fire kindled by the *electrified bottle*, when the healths of all the famous electricians in *England, Holland, France, and Germany* are to be drank in *electrified bumpers* under the discharge of guns from the *electrical battery*.'

Oh, rare old Ben! Where were the Prohibition agents? Notice that the bottle and bumpers were *electrified*

while all the rest of the outfit was only electrical.

And now we come to thundergusts. There is no date to the long letter, written perhaps in 1749, but there is one sentence which is characteristic. Franklin was ever awake to natural phenomena. He set forth the view that after a thunderclap the concussion or jerk given to the air shook down the rain, not only from the two clouds, but from others near them. This makes Franklin the Father of Rainmakers. It does seem as if rain-gushes were caused by thunder. Such seeming relationships die hard; and there are still many who believe that concussion produces rain. We know, however, that it has no such effect.

In the long letter of July 1750 he draws the conclusion that 'the fire of electricity and that of lightning are the same.' And he proposes an experiment. On the top of some high tower, place a sentry-box big enough to hold a man and an electric stand. An iron rod passes up thirty feet, pointed very sharp at the end. The rod is to draw the fire from the cloud and the sparks are to electrify the man. There is much more — many, many pages — and he concludes: —

But I shall never have done if I tell you all my conjectures, thoughts and imaginations on the nature and operations of this electric fluid.

There are some strange entries in the letters of 1750. One, dated July 1750, contains matters which were reported to Franklin only in June 1751. Probably a letter was begun one year and not finished until the following year.

It is evident, however, that in 1751 Franklin had clear-cut ideas of the power of lightning, for he wrote to C. C. Esq. at New York (Colden?), though he was exceedingly busy. He

thinks the greatest known effects of common lightning may be *exceeded*. Who but rare old Ben would have dared to say that? But as yet this has not been done.

So we are got beyond the skill of Rabelais's devils of two years old, who he humorously says had only learned to thunder and lighten a little round the head of a cabbage.

In the spring of 1752, Franklin at Philadelphia and Kinnersley at Boston were busy discussing certain experiments with the latter's sulphur-globe machine, which he loaned in February to Franklin.

In the meantime the Opinions and Conjectures had borne fruit. In Europe the suggestion of drawing sparks from the iron rod in the high sentry-box appealed to certain French investigators. At Marly on March 10, 1752, at 2.20 P.M., as a storm cloud passed overhead, the iron rod was touched by the finger of the insulated man. Sparks were seen. M. de Lor then erected a rod ninety-nine feet high, and on May 18 was able to get sparks. But the strongest sparks occurred without either thunder or lightning. Little did he suspect, when the sparks were seen during the space of an *Ave* and a *Pater*, that he was receiving the first radio-message. Far-distant flashes of lightning were broadcasting their signals, and this rough but effective antenna picked up the impulses. The sun soon shone out clear and the sparks ceased. The experimenters on radio transmission during the solar eclipse of January 24, 1925, will please note this earliest of experiments on fading.

London did not propose to lag behind Paris; and so W. Watson, F.R.S., tried to get sparks. There was, however, only one thunderstorm that summer and it contributed nothing, for the rain wet the apparatus and there were

no sparks. But the worthy Mr. Canton had better luck. On the same July afternoon, with a tin tube and wires, he felt and heard sparks after the third or fourth thunderclap; but these grew weaker and ceased in two minutes. These reports were published in due time in European newspapers. The printed accounts could hardly have reached Philadelphia in less than two months and it was after this that the famous kite-experiment was proposed. It is evident that the date June 1752, sometimes given (as in the *Britannica*), is of doubtful authenticity. Franklin made no mention in his own paper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, of any kind of kite-experiment until October 19, 1752, when the same letter addressed to Peter Collinson appears with minor alterations to suit home consumption. In this letter he does not explicitly say that he himself flew a kite, and the letter as a whole, particularly the latter sections, states only what may be done.

This is not to be regarded as unusual or in any way prejudicial to his fame as a scientist, for he generally followed this method. In August 1752, writing to Dr. B—— of Boston, in connection with inoculation against smallpox, he said:—

Business sometimes obliges one to postpone philosophical amusements. Whatever I have wrote of that kind are really as they are entitled but Conjectures and Suppositions. . . .

And again, —

I own I have too strong a penchant to the building of hypotheses. They indulge my natural indolence. . . .

A concluding sentence in this smallpox correspondence has a direct appeal to some of us:—

I am sorry to hear that the number of your inhabitants decreases.

Well, he himself at the age of seventeen decreased the population of Boston by walking away from the city of his birth toward Philadelphia, the city of his adoption. In his will he remembered both cities generously.

Whether Franklin ever flew kites during thundergusts is uncertain, and it is greatly to be wished that some corroborative evidence by someone who saw these flights may yet be found in old journals and diaries. It is strange that Kinnersley, lecturing in various cities, made no mention of what would have been a capital experiment. Franklin himself apparently thought little of it, although in his autobiography he speaks of it as a capital experiment. It is hard to believe that emphasis would not have been placed upon both date and place at the time. Dr. Stuber's story, which is the basis of the popular conception of the experiment, contains so many contradictions that it is charitable to regard it as the recollection of one old man concerning what another old man told him about something that happened a long time ago.

However, whether Ben did or did not fly kites during thunderstorms is not of much consequence; for his fame is secure and he well deserved the recognition accorded him for his work in electricity. There is an artistic element in the popular conception, mythical though it be. There is a suggestion of Prometheus stealing the fire of Heaven. Poor Prometheus paid the penalty for his temerity. So, for defying the lightning, did Ajax the Lesser — or the Greater, for Ajax seems to have been a big chief away from home, and a small person at home. But Benjamin in due time became the hero of the schoolbook. Rare old Ben, how he would be amused at being thus featured!

Contrary to popular belief and textbook statements, the identification of lightning as electricity was not

determined by any kite-experiment. Franklin himself demonstrated this two years earlier than the date of doubtful authenticity given above, June 1752. It was this which led to the conception of the lightning rod in 1750. The function of the rod was to draw off the charge. The effect was illustrated by a pasteboard tube, an iron punch on the floor, a pair of scales, an electrical machine, a wire, and a needle. And rods had been placed upon the Academy and Statehouse spires previous to the experiments in France, and of course previous to the suggestion of using a kite.

Franklin speculated much on the nature of thunderclouds. He studied the effects of lightning and gave sensible advice. Indeed nearly all of his directions for behavior have stood the test of time. His speculations, however, have not, nor is it to be expected that they should. But through it all runs a vein of humor, as when he says: —

I must own I am much in the *dark* about *light*.

Someone may ask, 'Is it possible to fly kites in a thunderstorm?' The answer is: 'It is exceedingly dangerous.' It has been done and the experimenters have escaped. On the other hand, when kites could not be reeled in quickly enough with the approach of the storm, fatalities have resulted. One experience may be briefly given here. (A more detailed account can be found in the *Popular Science Monthly*, October 1897, p. 739.) August 9, 1892, at Blue Hill Observatory, a kite was sent up at 11 A.M. and kept in the air until after dark. A thunderstorm developed about sunset, but still far in the west. Whenever a finger was held near the insulated kite-wire, there was a perfect fusillade of sparks. As the storm drew near, the incessant sizzling and sparking threatened to burn out the large

multiple quadrant electrometer used to measure the voltage. As the Observatory might be jeopardized, one of the four men present proposed to cut the kite string, which was wired, and let the kite go. To touch the string was to receive a severe shock. One of the party broke the connection between the electrometer and the Mascart insulators. As he did this, the others outside saw a flash in the west. The one inside saw only a brilliant flare-up in the electrometer and felt a severe blow across both arms. The kite wire was finally grounded. The flash which was nearest to the Observatory was, so far as could be ascertained, 4500 feet distant; and so the discharge which the observer felt must have been either an induced current or perhaps one of the many minor discharges which branch out from the main or trunk line discharge.

On other occasions steel kite-wire has been fused, men severely shocked, kite destroyed, and everybody thankful to have escaped alive.

Lightning is not an ordinary battery or dynamo current. It does not obey the usual law of ohmic resistance. The time curve of discharge has a very steep front; and consequently there are many peculiar effects, not like those of ordinary currents.

And there are all kinds of thunderstorms. Some pass quickly and do little damage. Some more slowly and do much damage. In London on July 9 and 10, 1923, a remarkable storm occurred, and during the six hours of its duration 6924 flashes were recorded. At the present price of ten cents per kilowatt hour, the bill for energy at two dollars per flash for this storm would have been \$13,848.00.

The schoolboy's definition of the difference between lightning and electricity is 'You don't have to pay for lightning.'

What, then, should one do or not do during thunderstorms? Remembering that the Law and Commandments were given on Sinai after a severe thunderstorm, we may paraphrase the Decalogue as follows:—

1. Thou shalt not be overanxious. There are a thousand flashes that do not strike mortals for one that does.

2. Thou shalt not fear horizontal flashes.

3. Thou shalt not stand out in the open (not attempt to fly kites). Nor remain on the beach, nor in an open field. Get hence.

4. Thou shalt not stand under a tree with thick foliage—more people are killed in this way than any other—nor in the doorway of a barn or at a window in proximity to a chimney.

5. Thou shalt not laugh at thy maiden aunt's nervousness during a storm. It does not help.

6. Thou shalt not tie stock to wire fences.

7. Thou shalt not go to bed or try to stand on glass. There is not one chance in ten thousand of thy being injured in an ordinary residence.

8. If thou art near a person who has been struck, thou shalt make every effort to restore him to consciousness. Try artificial respiration. Don't give up. Get a doctor as soon as possible.

9. Antennæ of radio outfits should be grounded outside. Aerials are sometimes struck and wires melted, and fires may thus be started.

10. If thou art in a trolley car and fuses burn out, try to keep calm. The danger is over and, while it is unpleasant, thou art more frightened than hurt. Finally, if thou livest in the country, get good lightning-rods on thy house and barn. Dwellings in city blocks, however, are practically immune. When traveling in automobiles, do not stop under trees, nor remain at rest on hilltops.

THOROUGHBREDS AND BLACKGUARDS

BY PETER BURNAUGH

I

THAT rare master in the mating of thoroughbred-blood lines to produce great race-horses, Major Foxhall Daingerfield, was known to deliver himself, when certain unethical procedures on the turf came under his notice, of the cynical observation:—

'How strange so noble an animal as the thoroughbred should make blackguards of all who associate with him.'

The blanket character of the Major's explosive indictment was grossly unfair, if only because it included himself; he was a kindly man whose passionate love for a great horse was hardly stronger than his tenderness toward an inglorious one. But he was, I fear, an exception, and a poor apostle. A racing-world which avidly accepted its heritage of his genius, successfully applying the breeding-principles which had made his success, found it expedient to forget the less practical precepts of his philosophy. It was a world somewhat embarrassed when suddenly brought face to face, not long ago, with a pronouncement very like the Major's—and from a source not so easily disregarded.

The occasion was not without its drama. In Kentucky, home of the thoroughbred horse, and in that particular Blue Grass section of the state where so large a part of the population derives its living from the production of race horses, the biennial drive of reformers for repeal of the law safeguarding racing was on, and moving strongly.

As so often is the case in lawmaking bodies faced with a 'reform' question, the proponents of racing had the sympathy of a majority of the members of the State Legislature, but not the assurance that they would vote as they felt. The clergy of the state, apparently, was solidly behind the reformers; and the outlook was dark for the sport of kings.

At the crucial moment the Reverend William T. Settle, Episcopal rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Lexington, publicly gave his support to racing; the uncertain senators, bolstered by this happy opportunity to cite ecclesiastic warrant to their constituencies, did likewise, and racing won the day. Sometime thereafter the Reverend Mr. Settle called the racing-men about him, I am told, and gave them some very straight talk on what he would expect in the way of clean sport to justify the courageous stand he had taken in opposition to his brothers of the cloth. The particulars of his talk are still unrevealed, but may be inferred from the rector's first remark to the assembled horsemen, which comes to me from one who was there.

'Gentlemen,' he began, 'it has often occurred to me how noble a sport horse-racing might be, but for the owners, the trainers, and the jockeys.'

That remark crystallized a feeling that had steadily forced itself on me in a period of several years devoted to daily reportings of affairs of the turf.

Such service has afforded a very comfortable living, and has become more remunerative of late with the growing interest in horse-racing throughout the country. It has become more and more a service of pleasure, too; for appetite for a good horse-race is not appeased by feeding, while the years have brought an increasing fascination in tracing the traits, the high qualities, and the deficiencies of horses of the past as they reassert themselves in their sons and daughters on the turf to-day. To me no sport equals it. And since a frugal nature has precluded any unlucky plunging that might have soured an original passion, I may approach it still as an eager enthusiast.

The point of view, then, is that of an intensely interested observer who has come upon a remarkable phenomenon: the almost invariable degradation that occurs in men through association with an animal whose very contact, you would think, ought to breed honesty, fairness, and a spirit of kindliness.

The nobility of the thoroughbred horse is presumably unquestioned, even by those who have discovered an occasional rogue in the breed. It has a well-nigh universal appeal to the heart of man.

I have heard that Mr. James R. Keene, trained as he was in the battles of Wall Street to conceal his emotions, 'threw himself on a sofa and shook with sobs' when he received the cable saying that Colin had gone lame in England. I have seen an aged horseman, with tears in his eyes, soundly cane a young buck who had written in a newspaper that one of his selling-platers, a notorious quitter, 'had a heart the size of a peanut.' And at the Derby once I saw a woman steal away from a party of celebrities and disappear; they found her some time after, her arms clasped about the neck of the Derby winner. Years before she had

romped in the fields with the brown colt's grandsire.

In our part of Kentucky, at least, *Black Beauty* was accepted as a sound zoölogical treatise no less than as an excellent story. The inevitable motto beseeching divine blessing on the household usually shared space equally with a steel engraving of some equine hero, and some such inscription as:—

Après l'homme, le cheval le plus noble animal
Est rendu par ce Seigneur si juste et si égal.

Pleasant Blue Grass hills are dotted with tombstones erected over the bones of Futurity and Derby winners; and I well remember that our village preacher found inspiration for a sermon, which was quoted many a day after, in a newspaper poem by some unknown scribbler named Riley, which read:—

I love the hoss from hoof to head,
From head to hoof and tail to mane;
I love the hoss, as I have said,
From head to hoof and back again.

I love my God the first of all,
Then Him that perished on the Cross;
And next my wife, and then I fall
Down on my knees and love the hoss.

It was for shame, said he, that a 'foreigner' should have to teach us the need of recasting that old gasconade: 'A Kentuckian bows the knee only to his God, his sire, and his ladies'; and closed with the conviction that this Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, though apparently a resident of another state, probably had been born a Kentuckian.

These things I recall because they speak the love and devotion which the nobility of horses arouses in men. The extent to which men can harden themselves to that nobility is quite beyond understanding.

II

A certain amount of deception is to be found, and is condoned, in all sports. Racing may not lightly be

ruled out of court because it breeds deception, unless we also rule out tennis, for instance, because Mr. Tilden threatens a Lawford and surprises with a lob; or football, because the Harvard team finds effectiveness in a fake formation. Indeed, I know of no sport in which artifice contributes so little to success. To the man with true sporting-instincts, no other game holds such inducements for laying the cards on the table and playing to win from the start.

But, I hasten to add, by success in the sport of racing I mean the winning of races — big races, if you like, where the winner's purse is a fat one. Certainly that is where the best horses are to be found, and the true sportsman wants to beat the best. For the matter of that, I see nothing reprehensible in a desire to win a Preakness rather than a Paumonok purely because the stake is ten times as valuable.

When the object is primarily to beat the bookmaker rather than the other horse, however, then the entire color changes. Sport becomes a sordid business, and the sportsman becomes only a sport. It is then that the horseman begins to compare so unfavorably with his horse.

The first step is concealment of the true worth of one's horse. The mechanics are obvious: when everyone thinks your horse will win, his odds are one to five; when no one thinks he will win, his odds may be one hundred to one or more.

Now I maintain that there is something distinctly sporting in the quiet preparation of a horse, and the 'putting him over' at long odds in his first appearance in public. It's tabasco to the game. The matter of fooling the clockers — those eagle-eyed fellows with stop watches who line the rails at the first break of dawn to observe workouts — is a royal sport in itself.

Too often, however, that spice sharpens an appetite for long odds based on less defensible strategy. Since odds are in indirect proportion to the public estimate of the horse, and the horse has already revealed his quality in public, the plan suggests itself to restore public uncertainty by having him mix bad races with good ones; or, after he has definitely established his maximum powers, to make him run above that maximum by the use of unnatural devices.

It is easy to trace the development of trickery, deceit, and insensibility to kindness in their natural growth from such practices. I am inclined to fear that they are steadily increasing on our race courses. We do not hear so much, nowadays, of fiery challenges and caustic acceptances. The match race, epitome of sportsmanship, has almost passed from the turf. The proud sportsman who owned he had a good horse, and defied his associates to trot out a better one, now too often courts contempt for his horse for the longer odds that contempt will bring. He declines matches, and 'scratches' from races when the issue appears to narrow into a match.

It is pleasant to think of a racing-world with more Johnny Harpers in it. It was Uncle Johnny who brought the immortal Longfellow to the turf with an open challenge, and sadly laid him away under the apple tree by his window when his career was ended. A cot in his horse's stall was good enough for him, and no man's wager against his horse went begging while his money lasted. He made his own 'book,' and warned each and every one that none lived greater than Longfellow, while he accepted the money they proffered to bet against him.

'But,' said a young man once, after watching his money disappear in Uncle Johnny's satchel and waiting in vain

for a slip, 'how will you remember me when I come back after the race?'

'Son,' replied Uncle Johnny, 'you ain't comin' back.'

III

On an average, it takes a novice about a month to become casual about the cruelties he sees inflicted on horses on the race track. It is a short time, especially since so many of those cruelties are needless.

A horseman will tell you that use of the whip is indispensable to getting the best out of many horses. That is probably true. The human race has no monopoly on indolence, and it is just another evidence of their humanness that many horses need occasionally to be reminded of the task at hand. But, also like human beings, horses resent prodding when doing their best, and are likely to show that resentment with a pointed refusal to try at all. Your horseman will also tell you that scores of potential victories are turned into defeats in this manner. 'He went to the whip and tossed the race away' is one of the most common expressions to be heard where racing is talked.

There is no doubt that the horse suffers keenly from a stiff application of the 'whip'—actually a leaded, ramrod sort of instrument capable of raising great welts. He remembers it, too. One of them remembered it on a spring day at Lexington when, being led to his stable there after having raced through the winter at New Orleans, he spied, lying on the ground, a Negro jockey who had given him a particularly vicious clouting in a race on the Lexington track the previous autumn. Rearing, the horse came down with both forefeet on the boy's chest.

Fred Taral, premier jockey of the nineties, had good reason to know that the great Domino remembered his

whip. A most complacent horse in his younger days, Domino always became so infuriated at the sight of Taral, after that rider's cruel finish in the dead-heat match with Dobbins, that it was necessary to blindfold the horse whenever Taral mounted him afterward, and eventually he was retired to the stud farm with a reputation as a savage. He wanted to bite and kick everyone in sight. But within a fortnight after his arrival there he discovered that he was in friendly hands and became the gentlest of animals.

It is significant that the most conspicuously successful horseman on the American turf in the last two or three decades, John E. Madden, compels the riders of a majority of his horses to go to post without whip of any kind. When Mr. Madden boosted Winnie O'Conner into the saddle on Yankee in the Futurity, that jockey insisted on having a whip. 'Well, if you must,' said the whimsical Madden, and, going to a near-by tree in the paddock, stripped off a switch about three inches long and handed it to the jockey. O'Conner threw it down in disgust, went out, and won the Futurity. He admitted afterward that with a whip he probably would have lost the race in the tight finish.

Riders seldom seem to realize that a horse may be as anxious to win as they, and may know a great deal more about it. At least four jockeys who rode Exterminator during that horse's notable campaign have told me that the easiest way to win a race on him was to let him win it himself. Application of the whip to force him to 'make his run' before he was ready had almost no effect. When the proper time came he went for his prey, and usually got it. I am quite sure that no person in grandstand or paddock had any keener thrill of competition than Exterminator and Boniface themselves had when

those two old Trojans hooked up in their several historic stretch-duels.

The cruelties to crippled horses, particularly observed on the steeplechase courses, are even less understandable. Visitors to New York tracks must often have seen a horse led for a long distance, sometimes completely across the infield and out of sight, hobbling along in obvious pain on a leg that has been injured, perhaps broken. There is but one remedy for a race horse with a broken leg — quick death. And lest the finer sensibilities of the spectators be offended by the sight of it, he must hobble off in misery to a less conspicuous spot for the execution!

Occasionally, however, the break is at the hip, leaving the cripple powerless to move. It was in such an instance two years ago that a novice was sent to the infield with a pistol to dispatch a horse, at the finish of a big steeplechase stake. On the third shot, after two misplaced bullets had had no greater effect than to regale the crowd with the spectacle of a wounded and crippled horse trying to defend himself against a man with a pistol, he was finally put away.

Even bullfight audiences, rapacious as they are for gore, cheering when sharp horns sink into the flesh of a blindfolded horse, will not tolerate a prolongation of the poor animal's pain, once the bull has struck. In Seville you will see a perfect barrage of bottles from the gallery when a picador attempts to remount a wounded horse. It is not pleasant to think we are less humane than they. Eventually, perhaps, all tracks will have ambulances, as some now have, equipped with slings and other appliances to lift an injured horse from the ground and bear him painlessly away.

The question of whether the entire steeplechase-game is not too cruel to justify its existence is not so easily

answered. I may only say that the frequent falls and injuries make the watching of it an unpleasant duty for me. But at least our most hazardous courses in this country are smooth lawns compared with the course for the annual world-classic at Liverpool, the Grand National, where only three or four horses finish from a field of thirty or more — the others left scattered about the course, a panorama of bruised bodies, twisted legs, and broken necks.

But whether it be flat racing or steeplechasing, it is not the unavoidable casualty that is most bewildering — it is the premeditated cruelty. It is the assumption that ownership of horses carries the privilege of treating them with the same mechanical consideration that would be given to a racing-automobile; the cruel custom of racing-associations in permitting tracks to become hard as flint, jarring the horses from hoof to mane so that an amazingly small percentage of them stand up under two seasons of racing, presumably for no other reason than that hard tracks mean sensational track-records and therefore front-page publicity; the patching and repatching of the stove-up victims of these hard tracks, in an effort to 'get one more race' out of them; the practice of 'nerving' horses, a neat operation which kills all pain in an infirm foot by the simple expedient of removing the nerve, and does no harm — until the nerved parts rot and the unfortunate animal throws his foot completely off, perhaps in the midst of a race.

IV

Strangely enough, the one offense which racegoers and racing-officials are least willing publicly to accept, and which trainers most vigorously deny, is one of the most common and, to some limits, the most defensible.

I refer to the use of stimulants.

The question is a broad one, as broad as that which ranges from the morning cup of coffee to the opium habit. There was, for instance, that great English cup horse that had a notable racing-career extending over several years, but always required his ale and porter before giving the best that was in him. The Prohibitionists may say that he would have raced with even greater success without it, but I doubt it.

But what becomes of the horse when he is dosed, as a reckless trainer once confided about a horse of his, 'with enough nitroglycerin to blow up the grandstand'? What has become of the respect for horses when trainers debate over the merits of the respective drugs they use? And where is the noble sport of racing when the race itself becomes, not an issue between the blood of St. Simon and the blood of Lexington, not even a test of riding-skill between a Sande and a Maiben, but a Drug Store Derby between Heroin and Cocaine?

On the effectiveness of drugs in defeating form I take leave to quote the Honorable George Lambton, fifth son of the Earl of Durham. In thirty-two years as trainer for the House of Stanley (Lord Derby) he has won every great race on the English calendar, crowning his career last year when Sansovino won the Derby, an achievement for which the Earls of Derby had been striving for a hundred and forty years in vain.

In his *Men and Horses I Have Known* Mr. Lambton writes of a mare he bought at Newmarket in 1896, after she had beaten one of his own horses that he fancied.

'She was pouring with sweat, looked very bad, and I thought that I could improve her. That evening, when I went to my stable, my head man remarked that the mare I had bought

was a wild brute and had been running around in her box like a mad thing ever since she came home. This was the first doped horse I ever saw, although at the time I was quite unaware what was the matter. I gave the mare a long rest, and got her quiet and looking well, but she was no good. Charlie Cunningham bought her for jumping, but could do no good with her. He afterward put her in the stud, where she produced a dead foal.

'But in 1896 doping was in its infancy, and it was not until 1900 that it began to be a serious menace to horse-racing. Even then, although there were mysterious hints of its wonderful effects, few people knew much about it, or really believed it. After 1900 this horrible practice increased rapidly, and by 1903 it had become a scandal. I myself was still skeptical that any dope would make a bad horse into a good one. But very strange things occurred, and one constantly saw horses who were notorious rogues running and winning as if they were possessed of the Devil, with eyes starting out of their heads and the sweat pouring off them.

'Three veterinary surgeons then told me that the practice was increasing very much, that it would be the ruin of horse-breeding and ought to be stopped. Then there occurred a case when a horse, after winning a race, dashed madly into a stone wall and killed itself. I then thought it was about time something was done, and told one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club what my three friends had said. He was skeptical as I had been, and declared he did not believe there was anything in it. At that time I had in my stable some of the biggest rogues in training, and I told the Stewards I intended to dope these horses. They could see for themselves what the result was.

'The first horse I doped was a chestnut gelding called Folkestone. This

horse had refused to do anything in a trial or a race. He was always last and would come in neighing. I first of all doped him in a trial. He fairly astonished me, for he jumped off in front and won in a canter. I sent him to Pontefract, where he beat a field of fourteen very easily, and nearly went round the course a second time before his jockey could pull him up. He won a race again the next day, was sold, and never won again. I had told my brother, Lord Durham, who was not a Steward of the Jockey Club at the time, what I was doing. So much did he dislike this doping that he was inclined to object to my having anything to do with it. But when I explained that my object was to open the eyes of the Stewards, he withdrew his objection, but begged me not to have a shilling on any horse with a dope in him. To this I agreed.

'I obtained six dopes from a well-known veterinary surgeon. They were not injected with a needle, but just given out of a bottle. Their effect was astonishing. I used five of them, and had four winners and a second. Not one of these horses had shown any form throughout the year. One of them, Ruy Lopez, who had previously entirely defeated the efforts of the best jockeys in England, won the Lincoln Autumn Handicap with a stable boy up, racing like the most honest horse in the world. At the end of the Liverpool meeting I had one dope left. I had made no secret of what I was doing, and Lord Charles Montagu asked me to give him one of these dopes for a horse called Cheers, so I gave him my last one. Cheers had run badly all year. The following week he beat a big field for the Markeaton Plate with the dope in him, including a horse of my own, Adrea Ferrara, which I very much fancied.

'By the following year, doping was made a criminal offense. Some people

think there is a great deal going on now. I don't believe it: the penalty is too severe, although it is possible there are trainers who will take the risk.'

The thought comes that perhaps opposition to horse-racing, and the laws occasionally enacted through the efforts of that opposition, may be partly responsible for the reprehensible ways of so many who are engaged in it.

Our turf-governing bodies are so enmeshed in the political alliances necessary to them if they are to avoid obstruction in the courts and legislatures that discipline and regulation are often impossible. Offenses, rather than being thoroughly aired and denounced by public punishment, are too often hushed up in the fear that they will furnish food for the reformers. Star Chamber inquiries bring forth mysterious verdicts, and by rumor the offense becomes worse than it actually was. Thus the vicious circle.

V

Racing in America has had its splendid days. The overworked young-and-growing-country apology with which we still explain away so many of our national *gaucheries* is nowhere cheaper than when used to justify our racing when it is not what it ought to be. Our turf has too many fine traditions for that. They reach back to the time, even before we were a nation, when the man who was to become the country's symbol of integrity, and its first President, participated in racing and served as steward at numerous race-meetings.

All the world knows how England's Lord Rosebery placed the winning of the Derby on a parity with the winning of the Premiership; but in Maryland they will tell you rather of their own Governor Bowie of the seventies, and how he forgot his politics when Crickmore ran for the Dixie Handicap.

The Governor mated his mare Katie with the noted stallion Eclipse and confidently predicted a great race-horse as the fruit of the union, because 'Katie wanted me to have a good hoss so bad she broke three wagon-tongues and five sets of harness when I tried to make a work mare of her.' Katie's yearling was turned out in the Governor's hundred-acre cornfield, and neighbors remonstrated with him for 'wasting a thousand barrels of the finest corn in Maryland,' but the Governor replied that he hoped to raise a colt worth more than all the corn in Prince George's County. And he did, for when Catesby, Katie's son, won the Saratoga Stakes the Governor refused ten thousand dollars for him.

But that is only half the story. Eight years later we find Catesby's son, Crickmore, carrying Governor Bowie's colors in the Dixie Handicap. It is Maryland's greatest race, inaugurated in 1870 at the opening of old Pimlico with the Governor as president of the racing association. Crickmore wins, and all Maryland toasts a Maryland-bred son of a Maryland-bred sire who 'has shown the New York gentlemen that we can breed a race horse once in a while.' And when a henchman comes up with a message about the state election, the Governor cries:—

'Oh, the Democrats will sweep the state; Pinckney White'll win. But confound your politics! A man who has won the Dixie Stakes with a colt of his own breeding does n't think of anything else.'

State rivalry found its warmest expression, and sportsmanship reached its highest level, on the race courses of that period. In Washington diplomacy shared attention with the thoroughbred, and high Government officials accepted it as an honor when called upon to serve in the stand at the nearby Benning course.

It was at Benning in the eighties that three United States Senators—Hearst of California, Wolcott of Colorado, and Wetmore of Rhode Island—were Stewards for the afternoon when the Clerk of the Course reported that a gentleman from Virginia, who was to take part in a special race for amateurs, was not in good condition to ride.

'Tell him to mount,' directed Senator Hearst. 'No gentleman from Virginia ever got in a condition where he could not ride a horse.'

From the Virginia valleys came powerful Eole, who bowed to Governor Bowie's Crickmore in the famous Dixie Stakes, and later to the great Hindoo in the Coney Island Cup. Strangely enough, both Hindoo and Eole, like Governor Bowie's cornfield prodigy, were sired by horses (Virgil and Eolus) that had been reclaimed to strengthen the thoroughbred family after having been consigned to inglorious ends as buggy horses. The strict disciple of the Stud Book may deplore such things, just as the strict disciple of the Book of Etiquette doubtless deplored Messrs. Phil and Mike Dwyer, of Brooklyn and vivid memory, who owned Hindoo. But note their rugged sportsmanship, as set down by W. S. Vosburgh in his *Racing in America*, wherein he recounts the amusing controversy between the two Dwyers and Frederick Gebhard, owner of Eole, following Hindoo's victory:—

'Mr. Gebhard was terribly disappointed, as he thought his horse unbeatable. Social feelings entered into the controversy. Mr. Gebhard was aspiring, while the Dwyers prided themselves on being no better than their neighbors. "If you will come to the Union Club, I will match Eole against Hindoo for five thousand dollars a side to run the race over," said Mr. Gebhard. "If you will come over

to our *butcher shop*, we will match Hindoo for *ten thousand* a side to run the race over," replied Mr. Dwyer.'

Nor is all sportsmanship on our race courses ancient history. We need not go to the dim past to find the courtly Captain Cassatt climbing into the Stewards' stand at Belmont Park, immediately after a race won by his most beloved filly, Flying Fairy, demanding that she be disqualified for bumping another horse on the stretch turn — and roundly abusing the officials when they permitted the result to stand and tendered him the purse! It was only the year before last that Admiral Grayson won the admiration of every racing-enthusiast when he sent his colt, My Own, to Belmont Park in the belief that he was to race against the English Derby winner, Papyrus, and took the verdict without a whimper when he learned that it was not to be.

Dr. Grayson had been the chief sufferer in the hopeless mess that had been made of the eliminations to select the American color-bearer for the international match, and had taken his colt into retirement in Maryland, smarting from the snubs of the Jockey Club. Then the emergency came. Zev, the selection of the committee to represent America, had 'gone wrong.' There was not another three-year-old available that was considered in the same class with Papyrus. Dr. Grayson immediately ordered My Own out of his stall and put him through a long hard workout over a heavy track, with full knowledge that such hurried conditioning might mean the end of his racing-days; a special train was sent, and the next morning the colt was at Belmont Park, luckily fit and ready to run. But in the meantime Zev had undergone a miraculous cure, and a fresh decision to place America's hopes in his care after all was unhappily not accompanied by notification to Dr.

Grayson, who learned from a newspaper, en route to the track for the race, that his colt was not to run in the most talked-of turf-event the country had ever known.

Some time later the Jockey Club voted Admiral Grayson a very fine silver cup in testimony of his sportsmanship. Being a sportsman, he doubtless accepted it without untoward comment. At any rate his affection for horses and his ambition to breed a great one had not been touched, and last October he had the pleasure of seeing Sarazen, a son of his own horse, High Time, crowned king of American thoroughbreds with a victory over the best horse France has bred in a generation.

And so we find, in any year, some traditions worthy of the old ones, some examples of what racing might be if men were as fine as the horses they race. It is only that they come less often, it seems, in times when the horse must struggle against a public opinion that would restrict his activities to more commercial pursuits.

Certainly the nobility of the race horse is more truly upheld in England, for instance, where racing is strongly entrenched and strongly governed under the patronage of the King himself, than over here, where the sport ekes out an existence under a kind of temporary and semilegal license.

The Englishman takes his racing straight. Pope may sing how 'Newmarket's glory rose but England's fell,' and John Bright may oppose the Queen's Plates and express his complete pain and disgust when the House adjourns for the Derby, but Sheffield men still walk eighteen miles to Doncaster and eighteen back again, feeling well rewarded if they bring home a handkerchief that has wiped the sweat from the St. Leger winner. They like to tell how Queen Anne — who, as

Dean Swift wrote to Stella, 'drives furiously like a Jehu and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod' — was much put out when her Pepper and Mustard both failed to win back the gold cup she had given to be run for, but died peacefully when her Star was successful, in four four-mile heats, on the afternoon before her passing. They are proud who were at Epsom to pat King Edward on the back when he led his victorious Minoru through the Derby throng, and saw him smile later inside his cordon of police when a wag shouted, 'Never mind, Teddie, we'll come and bail you out.'

They approve Bismarck's remark to Disraeli, 'You will never have a revolution in England so long as you keep

your racing,' and they are sure that the splendid groan to which Disraeli confessed in his memorable 'blue ribbon of the turf' passage was evoked not so much by news of the defeat of his cherished West Indian motion as by the Derby victory of his still more cherished Surplice in the colors of another.

Small wonder that political writers seriously considered a Tory restoration, with Lord Derby as the new premier, when that die-hard leader won the Derby last summer!

Such support for racing affords the governing bodies of racing the background for stern discipline. That stern discipline, perhaps, is the cure our turf needs for most of its ills.

PROCRUSTES REDIVIVUS

BY MORGAN BARNES

If the observation of Socrates to the effect that the unexamined life is not worth living is applicable to modern school and college, the philosopher would surely hold high the educational life of to-day. From kindergarten to university the course is covered with catechetical hurdles. In spite of the perils of plausible analogy it is perhaps not too much to say that teachers have become so occupied with halting the procession periodically to measure the distance traversed that destination and the interest of the march are all but excluded from consideration. Examinations, evaluations, reaction-records, intelligence quotients, mental-age norms, percentiles, and all the shibboleths of modern devices for determin-

ing the indeterminable have come to command what seems a disproportionate degree of consideration in our pedagogical procedure.

One must not, be it said at the outset, minimize the distinguished and invaluable service that serious students of child psychology are rendering to the race, or undervalue the immense contribution they are making to the better understanding and more effective operation of that blundering business, the educational process. The explorers of this too little known field deserve grateful recognition, and their findings should be recognized and respected. The reverse is too frequently the case. Persons of little intellectual seriousness, whose mental finger-tips have

never even touched the heavy tasks that constitute the real concern of the thinking teacher, are apt to laugh lightly at his painstaking toil and belittle his painfully reached conclusions, dismissing them with the ready gossip of depreciation. Such is not intentionally the temper of this paper. Its purpose is to raise the question whether the tendencies to weigh and measure what must forever remain an imponderable, immeasurable, inscrutable essence — the human mind — are not in our day being carried to extremes, and whether too great importance is not being attached to the appraisal, in cold fractional figures, of the activities, achievements, and possibilities of the human spirit, an appraisal on which not infrequently depends an individual destiny.

Before me lies a recent pamphlet dealing with 'Intelligence Quotient Values.' Much painstaking research has been devoted to its preparation, and it is held in high esteem by those who are *du métier*. The publisher's note says: —

'... These tables have a valuable use wherever intelligence quotients are to be derived from intelligence tests. By their aid intelligence quotients can be determined from scores on any test for which mental norms have been established, without translation of mental and chronological ages into months, and without the labor and inaccuracy involved by arithmetical operation. . . . Standard mental-age scores are given, and if these scores are inserted in the corresponding mental-age columns, intelligence quotients can then be read directly without translating the test scores into mental ages.'

This process, if it could be operated in the case of weekly school-ratings, would amazingly simplify the task to which I have known a detail of two teachers to devote an hour's work weekly with a comptometer, that of

adding and averaging grades of pupils in order to award equitably certain prerogatives and privileges that accompany or flow from various resultant percentages. The table of cerebral logarithms, this convenient graduated noöscope, would certainly have been labor-saving, but one may be permitted to wonder, in the case of both operations, what the intelligible result of all this number-juggling is. The figures are imposing but unconvincing. It may be magnificent, but is it either science or sense? Will any kind or amount of arithmetical treatment render equitable and accurate appraisals that must in their nature be inexact and conjectural?

But the new appeal from mind-measurer drunk to mind-measurer sober will preclude 'the labor and inaccuracy involved by arithmetical operation.' Might it not reasonably be accepted that anything so volatile, so fluid, so unevenly functioning, so freakish and fugacious as the activities of the human mind is as impossible of arithmetical audit as are emotional potentialities and emotional reactions? Can you measure patriotism in pints, integrity in inches, religion with a thermometer? Is not the fine faith that we pin to the findings of the professional mind-measurer often more credulous than intelligent?

In elementary education modern practice is rapidly shearing the written examination of its fateful finality, but the secondary schools — schools from which as a rule the pupils go to college — are still in its inexorable grip. The fetish of figures has fascinated us, and regardless of the fact of 'uncontrolled variables' we are committed to the dogma of academic salvation by statistics. That there is real educational value in written tests as training in the marshaling and application of resources (perhaps the real end of all

educational effort), as goals of endeavor, to a limited degree, or as deterrents from dawdling, none will deny. That they afford absolute and final criteria of either capacity, achievement, or promise, some are not quite ready to agree. And surely some may be pardoned for thinking that those expert assessors who profess to appraise spiritual values in hundredths pay thereby rather startling homage to their own acumen.

Perhaps nowhere in the whole field of American education does this general acceptance of these fundamentally fallible statistical data disclose itself so strikingly as in the practice that admits our youth to the opportunities and privileges of college or excludes it from them — at least in theory — upon a more or less artificial assessment, in figures, based on a single written test of achievement in each of a number of specified subjects. These tests admittedly concern themselves solely with attempting to determine the amount of the candidate's acquired information, leaving unregarded the more pertinent and significant elements of the emotions, the will, and the indefinable and classification-defying constituents that go to make up what we call character. The question has come to be, not whether the candidate is adequately endowed and equipped to enter with interest and profit upon the opportunities of college life, but whether he has received a factitious rating of 60 or more in a sufficient number of prescribed subjects.

An effectively organized and powerful institution now directs and controls the admission processes of practically all our colleges. To drill and regiment youth to meet its exactions is now the ministry of the preparatory-school teacher. The standardization that it enjoins levels the purpose of study. It dictates and defines subject

and treatment. It controls and colors policy and practice. It prescribes selection, proportion, and emphasis. It has come, justly or not, to be almost the absolute dictator of the teacher's future professionally. No matter how valuable inspirationally the latter's instruction and personal influence may otherwise be, no matter whether his work 'broad and deep continueth,' if he fails to 'get results in the College Boards' he has slight chance of continued service and none of advancement. All this may be for good or ill, but it is certainly the case.

The schools cannot properly be blamed for this situation. They have no choice. So long as our colleges insist on these examinations as the exclusive conditions of admission, so long will our schools be mainly more or less pleasantly envired tutoring schools or cramming seminaries for the examinations that overloom and dominate all present educational effort. The question raised by protestants against the tyranny of tests, whether preparation for these annual ordeals is not excluding the aims and interests of real education, is a fair one. To assume to determine by a single written test a boy's or a girl's ability and fitness to continue profitably the collegiate study of a certain subject seems almost as reasonable as to decide on a boy's fitness for a baseball team on the basis of his success in a single fielding-chance or on the outcome of one attempt to hit.

The varying character of the examination-matter and the uncertain and uneven ratings that inevitably obtain in history, English, and modern languages, indeed in all subjects except the 'exact sciences,' emphasize the unfairness of accepting such ratings as final and fateful dicta. Every teacher, moreover, knows that some pupils are temperamentally at a disadvantage in taking the tests. On one girl whom I

know, a girl of excellent ability and promise, the immediate prospect of the examination has a hysterical effect. Many candidates in my own experience and under my observation grow almost mentally numb at sight of a test paper. Few face the dreaded ordeal with equanimity. The importance we attach to the numerical evaluation of a test so taken is undue.

The examination papers themselves, though prepared with most commendable care, not infrequently lay themselves open to serious and not always unjustified criticism. In mathematics both problems and ratings approximate equity. It will readily be seen that, given a working knowledge of fundamental operations, when once a pupil has mastered a type of problem he is likely to have little trouble with similar problems, the 'passing' of a test is highly probable, and the highest rating, 100, not infrequent. In modern languages, on the other hand, the passage assigned for translation may consist of subject-matter the vocabulary of which is outside of the pupil's acquirement, and he is apt to fail. And, speaking of the modern-language papers, I have often wondered why a bit of delicate, unsubstantial, imaginative, *insaisissable* French verse, for instance, should be subjected to the indignity of attempted transmutation into barbarous Franco-English schoolboy jargon, for I have never seen any other kind of examination-paper 'translation' of poetry.

It certainly needs a 'Heaven-sent moment' and a poetic skill beyond what might reasonably be expected of 'Candidates who offer French Cp. 4' to do much in English with these verses from a recent paper:—

Ainsi, quand la fleur printanière
Dans les bois va s'épanouir,
Au premier souffle du zéphyr
Elle sourit avec mystère;

Et sa tige fratche et légère,
Sentant son calice s'ouvrir,
Jusque dans le sein de la terre
Frémit de joie et de désir.

Ainsi quand ma douce Marie
Entr'ouvre sa lèvre chérie,
Et lève en chantant ses yeux bleus,

Dans l'harmonie et la lumière
Son âme semble tout entière
Monter en tremblant vers les cieux.

What requirements would a 100 rating have to fulfill? And what version shall be rated 61 and pass, or 59 and fail?

Here is a group of 'required' questions in the United States History examination last June which have been the object of much criticism in that they violate the generally recognized pedagogical principle of avoiding *suggestio falsi*:—

Rewrite correctly any of the following statements that are false:—

- (a) Texas was admitted to the Union in 1850.
- (b) The Fourteenth Amendment granted suffrage to the Negro.
- (c) In 1846 the United States acquired Oregon up to the parallel of 54° 40'.
- (d) The western boundary of the Louisiana Purchase was fixed in 1819.
- (e) President Johnson was impeached in 1868.
- (f) The Platt Amendment provided for the government of Porto Rico.
- (g) Military districts were established in the South by the Civil Rights Act.
- (h) The Maine boundary dispute was settled in 1842 by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.
- (i) Daniel Webster supported the Compromise of 1850.
- (j) Stonewall Jackson was killed at Shiloh in 1862.

No simple task, that of estimating the 'percentage of error' in the rewritten assertions, yet the Readers accom-

plished it. Reports show that out of 3374 candidates 1721 passed with ratings above 60. One boy of my acquaintance, who happened to have read a biographical sketch of John Hay the night before the examination, covered himself with glory and made his academic salvation sure by his brilliant 'killing' of another required question in the same paper: 'Give an account of the public services of either John Jay or John Hay.'

In a recent English paper the first 'clause' to be classified limited a verbal noun. According to classroom definition and rule it must be 'adjectival,' yet in actuality it was clearly 'adverbial.' It is only fair to state that the Readers decided after conference to penalize neither classification.

As to ratings, in spite of varying results due to the different personalities and different reactions of Readers, the penalties imposed are absolutely fair in intention and actually as equitable as the appraisal of disability can in its nature be. The general objection of overmeticulousness might be urged, though the degree of this is necessarily a matter of opinion. In my own case, a few years ago, three points were deducted in rating a Latin paper because a defensible answer failed to accord with the one agreed upon by the Readers after discussion. I suffered disability also because a rather carefully made English translation of a passage of Spanish prose contained 'repetitions which were not synonymous'; because I failed to add 'in past time' to the word 'imperfect' in explaining a tense in the name of which 'past time' is implicit; because of 'vagueness' in the given meanings of certain Latin root-forms; for omitting some superfluous details in accounting for case-constructions; and for 'infelicitous phrasing' in Latin prose.

To pick these flaws in a mechanism

that must command admiration for effective performance even though the validity of its purpose be questioned is a rather reprehensible business. One cannot read the minutely detailed and exhaustive Report of the Secretary and be unimpressed by the painstakingly compiled array of bewildering statistics that attest the seriousness with which the Examiners and Readers approach and execute their thankless task. The College Entrance Examination Board accomplishes the impossible as nearly as this can be done, and the unfavorable criticism that seems so unappreciative and ungracious is directed not so much against the activities of the Board as against its claims and the blind acceptance of its decrees by college admission officers and committees. This criticism is spreading and is not always petulant and unintelligent. A nationally known writer on educational subjects, a teacher whose interest in educational progress is keen and constant, recently declared to me that he would rather have his own boy forgo the advantages of college life than have him subjected to the blighting influence of deliberate and exclusive preparation for the present system of entrance examinations.

Personal experience *in loco* candidate leads to the conclusion that the results of these tests are misleading and inconclusive in that they present only a partial and one-sided estimate, and that a very fallible one, of a youth's equipment for college opportunity—the estimate, namely, of his mental acquirement. The emotional and volitive elements, considerations perhaps more pertinent and essential, are left out of account.

Aside from considerations of inadequacy and inequity, the emphasizing as final of what should be incidental, and the constant stress upon the utilization of acquired facts for immediate ends,

are reducing learning to the level of the pseudoeducation of the crossword puzzle; and knowledge, like the isolated and unrelated word, is sought not for its own sake, or for its bearing upon mental and spiritual development, but merely to fill for the moment an arbitrarily created gap in a more or less artificial scheme.

But shall we abolish admission examinations and open the college gates to the ill-equipped, the incompetent, and the indifferent? Not at all. The alternative to present practice is not indiscriminate admission or even admission solely upon certification. The solution would seem to be a combination of written test and certification. It is reasonable to assume that the teacher is better acquainted with the capacity and character of his pupil than is a total stranger who inspects a single written paper and renders final judgment thereon. Let the college, therefore, permit unfavorable rating in a limited number of the Entrance Examination Board's subjects, or even in intelligence-tests, to be supplemented, modified, or offset by first-hand favorable information from the candidate's teacher regarding his general ability and the probability of his profiting by college opportunity. May not freshman year be a fairer testing-field than school, and is it not more desirable that a few students be 'dropped' because of

unfitness than that several should be by doubtful process debarred from college privilege?

Certainly the schools must somehow be emancipated from the tyranny of these tests and rescued from the Procrustean practice that now undeviatingly regiments and standardizes the antecollege intellectual training of youth. Until rescue and liberation come, the teacher must renounce opportunity to lead his pupils by the living waters and continue wearily to thresh his yearly dole of grammatical and textual straw, 'for they're sure to ask you this in the College Board.' Instead of awakening an absorbing and transforming interest in the language, literature, history, art, and folklore of a contemporary or past civilization in another land, he will go on drilling subfreshmen in exceptions to grammatical rules, 'for they always give you something on this,' and showing them how to transcribe sounds into written characters so that an examiner may be enabled to evaluate their pronunciation! Let us hope that sometime a teacher may have time to teach.

Faith in figures as measures of the undimensioned is slow to be renounced, and the fiction of the examination's vital and final significance is inveterate. But may there not be educational as well as theological One-Hoss Shays?

THE VICTOR — WHO?

BY FRANCES LEFEVRE

I

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Lutz deftly lifted the stove-lids and balanced them with her usual care on one corner of the kitchen range, she did not at once, as was her wont, bend to lift the scuttle of coal, but stood and stared at the bed of fire. Behind her the nickel-plated kerosene lamp, shaded so as to concentrate its full light in a small circle on the red table-cover, left the greater part of the room in darkness, thus mercifully subduing to neutral shades the inharmonious color combinations scattered over the walls and furnishings of the kitchen.

Mrs. Lutz, a member of the Mennonite Church, in good standing, had long ago learned to suppress both in her dress and in her home that love of vivid color which is a Pennsylvania Dutch woman's birthright; but she had never quite succeeded in having her kitchen 'plain.' Every hue and shade, tint and tone, namable could be found in the ugly wall-paper; the calendars tacked here and there, testifying to the poor taste of local merchants; the 'tidies' tied securely to the backs of rockers; the brightly painted flower-pots in the uncurtained window; and the scalloped-edged paper that trimmed the shelves in the old-fashioned corner cupboard. But the lamp was merciful and shadowed all of this; the red glow of the open stove alone caught here and there a vivid color on the wall and, striking upward, illuminated and made rosy the large countenance of Mrs. Lutz. It accentuated the puzzled frown

that was so at variance with the calm resignation suggested by her dress, the plain dark gown and snowy white cap of the Mennonite faith. For a few minutes she stood thus, slightly irritated; then sighed resignedly.

'Ach, vell, it takes all kinds of people for to make a world yet, and mebbe, Mary Lutz, you ain't the dumbest person I know anyhow oncet.'

Freed of this, Mrs. Lutz shut out from the room the glowing light by covering the bed of fire with coals, noiselessly put the stove-lids in place, and turned to face the rear door as it opened to admit a young man. A fifty-pound lard-can filled with water, which he carried with difficulty, he at once placed upon the stove and turned to face Mrs. Lutz with a smile on his pleasant boyish face; but he met no smile in return. With her hands on her ample hips Mrs. Lutz raised her protest with the threatening intonation of our fireside prophetesses.

'Now, Art, mind vot I tell you. You vill catch colt.'

'Oh, I don't suppose so. I've taken a bath in winter all my life.'

'Ach, no! Not sich vetter?'

'Sure thing. Many a time.'

'But ain't you got sick already yet?'

'No. Never. Bathing's good for a fellow, you know.'

'I can't see for vot you vant to vash every veek yet. Don't vashin' all over make you turrribly itchy? It always does me.'

'I've never noticed that it does.'

It was impossible not to smile broadly now, and before his good nature Mrs. Lutz relented. Moreover, Arthur Leigh was her boarder and the village school-teacher, a combination no true Pennsylvania Dutch woman would ever be irreverent enough to oppose for any length of time, no matter how firmly convinced that he was in the wrong.

'Vell, now, mebbe you're right.' She smiled approvingly across the stove at his sturdy figure. 'You don't look as if anythin' might be ailin' you; but I would n't like to take a chancet the vay you do. Mebbe the good Lord's only bein' merciful to you in your dumbness.'

'There are times when I sure hope He'll be merciful to me for some reason or other.'

'Yes, ain't? I feel so too sometimes.'

Here Mrs. Lutz relaxed her two hundred pounds into the tidy-backed rocker and resumed her knitting, which Leigh's announcement to bathe had interrupted a few minutes before. In spite of her apparent acquiescence, the old lady was not fully convinced of Leigh's safety; but respect for her boarder's 'booklearnin'' made her cease her protestations against bathing. A fear that perhaps she had gone further than good manners allowed made her uneasy. From time to time she cast rapid glances over her silver-rimmed spectacles at Leigh, who had resumed his reading at the table. Her uneasiness growing greater, she finally attempted to make amends, in that caressing, kindly tone of voice so fundamentally characteristic of her kind that education and training never entirely eradicate it.

'Ach, now! Mebbe I ain't been polite enough. I ain't mannered, I know; but I don't vant to hurt your feelin's for nothin' yet. Sometimes now I vish I'd 'a' let pop built a bathroom in the house oncet, but I vas n't goin' to let on I vas dirty, yust to be stylish, and

have all the neighbors talkin' about my bein' tony yet. Pop vas for it, right or wrong; the Lutzses never vas no savers; but I put my foot down after I seen cousin Maria's in Lancaster yet. Yust one great big vite dish here — another great big vite dish there — vite dishes — all — every place. "Pop," I said oncet, "I ain't vashin' in no vite dish and neither is my man. Dishes is for eatin' off; not for vashin' in." Pop vas awful much upset at first; but he give in ven he knew my foot vas down oncet. Vell, I did n't know then I'd be takin' the teacher to board yet, and you'd be so much for vashin'. I don't hold for this much vashin' myself. Still now I vish we had a bathroom. It would be kinda nicet for you, ain't?'

The rising inflection of the last word notified Leigh that it was again time for him to nod and smile, a reaction that scarcely disturbed his line of thought and one that was almost involuntary on hearing that caressing, questioning 'ain't.' He had laid aside his book and sat regarding the garrulous old lady.

How unique she was! What a picture Rembrandt would have made of her! Her gray gown and white cap in the one spot of light, melting into the shadowed background, were a proper setting for her face with its low broad forehead and gray hair parted over it; her large cheeks, ruddy and wholesome as winter apples; her mouth, in spite of her sixty years, still straight and firm. Leigh's eye followed the strong line of her lips and the stubborn curve of her chin; then he smiled, for here was the physical expression of that stubborn will which no one, saving himself, had successfully crossed during the six weeks he had been her boarder, and which was to his youthful masculinity an irritating challenge. He had succeeded in getting his bath; but her opposition had grown with every performance. Leigh had often tried to estimate just how many

weeks it would take for her to subdue him to their bathless state unless he asserted himself firmly, once and for all. He felt sure that by the end of the school term she would have him as thoroughly under her power as she had her husband, a small apologetic ineffectual man whom Leigh had longed to aid on more than one occasion.

'It is a bit unfortunate you don't have a bath,' Leigh admitted after a few moments of silence.

'Me? A bath! Mebbe you think I ain't clean? I'm yust as clean as you are. I vash oncet — twicet — or maybe three times a year. I ain't dirty. I ain't —'

'I beg your pardon. You misunderstood me. I only meant to say that if you had a bathroom I should not need to occasion this trouble every Saturday night.'

'Ach, the bother ain't nothin'. I vas only tryin' to keep you from hurtin' yourself.'

After a slight pause she uttered the remark that Leigh had heard every Saturday night since his arrival.

'I vonder vot's keepin' pop so late at the store yet. I yust vonder vot he got for the eggs.'

The old lady rose and peered through the uncurtained window into the poorly lighted village street.

'Ach, if Mrs. Hess ain't settin' at her window again, vatchin' her neighbors, so she'll have something to schnoffle about in church to-morrow. She ain't even smart enough to make the light out, so ve can't see her.'

'Oh, hang Mrs. Hess! I would n't let her worry me the way she does you.'

'Now, Art, you should n't talk that there way. It ain't nicet, and it ain't for your own good.'

Moving from the window to the stove, she tested with the tips of her fingers the temperature of the water heating with a low monotonous singing.

'My! The water's heatin' nicet.'

Leigh awoke to realities. 'Where'll I get a tub, Mrs. Lutz?'

'You stay settin'. I'll get you one.'

'No. I'll get it.'

'No, you von't. I'll have no man dopplin' about in my cellar, gettin' it all mixed up oncet.' She settled the matter without delay by hurrying out of the room.

II

Scarcely had Mrs. Lutz left when the rear door opened quietly and a man slipped into the room, looking strangely small in his broad-brimmed hat. The man did not advance into the room, but, having closed the door behind him, stood hesitating, as if uncertain whether he intended to stay or not.

'Where's mom?' he asked in a low worried tone.

'She's just now gone into the cellar to get me a tub. She's been wondering about you and the price of eggs.'

As if encouraged by the friendliness of Leigh's voice, Mr. Lutz came to the table, placed his basket upon it, and began to remove his thick woolen gloves, regarding Leigh questioningly all the while. After a pause came a nervous confession.

'Art, I done somethin' this evenin' oncet, mebbe I'll vish yet I'd done somethin' else first.'

Leigh looked up in surprise; he was not accustomed to being the confidant of his landlord.

'Mebbe you stopped by Vinklebach's store to-day and seen those new smoke-pipes he has for sale?'

Leigh nodded.

'Vell, here's one.' Shamefacedly Mr. Lutz brought from his coat-pocket a new pipe and held it out for Leigh's inspection.

'But I thought Mrs. Lutz does n't let you smoke!' Leigh exclaimed.

'Ye-e-s, I know; but I vas thinkin'

you want to smoke, I want to smoke. Ain't that two against one? Ain't this my house, and don't you pay board?'

Mr. Lutz was becoming unusually emphatic; the sound of his own voice seemed to give him courage.

'That's all true; but do you suppose Mrs. Lutz will see things that way?'

'Ven I thought of vot mom vill say, I almost oncet did n't buy it,' Lutz confessed.

'I don't see why you should n't smoke if you want to. Great Scott! You ought to be old enough to be your own boss.'

'Yes, and I am goin' to be my own boss. I'm goin' to have my own way this time. It ain't good for no wife to be always havin' her own way and bossin' her man. It ain't right.'

'Vot's that you say, Abe, about bossin' a man?' Mrs. Lutz demanded from the doorway where she stood, a large wooden tub gripped firmly against her bosom. At her appearance and threatening tones all courage departed from Mr. Lutz as completely as gas from a punctured toy-balloon.

'Art and I was jüst talkin',' Lutz explained, and hurried at once behind the stove, where he removed his outer coat and hung it on the wall.

'Yust talkin'! If that ain't all some people seem good for! There's your tub, Art.'

She placed it on the floor before the stove and then stood surveying it reflectively.

'Ach, my! I never thought I'd be livin' to see the day ven my vashtubs would be bathtubs. I jüst vonder how Mrs. Hess would talk if she knew of your carryin' on, Art.'

'Great Scott! Mrs. Hess again! I believe you are afraid of her. I'd see her further before I'd let her worry me the way she does you.'

'Now, Art, you should n't talk that there way,' Mrs. Lutz protested. 'It

ain't nicet and it ain't for your own good. It don't do to let them get something to talk about you here, if you want to stay at your school.'

'Yes, you have to be careful vot you say or the school board vill learn you oncet like it did Lem Hentzel, he vot taught before you,' broke in Mr. Lutz, glad to keep the subject of conversation away from himself as long as possible. 'Lem was mighty tony and stuck up; he came from a mile below Lancaster, and vent one term to Millersville Normal, so he thought he was smarter than ve, and was always makin' fun at us. The school board did n't like his tony airs, but they could n't get no hold on him till Sally Lane come home from Philadelphia with her hair short, ven Lem said right out he believed it did n't make no difference to God if a voman's hair was long or short; so the school board told Lem they was n't goin' to have a teacher vot denied the Scriptures like that, and Lem got his valkin'-papers. But then I guess you can take care of yourself.'

'No, it's doin' Art good. He always can't stand the way I take on about Mrs. Hess. He must learn how it pays to be careful yet. Pop, you mind Fanny Shenk — a little, sort of peaked girl that came down from Readin' to teach one term? Everything was goin' nicet and ve all thought the teacher was a good one until after she vent for supper one night at Dan Hostetter's; he's president of the school board and awful close. There she ate only the insides of the pie and not the crust, and Dan said any voman that'd waste a piece of pie like that was too sloppy to learn his children or any other children. So you see, Art, it ain't jüst anybody can teach at Maple Grove and you best be careful of sich a place ven you have it.'

At this point Mrs. Lutz became conscious of her husband, who had not yet removed his hat.

'Pop, ain't you learned any manners yet?' she asked, as with a movement deft and quick she removed his hat and placed it on the table. 'Vot did you get for the eggs?' she demanded as she remembered the all-important Saturday evening occurrence.

Slowly and reluctantly, as if he felt the shadow of his doom upon him, Lutz drew his purse from his pocket, opened it, and began counting.

'Ten dozen eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen is two dollars and fifty cents, and sixty-three off —'

'Pop, ain't you right any more? Mrs. Hess got forty-five this morning yust.'

But Lutz persisted.

'I can't help for vot Mrs. Hess gets. Twenty-five cents is all I got for a dozen, and that's two dollars and fifty cents, and I paid sixty-three cents for groceries, and there's all I got left.'

Lutz placed the money on the table and turned to warm his hands above the stove, without looking at his wife, who eyed him carefully.

'They said eggs were getting cheaper and I guess the price has come down a good deal to-day,' Leigh asserted, trying to defend the little man and avert what he knew would come; but Mrs. Lutz did not turn to him; she still eyed closely her husband, who fidgeted about the stove.

'I dare say he's right,' Leigh again interposed, rather to break the silence than to impress his landlady.

'Right? There ain't nothin' right about it. That new storekeeper could cheat you out of your eyeteeth, Abe Lutz. I'm goin' up to the store right avay oncet. I'll see if they can cheat me. You're a great man, you are, Abe Lutz!'

'It ain't no use, mom.' In his nervous eagerness Lutz advanced into the light. 'Eggs are yust twenty-five cents a dozen. If you go up you'll only make talk for the town. Eggs were comin'

down fast to-day.' But his apparent eagerness betrayed him.

'Now, pop, you yust up and tell vot you are hidin' from me. You spent something again unnecessary.'

'No, I did n't. Did I, Art?'

'Now, Art, you've been helpin' him in his dumbness again. My patience vill get all some day.'

Here at last was Leigh's opportunity; now, perhaps, he might successfully defy his tyrannical landlady and win contentment for himself and freedom for Mr. Lutz. He rose to explain, forgetting that in explanation lies defeat.

'You see how it is, Mrs. Lutz. Winkleback got in a lot of new pipes —'

'A pipe! A smoke-pipe! Abe Lutz, did you go and buy a stinkin' old smoke-pipe to lay around the house?'

'But it won't drop ashes about the house the way cigars do. It'll —'

'No, it von't, for Abe Lutz ain't smokin' any pipe here. Pop, you go and take that pipe right avay back and get the money you gave avay so dumb. I vonder you ain't ashamed of yourself, actin' so childish.'

'I ain't takin' no pipe back.' From the stove, where he stood with his eyes fixed upon the floor, Mr. Lutz declared his ultimatum.

'Vot!' Mrs. Lutz had difficulty in believing her ears.

'I ain't takin' no pipe back.'

'Really, Mrs. Lutz,' began Leigh ineffectually again, 'the pipe is quite a bargain. It's saving money to buy it.'

'It's savin' more money to take it back. I think a vonderful lot of you, Art; but you can yust keep quiet now. Abe Lutz, let me see that smoke-pipe.'

For a moment only, her husband hesitated; her outstretched hand was too imperative to be longer ignored. Slowly he drew forth the pipe and held it up to view, but did not relinquish it.

'Shame yourself, Abe Lutz. Spendin' money for somethin' like that. A man

like you, converted, and so fond of wordly vanities. Now right away oncet you march back to the store and get your money.'

But Lutz stood transfixed.

'Pop, vot's ailin' you? Don't you hear me?'

Silence.

'Ain't you takin' the pipe back?'

'Nup.'

'Vell, I declare to goodness!' For a moment only was the wind out of her sails; then she came back with renewed vigor. 'This is your doin', Art. You stiffed him up to this. He ain't never been like this before. Pop, ain't you got the sense you vas born mit? An old man like you to vant to smoke a pipe like that! Yust think how the people vill laugh behind your back. That smoke-pipe's for city folks and not for an old man like you.'

For a long moment there was silence.

'Vell, pop, ain't you goin' to take that pipe back?'

'Nup.'

'Give it here, then; I'll take it back.'

She advanced as if to take the pipe by force; but her husband dodged quickly and was behind the stove in a minute. Mrs. Lutz stared in dumb amazement. Could she believe her eyes? Had the walls of the house fallen or the Angel Gabriel sounded his horn just then, she could not have been taken more by surprise. She relapsed into the unbelievable; but not for many seconds. Her German temper rose and her eyes began to snap. She opened her mouth to begin; and at that very moment came Leigh's inspiration. With all the volume he could muster, he began singing, 'If I had a scoldin' wife, as sure as I was born.' Whatever Mrs. Lutz had meant to say was lost in her amazement, which, great as it was, grew almost boundless when she saw her husband, his face alight with a triumphant

grin, go to her corner-cupboard, remove therefrom two pie-tins, and accompany Leigh's singing with his own cracked voice and the beat of the pie-tins. Amazement gave place to puzzled concern.

'Vot are you two men tryin' to do?' she shouted at the top of her voice, but was unheeded, if not unheard.

But the old lady was by no means beaten yet. Either the sight of her pie-tins so roughly and carelessly handled, or the irritation engendered by her inability to make herself heard, roused her temper and caused her to forget and lay aside her usual ponderous dignity, to advance toward her two opposers with the intent of physical mastery. The men were small and far more agile than she; while they passed easily and quickly between the stove and the wall, the table and the rockers, she made her way with difficulty about the room and found the passage behind the kitchen range impossible. Yet her efforts were not without some results; the men by their exercise and vociferous singing were winded, so there came a lull which offered her opportunity for expression.

'Land o' Goshen! Ain't you two men right any more? Vot you tryin' to do?'

Whatever more she said was drowned in a burst of song, if one could call it such. The cracked voice of the old man rose high in the old Brock Boer song. 'A grum und a graut, das wage raut' shrilled above the lower tones of Leigh's 'I'd take her down to New Orleans and trade her off for corn.' Then Leigh began an old nursery song, and 'Uncle Rat has come to town' vied with 'Schmit, Schmit, Schmit; nem di Emily mit.' Above the songs the tin pie-pans rattled away.

'Abe Lutz, I can't hear myself. Stop that dumbness,' protested his spouse, as she made an unsuccessful effort to grasp the tail of his coat.

But the little man dived behind the

kitchen range and struck up 'Lieber Augustin.' Again Mrs. Lutz dived; again her husband eluded. Finding herself near Leigh, she attempted to lay hold on him, but unsuccessfully. So energetic was she, however, in the next few seconds that the men retreated behind the stove, winded. There was a lull in the storm.

'Art, hear me oncet. Don't help pop in this dumbness. I'm sure he can't be all right in his mind any more.'

There was sorrow and consternation in her face. Leigh almost yielded, yet glanced toward the window and tried to peer outside. Would his plan fail in spite of the neighbors? His glance toward the window made matters clear to the woman.

'Ach, Gott in Himmel! The neighbors vill hear you oncet! Vot vill they say, pop? How vill they talk of you? Art, they'll say you vas drunk, and you von't have a school any more.'

The men began again with increased vigor and volume.

'Land o' Goshen! You vant the neighbors to hear you oncet?'

Then, as if determined to do all in her power to save their respectability, she hastened to the window to draw the shade.

'Lieber Himmel! Mrs. Hess vill hear you!'

She looked out of the window, and turned. Horror was written large on her countenance.

'Stop! Stop! Mrs. Hess is comin' over already,' she shrilled.

The two men exchanged triumphant glances and went boldly on.

'Ach, Gott! Keep your old pipe, Abe Lutz; only don't make me be ashamed before my neighbors that I have sich a dumb man yet.'

Somehow the men heard this and stopped.

'You von't never say anythin' about my havin' that smoke-pipe?'

Before an answer could be given there was a rap on the outer door.

'Put those pans away, pop. Fix your coat and hair, Art,' energetically whispered Mrs. Lutz.

For a moment Lutz threatened to begin his singing again.

'No! No, pop! I ain't never sayin' anythin' against your pipe again. I guess I have to let you be some kind of a fool or you ain't satisfied.'

III

With a rapidity one would have thought almost impossible in so large a body, Mrs. Lutz replaced the pans in the cupboards, straightened both coats, put her husband's hair in order, adjusted her own cap, and went to open the rear door. The two men exchanged a smile of triumph and sank into the nearest chairs. At the door Mrs. Lutz was greeting her neighbor, a tall, keen-eyed, thin-lipped woman.

'Good evenin', Mrs. Hess. I'm awful glad to see you. I vas just sayin' a vile back I visht you'd step over a minute or two oncet.'

'Good evenin', everybody.' The quick eye of the visitor took in every detail of the room at one glance. 'I can't stay long, Mrs. Lutz. I vas settin' there to-night ven I just remembered my coffee-grounds vas all, and John's Mamie is comin' from church tomorrow. Could I lend a cupful from you, I vonder? It's 'most too late to go to the store and this vas so handy.'

'Ach, yes. That vas right. I like to be neighborly ven I can.' She went quickly to fulfill her neighbor's request.

Mrs. Hess turned toward the men.

'Vas n't you singin' before I came in? I like to hear young people sing' — this to Leigh. 'Yust go on.'

'Why — er —'

'Ach, no. Art vas n't singin',' Mrs. Lutz asserted from the cupboard where

she was getting the coffee. 'Pop vas just showin' how they used to sing and dance at barn-raisin's ven he vas young. Art ain't never heard nothin' like it; he's awful much interested in our vays.'

But the men did not quite escape.

'Vy, Mr. Lutz! I'd 'a' thought so near the Sabbath you'd be thinkin' profounder thoughts then that. It ain't good for one's soul to be thinkin' much of the vicket days of youth.' Then, turning to Mrs. Lutz again, 'You ain't doin' your vashin' to-night yet, are you? Vot you got a vashtub up and heatin' so much vater for?'

'Ach, Art uses that.' This quite casually from Mrs. Lutz.

'Vot for? Vot do you vant mit so much vater?'

'Oh, I use it for my ablutions, you know. I find the ablutionary arts much neglected in this community, and therefore it is essential that I, as a teacher, lay much stress upon all abluent practices,' explained Leigh.

'My! Ain't it vonderful the new things they teach in school these days! I said more'n oncet, I can't see vere the world's comin' to.' Mrs. Hess spoke with the wisdom of Solomon and a resignation equal to Job's.

'Yes, ain't? I think Art's vonderful smart to see so quick vot Maple Grove needs already,' affirmed Mrs. Lutz as she handed the coffee to her neighbor.

'Vell, I must go now.'

'Ach, can't you set a bit?'

'No. I must go. I'll see you oncet to-morrow in church, ain't? My, Mr. Leigh, you look sort of varmed up.'

The attack was sudden and unexpected. Leigh was at a loss. Here was an opportunity to say many of the scathing things he had often declared he would say to this lady some day; but for some reason they remained unsaid. He was again rescued.

'Ach, yes. I had Art helpin' me lift

the pots and pans in the cupboard this evenin' when I changed the papers on the shelves. He's a good hand at helpin', bein' so young, but the stoopin' and pickin' up is heatin'.'

'Vot did you get for the eggs, Abe Lutz?'

'Forty-five cents — yust vot you got,' volunteered Mrs. Lutz before her husband could open his mouth.

'Vell, I guess I must be goin'.'

When the door at last closed upon her there was ominous silence in the room until her footsteps died away upon the walk; but the air tingled with triumph. Safe at last, Mr. Lutz brought the front legs of his chair to the floor with a bang and exploded.

'By crackee! That vas a good one, Art. Ab-ab-lotions 'll bother her for the next whole month. But bad as she is ve can't say as how she ain't some good. Can ve, Art?'

He gave his wife a sidelong glance as he reached for his pipe and drew it forth, to gloat over lovingly.

'It's about time you vent to bed, pop,' was all his better half vouchsafed.

It was impossible, though, to retain this lofty attitude when the two men handled, stroked, and examined the pipe in the full glare of the lamp.

'Ain't you two men feelin' smart now! Vell, I only hope that bein' that kind of a fool vill keep you from other dumbness for a vile.'

Then Leigh attempted an apology and thanks which he thought were due his loyal champion.

'Mrs. Lutz, I hope you won't be angry. I —'

'Ach, no. Vot's the use. Ven a voman lives mit men she must expect to put up mit a lot.'

'I just want to say it was great of you to help a fellow. The —'

'It's about time you vent to bed too, Art.'

And Leigh went.

CONVERSATION BALNÉAIRE

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

I INDICATE the evening sea. I say,
This endless silence edged with unending sound!
I say, This colorless where colors sway
and swim like lustre in a pearl, this drowned
moonshine, this shallow of translucent air,
this bubble that the winds break, the clouds change,
this smooth, this vague, this sea!

You merely stare.

You turn your face to me. You say, It's strange,
unreal almost. I don't know what they mean,
these waves, this water. If I shut my eyes
it's gone — like that — as though I'd never seen
the sea at all.

And I, But realize

how many more have looked on it as we,
lovers.

Your eyes change. You say, The sea!

THE MOTOR MENACE

BY HERBERT L. TOWLE

OF all causes of accidental fatalities, automobile 'accidents' rank first. According to figures published last fall and widely quoted, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company estimated a total of 83,772 accidental deaths in the United States in 1923. Automobiles were responsible for 15,714, accidental falls for 15,382, railroad accidents for 8078, and all other causes for considerably below these figures. Recent estimates put the motor fatalities of 1924 at 19,000 dead and 450,000 injured. Of the dead 5700 were children. From the rate of increase, it is likely that 1925 will see some 20,000 persons killed by automobiles — their own or others.

Nor does the last figure include some 2000 deaths and fatal injuries at steam-railroad crossings, for the majority of which — as the records indicate — automobile-drivers themselves will be to blame. So deeply is the habit of chance-taking ingrained that not even the menace of an approaching train can check it!

Compared to population, the motor death-rate has increased from one per 100,000 in 1910 to probably eighteen in 1925. There will be somewhere near a million accidents all told — major and minor — in the United States this year. Not less than 500,000 persons will be injured (the Hoover Conference estimated 678,000 in 1923). And the property damage is anyone's guess: estimates range from \$100,000,000 to several times that sum.

There are two bright spots in the

picture. First, the death and accident ratios to number of cars (not population) have steadily decreased. Fourteen years ago, the death-rate was 3.3 per 1000 cars; but there were only 600,000 cars then in use. This year, with 18,000,000 cars and trucks registered, and with traffic congestion far worse, the death-rate will be about one per 1000 cars.

The second bright spot is the aroused state of the public mind. Clearly, motor-drivers as a class are growing more careful, not less. But, clearly also, there are far too many deaths; and the universal cry for a remedy is more than justified.

This demand does not stop with penalties for recklessness. It observes that far too often persons injured by automobiles, through no fault of their own, are deprived of redress, because the car-owner has neither liability insurance nor property. Financial irresponsibility has become one of the major problems of the automobile.

A dozen years ago, when motorists were few, ownership implied both skill and earning power, usually with the responsibility that those qualities bring. It was not hard, then, to avoid one's neighbors on the road.

To-day cars are priced anywhere to 50 per cent below 1913 figures. The skill they require is negligible. Used cars are a drug on the market. Any young fellow may purchase an old high-power car for a few weeks' earnings, and 'burn up the road.' And the traffic congestion in and near all

our large cities is almost beyond belief.

Instead of money and a taste for mechanics, the greatest need of the owner to-day is for the social feeling that accords courtesy and fair play to one's neighbors on the road. It is the lack of this quality, among a minority of the newer class of motorists, that accounts for most of the avoidable accidents.

Before going further let us note that by no means all motor accidents are the motorists' fault. Complete statistics on this subject are sadly lacking; but such as are available tend to show that automobilists are little more to blame for accidents than are pedestrians and horse-drivers, and many accidents to children could not be prevented by any care on the driver's part.

Traffic density is itself an important cause of accidents. If a driver must avoid fifty vehicles or pedestrians in traveling a mile, he is fifty times as likely to hit something as if he meets only one. The ratio of car registrations to mileage of improved roads has multiplied probably at least five times in the last ten years. That is gradually being changed; and the funds that many States are raising by gasoline taxes could not be better spent than on improving more roads and thereby diluting traffic. But it will take years to ameliorate the situation very markedly. Meanwhile we must deal with things as they are.

I

The general subject of accident-prevention may be approached from four angles:—

1. Carelessness of other road-users.
2. Traffic hazards and highway engineering.
3. Policing and criminal penalties.
4. The driver's own mind.

Doubtless the most exhaustive discussions of accident-prevention have been a three-day conference at New Haven, April 9 to 11, 1924, under the joint auspices of Yale University and the State of Connecticut, and Secretary Hoover's National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, at Washington, December 15 and 16, 1924. These conferences delved with especial thoroughness into phases 1, 2, and 3 above. They made also some effort to deal with phase 4, — the psychological aspect, — but chiefly with the thought of educating the driver by degrees to a sense of his responsibility.

As this paper deals mainly with the reckless driver, phase 1 above-mentioned cannot be given the space it deserves. But no study of motor accidents would be complete without mention of the reckless public. A comparison of all available figures leads to the conclusion that human heedlessness is much the same, in or out of a car. Nearly one half of all pedestrian injuries are chiefly the fault of the person hit. Jaywalkers cross the street with noses buried in newspapers; impatient shoppers buck the traffic signals; children dart into the street with minds intent only on their games; factory workers and country folk amble over the roadway, oblivious of vehicles and calmly relying on their equal rights before the law.

If you ask for a remedy, I can only suggest that the custom which made the common law is likely sooner or later to change it. Vehicles have no rights on sidewalks and paths; pedestrians who are injured in the roadway should be required to show that they were not obstructing traffic, in order to have a legal claim. For children, playgrounds in cities have become imperative.

Taking now the second subject, traffic conditions, we observe that modern highway engineering aims at

making the roads handle maximum traffic. This calls for speed with safety. A narrow, rough, or steeply crowned road is dangerous at all points; therefore the modern concrete road is at least eighteen feet wide, — twenty is much better, — and crowned just enough for drainage. But, in any road, intersections and turns are danger points, which cut down capacity and contribute to accidents. So the aim is to provide wide, plainly marked intersections, with clear vision across them wherever possible; and wide, easy bends, banked for the expected speed. Wide roads reduce collision risks. Roads wide enough — forty feet or more — to permit four lanes of travel are increasingly needed near large cities. Side spaces for tire-changing and so forth are essential if the road's full capacity is to be utilized. All signs should be visible by the light of head-lamps. Rural turns should be marked dead ahead — if not by fences or billboards, then by some standard danger-signal.

Danger points should be plainly marked by standard signs, and no signs liable to confuse the driver should be permitted. A uniform color-scheme for both signs and traffic signals is recommended by the Hoover Conference: red for 'Stop,' green for 'Proceed,' yellow for 'Caution' — with a rule that those colors should not be used for any other signs.

New England is painting warnings of railroad crossings and so forth on the concrete road surface itself, where the headlights cannot miss them, and other states are taking up the idea. Mountain roads are guarded, on the outside of turns, by strong steel cables. Posts and fences, bridges, culverts, and other objects are painted white for visibility at night.

By-pass roads, enabling through tourists to avoid the congested districts

of cities, are a reality in a few places, and are planned in many others. Segregation of fast and slow traffic on certain main highways is a possibility of the near future, to be effected either by making separate inner and outer lanes, like a four-track railway, or by prohibiting slow vehicles from using certain roads. It is evident that two-lane roads on which both slow and fast vehicles travel cannot be used to anything like their capacity.

In cities, traffic congestion can be eased by zoning, improved pavements, and other devices. But there is no real cure except to limit the 'vertical' growth which brings thousands of shoppers and office workers into streets meant for hundreds.

Third among 'angles of approach' come policing and criminal penalties. As these are intended to be deterrent, they cannot really be separated from the fourth 'angle' — the driver's own mind. But policing implies external compulsion to do a thing in itself unwelcome. It is sometimes wisely used; but it sometimes results in arrests and fines for merely technical infractions. Drivers on much-patrolled roads get into the habit, not of protecting other road-users, but of merely avoiding arrest. Too much policing tends to weaken, rather than increase, the motorist's sense of responsibility.

In cities, fines for traffic-law violations are necessary. But elsewhere penalties for speeding, not blowing horns, and so forth, are liable to be merely vexatious. Most car-owners have a decent regard for other people; they will often wreck their own cars to avoid striking someone. What is needed is to inspire the thoughtless few with the same desire — if not out of regard for others, then out of regard for themselves.

This would be accomplished if every culpable accident carried with it,

automatically, a suitable and sufficient penalty. And that penalty should not be one arbitrary thing—it should be suited to the owner's condition and mental type.

The solid business or professional man is seldom a trouble-maker. As his time is valuable, he is likely to drive fast when the way is open; but his sense of responsibility keeps him from knowingly taking chances. As he has property, he can be sued; and even with liability insurance he hates the thought of appearing in court. As for jail or suspension, he tries to avoid giving even a pretext for such penalties.

The new-rich owner, made arrogant by success, and the spoiled sons and daughters of rich parents, are another matter. They have property, but without responsibility. As they are thoughtless and selfish rather than willfully criminal, it is difficult to suppose that jail terms will ever be meted out to them save for really serious offenses. The best way to treat them is to take them off the road for a sufficient term. That, by the way, cannot be done merely by revoking a pocket license-card. The car itself must be impounded,—at the owner's expense,—the license plates removed, and the police notified to arrest the owner if he is found using another car. It may even be necessary to check up on the police, owing to local 'pulls.'

However, these measures will not often be needed, for the owner with property is not our biggest problem. Indeed, the small home-owner with a family is considered by the insurance companies their very best risk. It is the happy-go-lucky chap with no property except his car—itsself perhaps not yet paid for—who is our main problem. His car means a lot to him and his wife and children,—fresh air and sunshine and green fields,—most

of the things that make life worth living. Nobody has ever taught him to feel very much obligation toward strangers. What wonder that he goes out for a good time, and lets the other fellow shift for himself!

Criminal penalties seldom bulk large in the thoughts of these owners. They have little imagination; they are not conscious of criminal intent; their minds are merely centred on themselves. The idea that they are wronging the public by driving a potentially dangerous vehicle, with no means of making good any injury they may cause, hardly enters their thoughts.

Here, then, we face the fourth aspect of our problem. How may a desire to protect the public be inspired in the minds of these irresponsible drivers?

Bear in mind that one half of all car-owners have incomes of less than \$2000 a year, and that one quarter earn less than \$1500. If you have the misfortune to be hit by one of these knights of the road, what chance have you of getting him to pay even for the flowers?

The difficulty of the problem lies in its very humanness. The tonic effect of rapid motion and changing scenes is beyond dispute; and no class benefits more by it than those whose 'lizzies,' 'road lice,' and battered ex-'kings of the road' swarm the boulevards every Sunday and holiday. But there are too many among them whose natural selfishness or mental limitations make them public menaces.

Such are the persons who regard the rules of the road as meant for others, not for themselves; who do the wrong thing in a crisis; who see no harm in a drink—or several drinks—before starting; who enjoy taking chances with traffic; who hold that, because their own defective headlights have 'never bothered them,' other drivers may do the worrying.

II

Less than 20 per cent of all car-owners carry liability insurance; and even in cities of over 100,000 population, where the hazard is greatest, only about 40 per cent are insured. The majority of the uninsured urban owners are probably judgment-proof; and no insurance company wants them as risks, for they would regard insurance as an added license for recklessness.

Said a well-known educator to me recently: 'Four of my own friends have been crippled for life by being hit by automobiles. The last fellow actually laughed when my friend told him he ought to pay for the damage he had done. "I have no money," he said, "I am not insured. You can't touch me!"'

Not long ago a Philadelphia architect, whose work had been of priceless value to his community, was fatally crushed in a collision with another car. The woman who drove the latter may not have been to blame; but she had no assets, and the car itself was not paid for.

Lately — also in Philadelphia — two women walking home were struck by a car running rapidly with defective headlights. One was killed, the other badly hurt. The owner, a youth, tried to get away unidentified, but was held by a passer-by. In court he said he had just bought the car for \$47.

Everyone knows of similar tragedies. Not all are due to wanton recklessness, but the victim's utter lack of recourse is far too common.

In short, it seems impossible to discuss accident-prevention and compensation separately. Even if we tried to do so, we could not ignore the present temper of the public, which has caused, as these lines are written, some sixty bills to be presented to the legislatures of twenty-seven States —

all aiming to give financial recourse to victims of motor accidents.

Compulsory liability-insurance was first proposed in this country about six years ago. Certain cantons in Switzerland have required it for periods up to twelve years, and a national law is reported likely to be passed there. For Switzerland, at any rate, the system cannot be called a failure.

But it is feared in this country — with seemingly much reason — that the assetless, selfish owner who makes most of the trouble will abuse the privilege of insurance. He will have two conflicting thoughts in the back of his mind: the law may 'get' him, but his insurance will protect him. And these two thoughts will subtly contend for mastery while his driving-habits are being formed. What he will do in the swift unconscious reactions of a crisis will depend on the habits already formed, and possibly on which thought is uppermost at the moment. He may — as we have seen — even be so hardened by lucky chance-taking as to race trains for crossings.

It is easy to understand the apprehension of the insurance companies that compulsory insurance will bring more accidents instead of fewer, with a consequent need for raising premiums to an unknown extent. And if it be urged that the companies will be expected to refuse to insure bad risks, thereby forcing them off the road, the reply is that, in effect, to do so would make them assume a judicial function which the public would not tolerate. Rejected applicants would raise a cry of discrimination, political attacks on the companies and on the Motor Vehicle Department would follow; and a demand for State insurance, with all its possibilities of inefficiency and waste, would be the logical result. On the other hand, accepting bad risks and charging higher premiums

to make up the losses would lead to protests and the same final result — State insurance. A pleasant dilemma!

Incidentally, the demand for compulsory insurance comes chiefly from the cities, and there seems a real injustice in compelling rural owners — even at rural rates of premium — to contribute to relieve a situation which they have done nothing to create. It should at least be possible for a responsible owner to establish his responsibility without paying for insurance which does not benefit him.

An eminent insurance-lawyer of Boston, Edward C. Stone, has proposed to accomplish this by a law which would, in effect, say to the automobile owner: —

'You may take out liability insurance or not, as you please. But if you do not, and are unable to meet a judgment for any accident in which you are found at fault, your license will be immediately canceled. And, even if you do meet the judgment, the proceedings will be reported to the Motor Vehicle Commissioner, who may suspend or cancel your license if in his opinion you deserve that penalty.'

The merit of this plan lies in the assumption that there are many careful and at least morally responsible owners who do not feel the need of insurance, and whom it would be unfair to tax (in effect) for someone else's fault. Rural and small-town motorists, especially, would come under this head. Certainly they are mostly responsible property-owners, and live where traffic hazards are least. The Stone plan is worth trying.

But even the Stone plan differs from straight compulsory insurance chiefly in the number of policyholders involved. In one form or another, it seems wholly likely that what amounts to compulsory insurance will be enacted into law, in one or several States,

within a year or two. It will be done on the principles: (a) that road-users injured without their own fault should not be deprived of compensation when the car-owner has no property; and (b) that the benefits of automobiling are so great that society will do better to bear the losses of such culpable accidents as cannot be prevented, rather than bar large classes of owners from the road because of their having no property.

So the problem becomes, not to fight compulsory insurance, but to find a way to make it work so well that there will be neither complaints from owners not benefited nor a demand for State insurance. And that, of course, means effective prevention of recklessness. The naturally thoughtless or selfish owner must have a motive for carefulness, regardless of insurance.

'Every accident,' it has been truly said by Motor Vehicle Commissioner Stoeckel, of Connecticut, 'has its origin in a wrong act of mind.' To this we might well add that most accidents for which the driver is responsible result from a wrong attitude of mind. Assuming that he is mentally competent to operate a motor vehicle in traffic, it is safe to say that a sincere desire to protect the public would eliminate very many of the so-called 'accidents.'

As already mentioned, policing and fines have a limited value with the thoughtless owner, but chiefly to prompt him to avoid arrest. Jail sentences are more effective. But both judges and juries are still too lenient with intoxication and similar offenses, especially with drunken drivers lucky enough to be arrested before they have hit something; and the irresponsible driver usually figures that he can 'get away with it.'

New Jersey deals with the drunken driver more effectively than most

States. A minimum jail-sentence of thirty days is mandatory for the first offense, and the maximum is one year for the first offense and five years for subsequent offenses. According to Motor Vehicle Commissioner William L. Dill, of that State, there are few second offenses where the first offense is strictly dealt with; but often the first offender can persuade the magistrate to reduce the charge from intoxication to speeding or reckless driving — and those are the ones who go and sin some more.

'Only the other day,' said Mr. Dill to me, 'I talked with a magistrate whose boy now lies in a Trenton hospital with a broken back, the victim of a drunken driver. He said to me, "I have sentenced hundreds of car-drivers for intoxication, and every time I did so I felt profoundly sorry for the man I sentenced. But I shall never feel sorry for them again!"'

When local magistrates everywhere realize their responsibility, thinks Mr. Dill, the drunken driver will cease to be a problem.

Suspension and revocation of license — together with impounding of the car — are penalties which the Motor Vehicle Department can apply, regardless of the local courts. Here again the fear of suspension is not likely to worry the wage-earning owner very much. It may even mean a chance to save money! But at any rate it will take him off the road, for a time or permanently. If he is definitely unfit to drive, — if he is addicted to liquor, if his nervous reactions are slow, if he loses his head in a crisis or runs away after an accident, — he can be banished from the road for good, once his tendencies become clear.

However, those drivers who are either vicious or mentally unfit are few compared with those who are merely thoughtless. These latter, at least, can

be taught care. And the prospect of suspension, not merely for actual criminality, but for carelessness, will undoubtedly influence them if it be 'rubbed in' often enough.

Right here compulsory insurance opens a possibility. Most of these thoughtless owners are now untouched by any restraining influence save the sight of an occasional policeman. But if every owner becomes a policyholder, with merely nominal agency-expense to the insurance companies, the latter will be able to spend something to educate him. A monthly or quarterly leaflet on the motorist's duty to the public, on the usefulness of keeping brakes and steering gear in order, and on the dire and certain penalties of carelessness, is bound to have effect. There is great value in repetition!

To be successful, this plan requires a close and constant check-up of the record of every owner. Every arrest, every settlement by the insurance companies, every proceeding both criminal and civil, should be reported to the Motor Vehicle Department, there to be card-indexed for inspection by the insurance companies, and for action by the Commissioner if needed. And every sentence for intoxication or other aggravated offense should be reported to the insurer. For the companies should still be free to reject or cancel policies, although looking, in most cases, to the courts and the Motor Vehicle Department to deal with offenders.

An incidental but important need is for traffic courts, handling nothing but motor-vehicle-law violations. These, especially if supervised somewhat by the State, will render much more uniform decisions than purely local courts, each a law unto itself, could do. They are strongly urged by the Hoover Conference. Judges, also, would render fairer civil verdicts than juries.

III

To sum up: fines, jail, suspension and impounding, and, finally, permanent revocation of license, are the means thus far discussed for restraining the naturally irresponsible drivers, especially the warped, selfish minds that think only of their own pleasure, and to whom the law is merely a restraint to be fought or evaded. There remains the question whether they will be effective.

The plain truth is that few students of the problem think that they will. The Hoover Conference recommended free application of those penalties, and they are urged by Motor Vehicle Administrators, but it seems to be mainly in the nature of a pious hope, for lack of something better. Long jail-terms make hardened criminals; they would do more harm than good where criminal intent was lacking. Even manslaughter, unless due to intoxication, is not likely to bring long terms. The youth above mentioned, who killed a woman with his forty-seven-dollar car, got only nine months in jail, plus revocation of license.

Are we, then, to conclude that the task of educating the thoughtless and selfish is after all hopeless? Is there no penalty that will appeal sufficiently to their imagination and self-interest to overcome the lure of chance-taking? Is nothing left save to take them off the road or to await the slow process of self-education? If so, the task of regulation is beset with difficulties. And the prospect of enforcing financial responsibility is certainly not encouraging.

An ingenious suggestion from a Connecticut insurance man deserves mention at this point. Mark the offender who has been found guilty of negligence, he proposes. Require him to turn in his license plates, and to

receive a new number, with plates of a color — red — reserved for the special purpose. Brand the careless driver in the eyes of the world.

This would certainly work with some; but it would be least effective with the thick-skinned individuals who most need restraint. Moreover, paint is not hard to get. A plan of more general force is needed.

I must now talk in the first person. There is a workable plan, I am convinced. While it is here put forth on my own responsibility, it is favored by at least one well-known Motor Vehicle Administrator, who hit on it independently, and who sees in it a means whereby the thoughtless or selfish owner may be induced to prefer careful driving of his own will and choice, rather than under the threat of police power. Further, it has actually been tried on a small scale abroad, and is reported to work well.

And what is it? In essence, it is simply the common-sense plan of requiring owners whose records show a tendency to recklessness to assume a fair share of financial responsibility out of their own personal pockets.

You've seen boys playing ball in a vacant lot. The chance of a birching if windows are broken does n't scare them. Neither does the prospect of being chased off the lot. But tell those boys that they must pay for breakage, and they become careful instantler! Tanning à la birch is not permanent, and there are other vacant lots; but lost dimes mean sundry marbles and ice-cream cones gone forever.

In the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, containing the city of Lausanne, the law requires that the owner shall personally bear the first 10 per cent of any judgment up to the specified limit, and shall insure the rest. Accidents blamable on motorists are not numerous in Vaud!

Suppose that Nick Belloni, who has shown a disposition to think himself above the law, were informed that to retain his license he must deposit with the insurance company a sum equal, let us say, to three months' pay, for 5 per cent of any judgment up to the \$10,000 maximum — said deposit to be available also to other creditors if the State constitution so required.

Can't you picture Nick's sudden interest in the welfare of the other fellow? At one stroke we have accomplished the three things most desirable in any plan of prevention-plus-compensation: —

1. Made Nick want to avoid trouble.

2. Compensated his victim, if any.

3. Put as much of the cost as possible on Nick's own shoulders, where it generally belongs.

Space forbids a detailed discussion here of 'owner coinsurance.' But psychologically — for the irresponsible chap of small means — the principle is unassailable. It is the general rule to-day where fire and theft are concerned, not only in regard to automobiles, but in regard to all property; the owner is never allowed to insure for the full value. I am told it applies to marine cargoes where the record of losses is unfavorable. And, in effect, it applies to workmen's compensation insurance. Why should n't it be applied to a thing so full of temptations as auto-driving?

The problem, of course, is to apply the principle to the near-assetless class of trouble-makers. Let us see how the plan would work in the case of Nick.

On applying for a license, Nick passes an examination for physical fitness, ability to read English, and knowledge of the motor-vehicle law of his own State. He knows what the carburetor is for and how to adjust the brakes. He passes the driver's test.

Next the financial-responsibility law is explained to him. He can either

deposit \$10,000, cash or collateral, with the Motor Vehicle Department, or take out insurance. Incredible sum! He protests violently. He, Nick Belloni, is a poor man, and insurance men are robbers! However, he has already heard of the law, and in the end he grudgingly pays his premium.

With the policy Nick gets a leaflet, which the insurance man is careful to see that he can read and does read. From it Nick learns that if he is arrested and fined, or even let off with a warning, the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles will know about it the very next day, and that the fact will be engraved, as on the Book of Judgment, on a record-card bearing Nick's name. Further, if he hits anyone, a wheel or a foot, he must report all the circumstances to the Commissioner forthwith, for entry on that same card. If he does n't, the Commissioner will learn it anyway, and Nick will pay a fine for failing to report.

Still further, the leaflet informs Nick that if the record on his card becomes too black the Commissioner will notify the insurance company to cancel Nick's policy within ten days. Unless he takes out a new policy within that time, his license also will be canceled, and a policeman will call and take away his card and number-plates. His career as an automobile-owner will be ended.

But to get that new policy he must deposit \$500 with the insurance company. Yes, a mortgage on his house will do, or his savings-bank pass-book if it shows \$500 or more on deposit. That sum will be used to meet 5 per cent of any damage claim up to the \$10,000 limit; and if any of it is paid out Nick must replace it immediately or lose both policy and license. Further, Nick must settle all claims up to \$25, and the first \$25 of larger claims, out of his own pocket.

'But, blood of the saints!' sputters Nick. 'What if some drunken fool stumbles in front of me, and I can't stop?'

'The insurance companies know the best way to handle such things,' he is told. 'Generally it is better to settle out of court: juries have a way of awarding money to the fellow who is hit, even if he was drunk or careless. In fact, the insurance company has so much more at stake than you that the law gives us the right to decide whether to settle or defend suit, if the amount involved exceeds \$50. But the best way not to lose money is to hit no one.'

So this is the way it feels to have money! One is exposed to suit by every loafer in the street — by the father of every child chasing a ball! Nick's rage cools after a time, however, and he realizes that the insurance man's advice was sound. The best way to keep his rainy-day fund intact is to keep that card in the Commissioner's office clean. After all, he is assured, it is most often the motorist who is at fault.

If Nick, being human, is inclined to forget, the insurance company is not. Monthly or quarterly the postman brings a bulletin, embellished with photographs of cars driven not wisely but too fast, and containing a little sermon about that \$500 and how easily it can all be lost.

If Nick is a reckless young bachelor — as is most likely — that money means the wherewithal to keep his car. If he has a family, it means the rent if work should be slack. It means next winter's coal, or shoes for the *bambini*. Every time he is tempted to overtake another driver on a curve, or to hog the right of way, his \$500 rises before his mind. Before the dangerous lure of speed can snare his weak will, Nick has become a careful driver. And it has been done without a single arrest, and

with no especial policing, simply by insisting on the principle that *responsibility is personal*. Nick never forms the habit of chance-taking that leads to grade-crossing wrecks. Withal, the other drivers whom Nick meets on the road are as careful as he.

It is not claimed that the insurance men favor the Swiss idea. For one thing, to them 'insurance is protection,' and this is decidedly something else. But, beyond that, they fear the spectre of State insurance so sincerely that it is hard for them to show enthusiasm even over a method of reducing losses, if that method involves compulsion to pay for insurance. It is such a short step further to argue that if the State compels insurance it should furnish coverage at 'cost'!

No one can blame the insurance men for feeling thus. If the public decides, nevertheless, to compel insurance, it should be with a clear resolve to keep government and politics out of business. Nobody believes that State insurance would in reality be cheaper than private insurance, once the selling expenses were reduced by making the latter compulsory. And State insurance at a loss — to be covered by taxes — should not be tolerated.

But financial responsibility is a crying need. And owner coinsurance, replacing the endless effort to legislate people into being good by a simple, automatic incentive, might be the one thing most needed to make compulsory insurance fair to the insurance companies and a benefit to the public.

Admittedly, the formula for applying the coinsurance principle will not be simple. Questions of constitutionality will have to be settled. Details will have to be adjusted to local needs. The motor trade will not welcome the idea. But a diminishing death-roll seems certain to result; and, beside that, special interests count for little.

THE BURNING QUESTION OF SPAIN

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

TO-DAY the history of the world brings Spain to the same crisis as in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella; once more she hesitates between domination and ruin. The Sovereigns, who, having adopted Columbus from Liguria, gave the Americas to Roman civilization and the children of Europe, opened to the unity of Aragon and Castile the kingdoms of the world and their glory. Spain's own dotage or death was the exchange she made for the mastery of continents. Her constitution fell away from these sorts of sleeping-sickness which spread from the exotic luxuriance of imperialism: megalomania and the loss of enterprising men. In the time of Napoleon she collapsed, and for fifty years after his downfall her story was that of a house divided against itself. Competing royalties, republicans, reactionaries, noble adventurers, unwise priests, and ambitious generals in turn prevented her from finding a succession to either the Hapsburgs or the Bonapartes.

A hundred years ago the throne of Spain was disputed among the factions, first, of the liberal monarch Ferdinand VII and of his successors who finally retained it; second, of the brother of Ferdinand, Don Carlos, who wanted to revive the Salic law in his own favor when Isabella, the grandmother of the present King, was Ferdinand's only child; third, when Don Carlos had failed, of a party who gave the throne to Amadeo of Savoy, a brother of

Humbert of Italy; and fourth, when Amadeo was removed after a few months' reign, by republicans like Castelar, who were in power when Isabella's young son, Alfonso XII, returned to the throne in 1875. He had already died before his only son was born, the son reigning since his birth in 1886 as Alfonso XIII.

The present King realizes how Spain, if her spirit revived, might use to glorious advantage the inheritance of her traditions and her language. An example rises before her on the one side with the rise of Italy to a life of sure and certain hope, which grows the more as it is realized. The importance of her language and traditions in countries so rich in resources as Chile, Mexico, or the Argentine, remind her of the part of Britain in a not altogether dissimilar commonwealth of nations of hardly greater promise.

'Africa begins at the Pyrenees' was the taunt Gauthier flung at Spain. 'Not Africa, but America!' is her proud retort, and just after she had lost her last colonies Luis Morote saw something inspiring in the survival from her Empire: 'Her speech, civilization, art, genius, and racial spirit,' he wrote, 'will last forever, and constitute the greater Spain of the planet, the moral and mental country of eighteen nationalities, nearly a whole continent, which, however separate politically, must still for writing and for speech, for song and for love, continue to use the tongue of

Castile.' Language is indeed a link stronger even than blood; and Spanish unifies already a population of a hundred millions.

To what range might the influence of Spain not extend, if to this grand survival she could add the universal civil enterprise of Britain? And might she not add it, if Italy can arise with an American exuberance? The double comparison incites the inheritors of the adopted country of Columbus. She has now had a stable monarchy for fifty years, and much has come with it. On the other hand, her congenital diseases of inertia, of division, of intrigue, of unrest, of wars vainer even than their victories, arrest her growth and threaten to disrupt her altogether. The grand question of her destiny is expressed in the terms of the domestic strain of the second year of her dictatorship.

Spain's difficulties were those of Italy. It is true she had kept out of the Great War, and so did not have to face either a collapse of the currency or the disillusionment of the people as a whole. But a government incapable of turning to full advantage the changes of modernness in the country — this there was in Spain as there was in Italy. The government in so-called power could not command stable enough majorities to administrate effectively. Lawlessness showed itself during the war in providing oil and shelter for German submarines; after the war in the formation of unions to murder employers, in indiscriminate shooting in Barcelona or Bilbao, in general strikes, in holding up banks and terrorizing juries, in bringing out indecent publications and selling them to students at universities and even to boys at school, in maintaining gambling-dens and playing unlawful games in the taverns and cafés, in bringing in tobacco or spirits without paying customs duty, or even

in obtaining a sinecure in a government department at a comfortable salary. When these things can happen, when justice is a question of bribe or terror, trade can hardly be flourishing, and it is not very surprising that, when Italy cured herself of political paralysis by a revolution against parliamentary government, Spain followed a year later — that is to say, on September 13, 1923 — by establishing a dictatorship on the same lines as Mussolini's. The dictatorship is known as the Directory.

The Director is the Marqués de Estella, more often known as General Primo di Rivera, a nephew of the captain-general or military governor of Madrid who helped to establish the present King's father, Alfonso XII, on the throne in 1875. From that time Spain had indeed made much progress, but during recent years the difficulties of government in Spain, as in Italy, had brought things to a crisis which threatened to destroy not only the monarchy but the country itself. Not only was the tradition of public service rotten, but education was so backward that Spain would need sixty thousand more schools to put her population on an equal, in this matter, not with Germany, but with Yugoslavia. She suffered, furthermore, from four chief diseases which were ravaging the country, diseases which General Primo di Rivera gave as his reasons for seizing the government: first, the separatist movement in Catalonia; second, the growth of communistic unions and of revolutionary societies; third, a failure to balance either trade or the budget; fourth, the war in Morocco.

II

General Primo di Rivera has not yet found a final solution to any of these problems. The war is an old business

— it began when Spain accepted the Rif at the Conference of Algeciras. The Berber tribesmen of the Rif — a hilly chain, with peaks as high as six thousand feet, extending from east of Tetuan to south of Melilla — have been harassing for many a long year the five hundred thousand native inhabitants of Spanish Morocco who speak Spanish and have been for centuries on friendly terms with their conquerors. In these hills of the Rif it is practically impossible to attack the tribesmen, and a guerrilla warfare drags on, draining Spain, as war drains all countries, both of brave men and of good money. The Berber tribesmen, under Abd-el-Krim, were worked up to new attacks after the King had spoken, at the Vatican, of Spain always being ready to fight for the Cross; for after the King's speech an attack on Spain could be made to look to Moslems like a Holy War. Spain went into the war long years ago without considering what means she had to wage it, or how impossible it is to wage any war without a strong government. And a guerrilla war never finishes. Almost any compromise would be better for Spain than to continue the war. And since the capture of the allied chief, Raisuli, at the beginning of the year, and the speech in which General Primo di Rivera announced his gradual withdrawal, which naturally encouraged the enemy, Spain has in one sense suffered disaster, but in reality she has consolidated her position. And, when all is said, this is not a war on the grand scale. The whole of Spanish Morocco — a little strip of country, with Tetuan as the centre of administration, and Melilla and Ceuta the chief ports — is roughly equal in size to Massachusetts.

The movement in Catalonia is not a new thing either. The danger of insurrections in its capital, Barcelona, goes back to more than two centuries ago,

and since then, whatever party gained an advantage, there was trouble in Barcelona, not because it was more backward than the rest of Spain, but because it was wealthier and more progressive. Barcelona is, like Milan in Italy, a capital of industry and commerce. An old town, with an old cathedral and an old market, known to all readers of the *Atlantic* as the place where Columbus announced his discovery, Barcelona has more than survived the danger of new continents developing on the other side of Spain. It has doubled its population in the last ten years. It is the head of a province, which in its four departments of Gerona, Lérida, Barcelona, and Tarragona — being less than a tenth of Spain — produces more than seven tenths of the industrial output, has seven tenths of the wealth, and pays, therefore, seven tenths of the taxes of the whole country with its forty-nine departments. Rougher than either the French or the other Spaniards in their looks and their manners, the people of Catalonia have a different language, a different character, different customs from the rest of Spain. They are thrifty, industrious, and enterprising; especially hard at a bargain, they are often called the Jews of Spain. They are not merely industrialists in the sense of workers in factories — their agriculture covers the sides of their hills with the silver of the olive, fills their cellars with wine, and enriches their markets with the finest produce of the garden.

And yet they have for two hundred years been in recurring insurrection. Catalonia never quite amalgamated with Aragon, of which it was long a part, and it never was congenial to Castile. Captured several times by the French, it never quite forgot the advantage of being one with the North of the Pyrenees. In 1714 its enthusiasm

for Spain was so well under constraint that Philip V deprived it of its privileges. Like Lombardy under the Austrians or Ireland under the English, it never reconciled itself to the change; and the sense of rankling showed itself even more clearly than in Lombardy or Ireland, in disorders, conspiracies, and revolutions. When Don Carlos was competing to disinherit Isabella, when Isabella went into exile, when Amadeo came from Savoy, when the republic was established, Barcelona rose in insurrection. But at the restoration, in 1875, of Isabella's son, Alfonso XII, it seemed happier. 'I wish to be king of all the Spaniards,' he had said at Paris on his way to take possession of his kingdom, and he entered it at Barcelona. A deputation met him before he landed, and his talk to them was all of commerce and industry. He was proud, he said, to be Count of Barcelona rather than King of Spain, and as he left Catalonia for Madrid he said he wanted to make all Spain a Barcelona.

Few Spaniards have lived in Barcelona without feeling a sympathy for the claims of Catalonia. And when the Marqués de Estella went from his post as Captain-General of Barcelona to be Director at Madrid he sought to give them all possible concessions. Already a great concession had been given to the province in a sort of regional Parliament called the *Mancomunidad*, which united the councils of the four departments. It was given power over education, communications, and social welfare. It made great advances, the most important of which was that it organized at Barcelona, on really modern lines, a rival to the University, the Instituto di Studios Catalanes, appointing for the most part foreign professors. That is a step which arouses feeling in many countries, sometimes even in America. 'Are n't

we good enough?' is a bitter question not easy for tact to answer when better men have been appointed. And the injured pride became a mixture more of fear than of envy when in 1918 the chief Catalan politician, Señor Cambo, pressed for self-government. Self-government is a big step toward independence, and when Señor Cambo's plea was refused the extremists grew furious. Señor Cambo, finding himself unable to control them, retired over the French border, and waited for a chance to return and moderate. He has since returned.

When the Marqués de Estella failed, on account of the nationalism in the capital, to carry out the liberal policy he brought with him from Barcelona, the fury of the Catalans drove him far in the other direction. He dissolved the *Mancomunidad* which gave Catalonia the means of all her privileges. He closed the Instituto which the *Mancomunidad* had made so modern and so cosmopolitan. He suppressed the provincial organizations. He forbade the old songs which used to accompany the national dance, the *Sardana*, because a reference to Spain was often not in any of the words of the songs. He established a rigorous censorship over the newspapers, and for months the Catalan newspaper of Barcelona, *Publicitat*, appeared every day with a blank in the space of its leading article. The inevitable result was furious indignation. Instead of asking merely for local self-government, or for the restoration of the privileges they enjoyed centuries ago, the younger Catalans began to demand emancipation from Spain altogether. Señor Maciá, who had, owing to the hotheads, displaced Señor Cambo as leader, retired over the French border to Perpignan to organize revolutionaries; the responsible leaders dropped out, the young men took charge, and in a fury of provincial

patriotism which generally showed itself in hatred of Spain, as Ireland's patriotism had sometimes shown itself in hatred of England, the masses of inexperienced partisans — students, clerks, and mill-hands — met in noisy meetings, or talked in wild anger of the madness of being enslaved to Spain. So general was the feeling that little boys in Barcelona would refuse a piece of candy if the paper wrapper was tinged with the scarlet and yellow of the Spanish flag.

All through the autumn and winter of 1924 the difficulties remained, but the repression tended to relax. The appointment as Civil Governor of that courtly general, Milan del Bosch, in place of General Llossada, was a great concession. On March 20, General Primo di Rivera, in an edict containing hundreds of pages, announced his solution of his greatest problem. It shows a statesmanlike spirit. The *Mancomunidad* is not to be revived, and nothing will be allowed which could be used as an organization to cleave Catalonia from Spain, but the four departments are to be allowed to unite to make their own arrangements about trade and transport. In a word, they will be allowed to use their own skill to develop their trade; they can keep their languages and their customs; they will not be allowed to make their fury into a propaganda for separation or to employ officials who are other than Spaniards. Home rule in any matters which do not menace Spain — that is the Director's medicine for Catalonia. The extremists have tried to spit it out; the province as a whole has already swallowed it and feels better for it. Catalonia smiles in the summer breezes more freely than in the mild sunshine of her winter. Her people are suiting their temperaments to the charm of their climate.

The only person who was able to

cope with the revolutionary societies and their terrorist gangs was General Martinez Anido, who is now working under the Directory. These gangs involve a complicated story, the motives of some being anticlerical, some communist, some international. But their power was so great that at one time they committed twenty-one murders in thirty-six hours, and in a few years five hundred employers were shot, poisoned, or kidnapped. This gives some idea of the power they had before the Directory began to deal with them. Their favorite weapon in Spain as in Italy was the strike; and strikes that hold up trains, paralyze posts and telegraphs, or cut off electricity, are as irritating to the general public as those that arrest work are ruinous to business. The Directory took with these revolutionary secret societies exactly the same line as Mussolini had done. 'Syndicalism' is the word the Fascisti of Italy give to their plan of remoulding economic life on the guild system of the Middle Ages. Syndicalism is used in Spain for the secret societies which threatened the existence of both individuals and the established order. The Directory declared it would not tolerate them and handed over one or two murderers to summary execution. There was no more trouble. The situation was for all the world like that of an unruly class in a school. The approach of a disciplinarian reduces it to instant order. The Director's supreme achievement is to guarantee calm.

In Spain the strength of the Government has been assisted by a very interesting institution of which hardly anything has been heard outside the country. It is a society of civilians, not to attend the sick or bury the dead, like the *Misericordia* in Italy, but to maintain public order. It is known as the *Somaten*. The *Somaten* is in fact

the model of the Italian Fasci — groups of coercive authority outside that organized by the Government or the municipality. But the Somaten remain in civilian clothes, though they carry a stick or a revolver. They very soon showed their strength when a soldier seized the dictatorship, and they do under him much what the Fascisti had done under Mussolini. In Spain, as in Italy, parliamentary government had failed; it could not control administration. In each country the king's government had to be carried on by other means, and the means found was a dictator, assisted by a band of private citizens. So irregular a system depends upon a capable head and a spirit of sanity in the people, and those are difficult to guarantee. But so far it is proving less intolerable than ineffectiveness, and it will remain at least until something better can be suggested. There is no prospect of that yet.

General Primo di Rivera's last and most complicated trouble is that of finance. Spain's trade has long been improving. Her exports to America have doubled in the last twenty years, and have increased with all her neighbors. She made a hundred million dollars out of the war. Yet the peseta has declined in value from five to the dollar before the war to seven to the dollar now. The chief reason for this is that the budget failed to balance. The deficit in 1922-1923, before the Directory, was approximately 1,000,000,000 pesetas, or roughly 143,000,000 dollars for a population of not much more than 20,000,000 — a ruinous figure. Much of it, of course, was due to the war in Morocco, from which nothing was being gained. The Director has been able to reduce the deficit by forty per cent. If he could stop the war in Morocco, the great problem should not be difficult. And with sound finance, and the traders free to

develop their resources, with Barcelona beside them for an example, Spain should not be unsuccessful. Indeed it is the position of Barcelona which makes it certain that Catalonia will not dig the ditch of a tariff between herself and Spain. She owes her position, first to her being able to supply Spain with textiles, and secondly to her taking a toll from imports and exports. Spain's resources in minerals, especially copper, in wines not known so far, with the exception of sherry, promise more than she is yet making.

At the present time, trade is not good. In March one of the chief banks of Bilbao failed, the *Credito de la Union Miniera*, following the failures during the winter of the Bank of Barcelona, the Bank of Vigo, and the Bank of Castile. And though the directors of the *Union Miniera* are in jail, the failure of banks implies a general commercial strain. One of the reasons is foreign competition, helped by depreciated currencies. The other is America's tariff wall, which left Almeria last summer with grapes to the value of 50,000,000 pesetas on her hands. America's commercial treaty with Spain, which expired and was renewed on May 5 for an indefinite period, enables her to bring motor-cars and many other articles into Spain at generally half the regular duties. But America does not, of course, stimulate Spanish trade by a similar concession; and at the present moment Catalonia is particularly suffering through the textile industry.

And, in spite of her position and the immense improvement in her hotels in the last ten years, so that everywhere one can get excellent accommodation for from three to five dollars a day, including food as well as lodging, Spain is not yet making her tourist traffic pay as Italy and Southern France make it pay.

III

But the grandeur of Spain was never exactly due to those things which make for wealth, and therefore power, in the modern world. Only now is she identifying civilization with comfort. An enterprise like that on which Columbus sailed, the introduction of a system of military efficiency into religion like that of the Society of Jesus, a painter of truth like Velasquez or like Goya, a satire like that of Cervantes, a system of religious mysticism like that of Santa Teresa, a story of such exquisite sympathy and delicacy as Valera's *Pepita Jiménez*, a gorgeous monument like the Escorial, Gothic cathedrals like those at Seville, Toledo, or Burgos, the city of Segovia, or the cloister at Salamanca, or a collection like the Prado at Madrid, draw year by year thousands to admire the grandeur and the fascination of Spain. But they do not guarantee her success in giving prompt attention to a business order.

Her attractions are wild scenes, grand monuments, gorgeous galleries. A spirit of adventure, a sense of the desert and both the crescent and the Cross, attract many who want something other than the exquisite accords of Italy's serenity. There is still a sense of novelty in Spain. The peasantry is as sturdy as Italy's, and has much of the industry and of those unbought graces of life which still linger on in what we call the Latin countries. Life there is still an art, and its daily offices are finely done. But yet a sensation of ineffectiveness returns to us at the thought of restless nights in inns off the beaten track, of the sanitary arrangements of the houses of Toledo, or the rumble of the carriages between Alcoy and Játiva.

Dignity and variety and passion — these are there; and Spain's greatest

men even to-day are known of everywhere: Miguel de Unamuno, General Primo di Rivera, King Alfonso, Señor Blasco Ibáñez, and Cardinal Merry del Val. They represent five great movements or powers in Spain: liberal culture; administrative efficiency; the Monarchy at the head of a great old aristocratic system; extreme eagerness for reform, change, revolution; and, not least among powers in Spain, the Catholic Church.

What are the inherent weaknesses with which they have to cope? A rather low birth-rate, for it is only twenty-one per thousand against Italy's thirty-two; but still the population of Spain is steadily increasing. Large tracts of barren soil, for two fifths of the country defies the heroic industry of the Spanish peasant; and this means that Spain, which in square miles is almost as large as France, is in reality as small as Italy. But, as both Unamuno and Altamira pointed out long since, the country is not receptive enough to the example offered in other countries; the need still remains to harmonize the ideals and genius of Spain with all that is good and sound in modern civilization.

To this plea of Altamira, Ricardo Macías Picavea in *El Problema Nacional*, published as long ago as 1900, added a very acute observation. He said that in the Spanish character there were two defects: first, the predominance of passion over will so that the Spaniard prefers imagination to common sense, and takes the idea of doing a thing for having done it, Spain finally becoming the land of 'to-morrow'; second, the preference of friendship and affection to justice, so that, as we saw, a place could always be found for a friend in need of favor at the cost of someone who was not a friend. The consequence of the first fault was that nothing was done, the consequence of

the second was the reward of inefficiency, and finally an absolute corruption of public life. The faults in their original moral valuation are not so very unlovely; apply them to the life of a nation, and they mean its ruin by laziness and intrigue.

Is there then some radical defect in the Latin character, or is there something hostile to progress in the strong influence which the Holy Roman Church still holds over Spain? An institution so varied and so unchanging as that Church, so vast and yet so versatile, cannot explain Spain any more than Spain can explain it. There were times when its life seemed to be incorporated with that of a monarchy like that of Charlemagne or Charles V, but in America its breath is the very spirit of democracy. The tawdriness of its altars is a byword among cultured people, but yet it mastered and made its own the most cultured age the world has ever seen — the age of Michelangelo. In the bracing modernness of New England and in the tropic antiquity of Ceylon it is in our own times daily securing new conquests. Its position is unchallenged in Europe's three busiest areas — Belgium, the Ruhr, and High Silesia. It cannot explain away the lethargy of Spain.

Yet it is true that Spain clings to Catholicism with a tenacity that hints a very close relation between its life and hers. The priests are everywhere, and their hold is strong. The fervent spirit of Ribera and the warm piety of Murillo, the holy fame of Saint Francis Xavier or Saint John of the Cross, mingles with the vast and not undisciplined institution which has glorified the Peninsula with churches and pictures which leave in the memory a glory like the flash of jewels, and a fragrance everywhere the same as that of the incensed coolness of the Mosque at Córdoba. This is the institution

which Spain represents by the great Cardinal who was for ten years Secretary of State at the Vatican and is now the head of the Holy Office.

A few moments with Cardinal Merry del Val are sufficient to recall all that is great in the history of the Church in Spain — its urbanity, its dignity, its ready sympathy, its profound knowledge, its passionate devotion. But what unites it to the soul of Spain is its scope for intensity. That both gives it its power and explains its difficulty. For in Spain, as sometimes elsewhere, it finds among its servants many who suffer from the human deficiencies of bigoted and conservative natures, and these have been able to exploit its hold over passionate temperaments in the interest of their prejudices. So violent is the prejudice of a certain type of reactionary ecclesiasticism in Spain that fault has been found with King Alfonso for his knowledge of his country and for choosing a Queen who, though the most devout of converts, began life as a member of the Episcopal Church. When it is remembered that the Pope signally honored the Queen by giving her the Order of the Golden Rose, it is seen that the difficulty is due to a few bigots, and must not be confused with the official attitude of the Catholic Church. Catholics and Protestants are in fact on unusually friendly terms in Spain.

Alike with regard to the Monarchy and to the Church, Vicente Blasco Ibáñez shows prejudice at the other extreme; and the illogicalities of the book he has just published, called *Alfonso XIII*, prove it for the shallow and worthless diatribe it is. It is indeed surprising that a man with all the vigor and the imagination of Señor Ibáñez should unite himself with the forces of revolution and use both his fortune and the prestige of his genius to rob his country of the advantages

it owes to its courageous, agreeable, enterprising, and liberal sovereign.

More valuable as a critic of affairs, though still more hostile to the King, is Don Miguel de Unamuno. For many years Rector of the University of Salamanca, he has won his reputation as a philosophic thinker. His difficulty is in reconciling the power the Church has to satisfy both the will and the instinct of life, with what he considers the failure of dogmatic theology to satisfy the reason. That is a problem familiar to all modernists. But the peculiarity of Unamuno is that he is more modern than the modernists — the modernists fear the danger of believing too much; the Spanish professor fears still more the danger which comes from another quarter, 'from seeking to believe with the reason and not with life.'

The problem of Spain, therefore, is not only temperamental, it is intellectual. It is to reconcile the indisputable glory and sanity of her traditions, and the loyalty of her people to their religion, with what is greatest in the modern world. That has not proved impossible in Italy; and let us hope it will not prove impossible in Spain. It requires an eagerness of life which combines the fact of human nature with the highest speculations and desires of which it is capable, and the definite decision in thought and action in which they find expression. Spain provides for this a profound thinker on social problems who is still comparatively young, and who is not yet known as he deserves. He has lived long in London, and has published one book in English — *Authority, Liberty, and Function*. He is Don Ramiro de Maeztu, and it is an excellent sign that such a man is one of the regular writers for Madrid's chief newspaper, *El Sol*. As for the works of Señor de Maeztu,

however, they are too profound in their expression to capture the mind of his country. Spain's charter of freedom from her own inherent faults, from her incapacity to revive the enterprise of her great days, is still the King's speech to the Pope. The Spaniards, for all their faults, never failed to leave in all their traces a tradition of Christianity which is still strong; and Spain as a whole still thrills to the King's declaration that the Cross is the banner of culture and of prosperity, of civilization and of progress. It is only when the people as a whole are inspired by an ideal of this kind that they will be free from that old weakness explained to them in the *Ideario Español* by Angel Ganivet, the weakness they owe to a genius who, judging them by himself, sets them a task beyond their power.

Can anyone inspire them so? Will the Directory maintain its strength and its vigor long enough? Will the King arouse the soul of Spain, so that, freeing its intensity from the lethargy of conservatism and bigotry, from the slavery of faction and intrigue, the country will find itself one with reviving Italy, and not with the dwarfed and diseased republic which nestles into its side? Is Spain to share the decrepitude of Portugal or the exuberance of Rome? The issue is obscure, but the question is not less fascinating because we cannot solve it. It gives both to Spain's old romance and to the complicated questions of her dissimilar provinces a pregnancy of interest in which thrilling visions and half-forgotten dreams keep pressing and mingling their tides with those of the most immediate issues. It makes the children of her enterprise ask an unnatural question: Is she worthy of us? The answer depends on her relation to her own great men.

TREATY REVISION

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

I

THE main topic in Europe at the moment is the question of the revision of the Treaties of Peace.

It will be remembered that, early in February last, the German Government declared its readiness solemnly to recognize the frontiers of France and Belgium as established by the Treaty of Versailles, and to guarantee those frontiers against all aggression. Simultaneously the German Government offered to undertake not to seek to modify 'by force' the eastern frontiers of Germany, but reserved itself the right of negotiating with Poland on the subject and, if necessary, of claiming rights conferred under Article 19 of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

This offer on the part of Germany, which raised implicitly, and for the first time in public, the question of a revision of the territorial status quo in Europe, met with instant support from a certain section of the British press, and from public opinion in neutral countries.

The idea of treaty revision is in itself neither new nor abnormal. Despite diplomatic phraseology, there has never been any such thing as an everlasting treaty. But some surprise is permissible that the question should so soon have arisen — after less than five years — of the revision of treaties which were held to constitute a definitive solution of European problems. Treaties have, as a rule, been longer-lived than five years.

The Treaties of Westphalia (1648), which brought the Thirty Years' War to a close, were an epitome of the political wisdom of the seventeenth century. They fixed the frontiers of Germany, established a balance of power between the great Powers of Western Europe, and put an end to the wars of religion which had devastated the Continent for more than a century. These were signal services to Europe. And yet the Treaties of Westphalia lasted no more than fifty years in their original form. Early in the eighteenth century they were thrown once more into the melting pot by the War of the Spanish Succession, and they were finally revised by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

This new settlement of Europe lasted, despite several severe shocks, until the French Revolution. The wars of the Revolution and the Empire ended in various treaties which had little or no permanent value, since they rested solely on the military power of France. But in 1814 and 1815 the Treaties of Vienna and Paris made a new settlement of Europe which their authors hoped and believed would be final.

The Treaties of Vienna and Paris were based on the assumption that the only aggressive — or, as we now say, the only imperialist — Power in Europe was France, and that every precaution should be taken to protect her peaceful neighbors against her. It was for this reason that the Belgian fortresses were handed over to the Nether-

lands. In 1830, however, the Belgian Revolution compelled the Powers to relinquish this precaution. Whether they would or no, the Powers who had built up the Treaty of Vienna were compelled to place it anew on the stocks and to grant the Belgian people the freedom which they demanded.

Later the development of Germany, the supremacy of Prussia, and the aggressive principles of Bismarckian policy shattered the very foundations upon which the settlement of 1814-15 rested. Little by little the revolutionary disturbances of 1848, the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and the Russo-Turkish War of 1878 undid the work of Vienna and Paris and, when the World War broke out in 1914, little more than the memory remained of the treaties of 1814 and 1815.

The above summary is an indication of the essential weakness and of the precarious nature of treaties. Time goes by, situations change, and there is nothing stable under the sun. History is no more static than is life. When the Treaty of Vienna was concluded, Napoleon III's pet principle of nationality and President Wilson's pet principle of self-determination were alike unrecognized. The only principle which weighed was that of dynastic rights, as interpreted in the political theories of a Talleyrand or a Metternich. Nevertheless, the idea of the rights of peoples, once launched by the French Revolution, lived on in the world. It was before long destined to reappear on the surface of politics and to provide the first shocks to the laboriously erected edifice of 1814-15.

Here we may recognize the first factor in the essential instability of treaties — namely, the moral factor.

But there is also another factor — that of the balance of power at a given moment. Treaties of peace after a war are almost always based, not on justice,

but on victory. Now victory, however fair an index it may be of the material superiority of the victor at a given moment, may be fortuitous in character and due to ephemeral causes. France, under Napoleon I, was the greatest Power in Europe; but she succumbed to a coalition. So also the Germany of to-day. She has succumbed to a powerful coalition; but she remains herself powerful, even more powerful than any one of her potential adversaries taken singly. So soon as there is any relaxation of the bonds of union in which the war united the Allies, the problem of material force arises afresh and must be stated in other terms. The effect of this is that, once again, the very foundations of the Peace Treaty are called into question. This is inevitable after any war in which a coalition is engaged.

II

Are the 1919 Treaties such as to be able to withstand this process of evolution?

It is doubtful whether they are, and that for more than one reason.

1. The Treaty of Versailles was concluded on the morrow of the Armistice, and in all the intoxication of triumph. Germany was crushed and starved. The Allies were, on the whole, united — although they did not see eye to eye on every detail. The war mentality was still uppermost and there were few, if any, limits to what could be done with Germany.

Since 1919 the whole situation and outlook has changed with extraordinary rapidity and to an incredible extent. Germany has passed through a period of indescribable chaos, only to revive once again. She has not recovered her former predominant position, but she has to some extent reëstablished her economic power. On the

other hand, the Allies have gone their own way and each one of them has now to deal with Germany singly. America has retired, like Achilles to his tent. Great Britain has returned to her colonial and imperial preoccupations. The various States which once composed the alliance against the Central Powers have not the same interest in compelling the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, and France—which has the greatest interest of all—is by no means the strongest among them.

Thus the whole Peace is the expression of a balance between essentially unstable forces. France has but forty million inhabitants to face Germany's sixty millions. Poland, crushed between the millstones of Germany and Russia, is in a position of decided military and geographical inferiority, with frontiers open at all points to invasion.

Take now the case of Hungary. Hungary dominated her neighbors for centuries, not so much because of the force of mere tradition as because the Magyar race and the Magyar sense of nationality were among the strongest in Central Europe. Thus the Peace, which has in effect subordinated the wolves to the sheep, is no adequate expression of the real power of the signatory States.

An attempt has been made to balance the comparative weakness of the victors by the disarmament of the vanquished. It has been thought sufficient, in order to secure a lasting peace, to deprive Germany, Hungary, and the other Central Powers of their arms, while leaving the Allied and Associated Powers their full complement of military strength. The first result of this was to compel the new States of Central Europe, such as Poland and Czechoslovakia, to establish powerful armies and to saddle

themselves with the burden of a heavy debt, entirely disproportionate to their real financial resources.

The energetic pacifism of a statesman like Mr. Beneš, for instance, is largely due to his conviction that his country cannot for long bear the crushing burden of her military expenditure.

Nothing can be more certain than that this method of securing equilibrium is futile.

History shows that it is impossible to disarm a nation. For all his power, Napoleon I could not prevent Prussia from reconstructing her army after Jena. Great Britain, in a century of effort, has not succeeded in disarming little Ireland. To imagine that in such circumstances it would be possible, by means of a system of external control, however rigorous and painstaking, to secure the disarmament not only of Hungary, but also of Germany, is a pure illusion, and this fact is being more and more recognized to-day.

It is true that Germany and Hungary are at the moment disarmed as regards war material, and in comparison with those who might in the future be their enemies. But they both remain in possession of their reserves of manpower, and the evolution of military science may one day put them in a position to reconstruct their military power rapidly. Hence the alarm of the victorious nations, who feel that their own strength is inadequate to withstand a counter-offensive on the part of their beaten enemies.

2. It is well known that, in its broad outlines, the Treaty of Versailles was drawn up on the basis of Wilsonian conceptions of policy. It endeavored to secure for all peoples the right of self-determination. It was in pursuit of this ideal that the Treaty created new States and dismembered the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

But President Wilson had to take account of certain insuperable obstacles and of certain inevitable facts. He was unable to delimit the frontiers of the new States as he would have wished. Moreover, the right of self-determination is impossible, in practice, if followed to its logical conclusions, and this for three reasons.

The first reason is that the districts in question were districts in which it was virtually impossible accurately to determine the wishes of the inhabitants. Plebiscites would have been useless. The authors of the Treaty were thus compelled to make up their own minds and to act upon their own decisions.

Being unable to ask the various peoples what they wanted, they proceeded on hypothesis, on the basis of the external factor of language. In practice, the right of self-determination has become the right of States to annex peoples of the same tongue as themselves. In Switzerland, for example, the linguistic frontier has moved two or three times in the course of centuries. If any attempt were made to draw from such movements even the smallest deduction as to the patriotism of the population, the resulting conclusions would be utterly fallacious.

This is what happened with the post-war settlement. Wherever plebiscites took place, they supplied irrefutable proof that the argument from language is false. In East Prussia, for instance, a Polish-speaking population voted 97 per cent in favor of Germany. In Upper Silesia, although the majority of the inhabitants are Polish-speaking, the vote went in favor of Germany. The same thing happened in Central Schleswig, where the prevailing language is Danish. If the peoples of Austria-Hungary had been asked to express an opinion, it is certain that the map of Europe would now be very different from what it actually is.

In the second place, it is impossible to carry out to the full in practice the principle of the right of peoples to self-determination. Many districts in Central Europe are inhabited by an inextricably confused tangle of races. The Treaty, therefore, — and it could hardly do otherwise, — created new nations; and these new nations were composite entities. It is not too much to say that the number of irreconcilables in Europe from the racial point of view is no less great than before 1914. The inevitable result has been the creation of new irredentist movements.

Thirdly, the authors of the Treaty were compelled — or thought they were compelled — to take account of certain factors alien to the principle of self-determination; thus economic, strategic, historical, and diplomatic considerations all contributed to hinder the full application of the principle.

Take, first, the example of Hungary. Before the war that country was composed of a central plain surrounded by mountains. The plain was inhabited by the Magyars, the mountains by other races. At the foot of the mountains runs a circular line of railway on which stands a series of large and purely Magyar towns, which serve as outlets for the mountain valleys. Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and the Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom represented that, without the railway and the outlets, the mountain districts granted to them could not exist, economically speaking, and could not be defended. This point of view was adopted, and thus districts with a total population of several million Magyars were added to the territories of three States. For the same reason three and a half million Germans have been given to Czechoslovakia — since it was represented that it was impossible to cut the country in two and to take away its main industrial resources.

Poland pleaded that she needed an outlet on the open sea and, as no portion of the Polish race touches the sea, there has been created, between Germany and her Province of East Prussia, the famous 'Polish Corridor,' inhabited by Germans, which is a geographical monstrosity and a prime cause of the present political instability of Europe.

In order to allow Poland to play the part assigned to her in the new balance of European power, and to replace Russia as a counterpoise to Germany on Germany's eastern flank, Poland has been given Russian and Ukrainian populations to the east, which accessions of territory have made her nearly twice as large as she would have been had she been constituted on a purely linguistic or ethnological basis.

Finally, President Wilson himself was so absorbed by the problem of Fiume that he allowed the German-inhabited South Tyrol to be handed over to Italy. This annexation had been one of the provisions of the Treaty of London, and was based on purely strategic grounds.

But the decisions which were most disastrous for the peace of Europe were not taken during the Peace Conference, or in the presence of President Wilson. After his departure, on the very morrow of the Peace, at a moment when no one would have accepted the responsibility of renewing the war, there took place certain sudden and violent seizures of territory. The Italians occupied Fiume, which President Wilson had refused them. The Poles took Vilna in the same manner, and induced the Conference of Ambassadors to grant them the whole of Eastern Galicia, which is inhabited by a population of Ruthenians, who hate them. Finally, Bessarabia was allotted to Rumania for historic reasons; but Russia has never recognized this decision, in which she is directly interested.

It is thus easy to indict the Peace settlement from the territorial point of view. These mistakes, however, were inevitable, because of the inextricable tangle of conflicting interests and because of the complexity and immensity of the problem and the sheer inadequacy of human understanding to grapple with it. Is it certain that those who most severely criticize the Peace could have done better?

Moreover, the consequences of these errors would not have been so serious if they had not been accompanied by a deplorable spirit of nationalism and protectionism. The Peace drew new frontiers across old-established economic units, and artificially segregated populations which had been for centuries accustomed to live together, to work in common, and mutually to supply one another's requirements. A change of this nature could clearly not be accomplished 'in a night' without a considerable shock. The least that should have been done was to maintain so far as possible the old economic relations between the populations thus severed. What happened was exactly the contrary. The new States thought, rightly or wrongly, that the best means of ensuring their national unity was to surround themselves with customs barriers. They sought to destroy the old complexities which were due to the natural play of economic forces, in order to transform themselves into complete and self-sufficing national units. In a word, their object was to establish their economic, as well as their political, sovereignty as completely and rapidly as possible. So far from imitating certain free-zone systems, which are a heritage from the past, and of which several examples are to be found in Europe, they preferred to shut themselves behind a barrier of protective tariffs and import and export prohibitions. Communications were suddenly

interrupted. Traditional currents of trade were turned aside, and all this naturally aggravated the sufferings, regrets, and hatreds arising out of the separation.

Such is now the situation of Central Europe. Mr. Beneš, the Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, recently summarized it as follows in a speech before the Council of the League of Nations:—

'From Finland in the North through the Baltic Republics, Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Austria, down the valley of the Danube to Constantinople and Southern Greece, there are regions where thousands of conflicts may break out, beginning to-day by the murder of a frontier guard or the desecration of a flag, and easily ending to-morrow in a terrible war.'

3. To causes arising out of territorial and military instability there must now be added a third cause, the consequences of which are no less serious—namely the problem of Reparations.

At the moment when the Treaty of Versailles was concluded there was a general idea that, after a war like the Great War, the world would need economic reconstruction and would require to replenish its exhausted stocks. Thus a period of great prosperity had been foreseen. It was thought that industry would not be able to meet the demand for goods, that it would be able to make unlimited profits, and that the volume of trade would grow steadily. This was an historical error. All great wars, and in particular those at the beginning of the nineteenth century, were followed by long periods of economic depression. But the error was a general one at the time, and on it was based the whole system of Reparations. No figure was high enough to frighten the authors of the Treaty, because they thought that Germany should be in a position to export everything she could

manufacture and to manufacture everything she wished.

It will be remembered how, during the spring of 1921, the situation, which had until then seemed to justify this optimistic prediction, suddenly changed. A complicated series of economic reactions suddenly arrested exports and imports in all countries, and it seemed impossible to ask Germany to pay what had been expected of her, or even considerably lower sums.

The conviction of this impossibility did not immediately take root in people's minds. It was thought that with good-will it would be possible to carry out the Treaty. It was thought also—and this was the most serious mistake of all—that the prosperity of one nation could be founded upon the ruin of another. This was the guiding idea of Interallied reparation policy until the London Conference of 1924.

But at last the inadequacy of the results obtained, the gradual but ever more catastrophic depreciation of the German exchange, the disastrous reactions which this depreciation threatened to exercise on the internal economy of other nations, and, finally, France's urgent need of receiving something, however small, led the Governments to a proper appreciation of the facts. Thus began, so far as the Reparations chapter is concerned, the real revision of the Treaty of Peace.

III

It is somewhat surprising to note the agitation of a certain section of European opinion, above all in France, whenever the words 'treaty revision' are pronounced. As a matter of fact, treaty revision has already begun and has been going on for a long time in various ways.

In the first place, the two texts of the Treaty, — English and French, — both

of which are authentic, were not identical on various points, and each has had to be revised to suit the other.

Secondly, certain Articles have been shown to be inapplicable and have had to be, at least tacitly, abandoned.

Thirdly, certain Articles have proved to be contrary to the interests of the Allies, who have therefore let them lapse.

Fourthly, other Articles have been violated or tendenciously interpreted, and this is equivalent to revision.

Finally, certain Articles have been formally modified, either by the Allies themselves or by the Allies in agreement with Germany.

This is not the place in which to undertake a complete study of all these amendments, whether they are *de jure* or *de facto*. In 1922 the Reparation Commission published a synoptic table of the Treaty and of the jurisprudence which has interpreted or amended it. This work is contained in a large volume, and there is no Article in Parts VIII and IX of the Treaty which has not been appreciably modified.

It will be sufficient here to recall one or two facts.

Take first of all the territorial clauses, which are the easiest to carry out and to supervise. What has become of Article 34 of the Treaty of Versailles concerning the views of the inhabitants of Eupen and Malmedy? Article 42 was modified by the Allies when they requested Germany to maintain certain fortifications on the right bank of the Rhine. Article 43 was violated when Germany sent her troops into the Ruhr to put down a Communist revolt. So also the occupation of the Ruhr by France has been considered, although for other reasons, a violation of the Treaty. The whole chapter concerning the Saar Basin and its government by the League of Nations has been modified in various ways. Poland has com-

plained on more than one occasion that the provisions of the Treaty concerning the status of the Free City of Danzig have not been interpreted in their proper spirit. Article 88, concerning the plebiscite in Upper Silesia, has given rise to acute controversy. Germany unceasingly complains that Article 89, concerning traffic facilities through the Polish Corridor, has not been applied. Article 99, concerning the Memel territory, was not applied for several years, and still gives rise to discussion.

Part V of the Treaty (military, naval, and air clauses) was modified in 1922, when the Allies stated that they would be satisfied if Germany carried out certain conditions considerably less severe than those contained in the Treaty itself. So also the Allies authorized Germany for internal reasons to increase the numbers of her 'Security Police.' Finally, Article 213 has been interpreted by the League of Nations in a way which has profoundly modified its sense.

Part VIII of the Treaty, concerning penalties for the authors of the war and for war criminals, has not been carried out.

As regards Reparations (Part VIII), modifications may be noted in Articles 233, 235, 236, and 239; in Paragraphs 12, 16, 17, and 18 of Annex 2; and in Paragraphs 1, 2, and 3 of Annex 3. Annex 4, concerning deliveries in kind, Annex 5, concerning coal deliveries, and Articles 249 to 270 have been revised. Article 297 has been modified by the renunciation on the part of Great Britain of certain rights which were hers under the Treaty. Finally, the Dawes Plan has introduced general ideas and obligations of an entirely different nature into the whole of the chapter.

Article 386, which submits all disputes concerning the regulation of international transport to the League of Nations, has been violated by France,

and Germany has not protested under it.

Article 393 has been amended by legal methods, and many other Articles of Part XIII, in particular the important Article 405 on the ratification of Labor Conventions, have not been exactly applied. So, too, Article 435, on the question of the free zones of Haute-Savoie, has given rise to long discussions and is at the moment under Franco-Swiss arbitration.

This summary enumeration shows that it would be a grave mistake to suppose that the Treaties of 1919 are inviolable, that they have not been in any way modified, and that they cannot be touched without collapsing. On the contrary, the truth is that revision is only one of the various methods by which treaties evolve. It is the most apparent and obvious, and the least frequent; and the Treaties, although they have not been officially revised, no longer exist in the form in which they were conceived.

It may be presumed that, as time goes on and according as situations change, the process of diplomatic revision will be hastened and accentuated.

Take a concrete case as an example. It will be remembered that Germany, in expressing her desire to become a Member of the League of Nations, pointed out that her disarmament under the Treaty of Peace would prevent her from assuming all the obligations of Members of the League such as are contained in Article 16 of the Covenant. The Council of the League of Nations gave the correct legal reply that it was impossible to make differences between Members and to create privileges within the League.

If, therefore, Germany enters the League it will be on an equal footing, with the same rights and duties as the other States. But is it not clear that, in this case, the reasoning may be turned

round and that, when she can no longer invoke her disarmament in order not to be forced to carry out Article 16, Germany can at least invoke the application of Article 16 as a reason for not executing the disarmament clauses, so as to obtain some revision of them? It must be admitted that the argument is very strong. If there are equal duties, there should, it seems, be equal rights and equal resources; and any supplementary arrangements which Germany may make for the security of her former enemies, and any proofs which she gives of her will to peace and her good faith, must necessarily lead toward a revision of the military clauses of the Treaty, which are based on the hypothesis of German aggressiveness and bad faith.

This is what alarms those people in France who have no confidence in Germany.

IV

On an important point the Treaty of Versailles has introduced an innovation. Whereas in the past all political treaties were supposed to be perpetual, and it was left to time or force to make the necessary readjustments in them, the Treaties of 1919 have expressly provided for a procedure for revision, and even for more than one procedure.

Article 26 of the Covenant runs as follows:—

Amendments to this Covenant will take effect when ratified by the Members of the League whose Representatives compose the Council and by a majority of the Members of the League whose Representatives compose the Assembly.

No such Amendment shall bind any Member of the League which signifies its dissent therefrom, but in that case it shall cease to be a Member of the League.

This procedure applies only to the Covenant of the League of Nations, and has already been put in practice

on several occasions. Article 4 of the Covenant, concerning the election of nonpermanent Members of the Council; Article 6, concerning the allocation of expenses; Articles 12, 13, and 15, concerning the judicial procedure for the settlement of disputes; Article 16, concerning collective sanctions in the case of a violation of the Covenant; and Article 25, on the procedure for amendment, have been successively modified, although the amendment of Article 6 has alone come into force, since the other amendments have not been ratified by all the Members of the Council of the League of Nations.

Article 422 of the Treaty of Versailles provides for a similar procedure for the revision of Part XIII of the Treaty concerning the International Labor Organization. An amendment to Article 393, which was adopted by the International Labor Conference, has not yet been ratified.

But, apart from these particular provisions, Article 19 contains an entirely new and very important principle in international law. 'The Assembly,' says this Article, 'may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.'

This Article, the great merit of which is that it applies without distinction to all treaties, including the treaty of which it is a part, was due to a suggestion originally made by the Fabian Society in London.

There has as yet been no occasion to apply Article 19. It is, therefore, impossible at the moment to attempt any appreciation of it from the legal point of view.

All that can be said is that the Article lays down three principles. The first is that the Assembly alone, to the

exclusion of the Council, is competent to apply Article 19. The second is that the decisions of the Assembly are not compulsory upon members of the League of Nations. The third principle is that, like all the recommendations of the Assembly, these decisions may be taken by a simple majority vote, the representatives of the parties concerned not taking part.

It would be premature to go beyond the affirmation of these principles. The procedure is not fixed, and it has often been asked whether Article 19 could work in practice.

Once only, hitherto, the question was raised in the League of Nations — by Peru and Bolivia. These States asked the Assembly to recommend the revision of the Treaty of Ancón which they concluded in 1883 with Chile and which had since been submitted to the arbitration of President Coolidge. The question was considered by a Committee composed of Mr. Scialoja (Italy), Mr. Urrutia (Colombia), and Mr. de Peralta (Costa Rica).

In giving its opinion, the Committee stated that the Assembly of the League of Nations could not by itself modify any treaty, since the amendment of treaties remained the exclusive competence of the contracting States. The Assembly could therefore only request the Members of the League of Nations to proceed to a further consideration of certain international situations. The Committee then continued in the following terms:—

Such advice can only be given in cases where treaties have become inapplicable — that is to say, when the state of affairs existing at the moment of their conclusion has subsequently undergone, either materially or morally, such radical changes that their application has ceased to be reasonably possible, or in cases of the existence of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

It will be seen that this interpretation is restrictive; but it has no legal force. It would, however, be an exaggeration to think that Article 19, even though limited, has no value. It might in some future crisis afford the ideal solution of a dispute. It is not easy to use and it is not desirable that it should be frequently invoked; but it is none the less a great triumph for the most modern conceptions of international law, and an essential part of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

Speaking generally, the tenor of the Covenant is conservative. Article 10, in particular, gives countries which possess a given territory a guaranty that such territory may in no case be taken from them by force. Strictly interpreted it means that the existing frontiers of Europe cannot be modified by war. Article 16, which is the sanction and support of Article 10, has a similar meaning. Taken separately, therefore, the object of these Articles may be said to be to crystallize Europe in the situation in which she has been placed by the Treaties of Peace. The Geneva Protocol further strengthens these provisions by declaring all war illegal and by substituting for force in all cases an arbitration which can rest only upon existing law and existing treaties. If, therefore, Article 19 of the Covenant did not exist, no modification of the present territorial arrangement of Europe would be possible, since the status quo could not be changed either by force or by law.

Happily, however, the authors of the Covenant foresaw this. They saw that there must be a corollary to Articles 10 and 16 and that, in order that the Articles could be applied in the spirit and in the letter, there should be some means of modifying legally and peacefully international situations which became intolerable. This is the meaning of Article 19.

V

It has been seen that, politically speaking, the revision of the Treaties would appear to be inevitable. Legally it is possible; but is it desirable in existing circumstances?

It is understood that Article 19 remains. It would be impossible at the moment, when Germany is of her own initiative making a great effort to enter the League of Nations, to forbid her to appeal to one of the only Articles in the Treaty of Peace which is favorable to her. But the question arises, is the present a favorable moment for appealing to the Article?

In such a matter nothing could be more disastrous than overhaste. Europe is just recovering from a long and painful crisis, and could not at the moment bear a further operation. She must be left the time, first to get rid of her fever, and then to recover her health. It is only later that account can be taken, in the light of experience, of her real requirements. What the peoples of Europe chiefly lack to-day is the feeling of security. They are living in constant apprehension of another war, and this anxiety is exercising a paralyzing effect upon them. It is preventing them from coming together and from working in common for the reconstruction of the Continent. A premature revision of the territorial clauses of the Treaties, or merely a campaign in favor of such revision, would still further diminish the feeling of security, would increase the instability of public opinion, and would ultimately have an effect the very opposite of the one intended.

This danger may be prevented by the Five Power Pact proposed by Herr Stresemann. In itself the idea of this Pact is undoubtedly good. It affords a welcome solution of the problem of French security, and nothing could be

more imprudent than preemptorily to reject it.

But it would seem, from the speeches of certain German statesmen, that the offer is accompanied by certain implicit reservations with regard to the Polish frontiers. There is nothing surprising in this. Germany is solemnly and voluntarily recognizing the inviolability of her western frontiers. She is offering to conclude with Poland an arbitration treaty which can rest only on the basis of existing international law, and she promises not to seek to modify her eastern frontier by force. It may easily be understood that in these circumstances she wishes to appeal to Article 19 of the Covenant, and German statesmen do not think that they can wait any longer to say so. They are pursuing a twofold end: in the first place, they wish to reassure their own public opinion, which might accuse them of weakness or even of treason; secondly, they wish to create in Anglo-Saxon countries a state of opinion which is favorable to their claims.

But, for these very reasons, Polish opinion has been profoundly disturbed. Poland, which has just achieved financial reconstruction and which is still at grips with all the most serious questions raised by the creation of a new State made out of portions which have been divided for more than a century, cannot certainly, without serious dangers for her internal life, tolerate the prospect of a further mutilation. It may easily be understood that the fear of a new partition is an ever-present night-

mare with her. There is no question here at issue whether the frontiers given to Poland are or are not wise. In the opinion of the writer, they might, on certain points at least, have been drawn with greater prudence. But to have made them different at the outset is one thing, and to remake them to-day is quite another thing. It is too soon. Time alone will make the situation clearer.

What do we know of the future? In a few years a better appreciation of the economic interests of countries may lead them to collaborate. They may even succeed, on certain disputed frontiers, in establishing free economic zones. They may even come to reduce the inconveniences of those artificial frontiers, which hitherto they have endeavored to augment. In a word, when men's minds grow calmer these questions may solve themselves.

That is why two ideas which are only apparently in contradiction should not be forgotten. The first is that any revision of the territorial status of Europe is premature at the moment. The second is that revision of the Treaties of Peace is both possible and necessary; but it should not begin with frontier modification. That would be to put the cart before the horse. When certain economic or military clauses of the Treaties have been revised, and when collaboration between those who were formerly enemies has been shown to be workable, it will be much easier to deal with the great questions the solution of which is at the moment impossible.

THE ECONOMIC CAUSE OF WAR

AN HYPOTHESIS

BY EDWARD BEACH HOWELL

ONE of the most obvious facts about international wars, at least those of modern times that must be financed, is that they occur in cycles. From this category must be excluded mere tribal conflicts, and also such military operations as those of Great Britain in the Sudan and in Zululand, and of the United States among Western Indians.

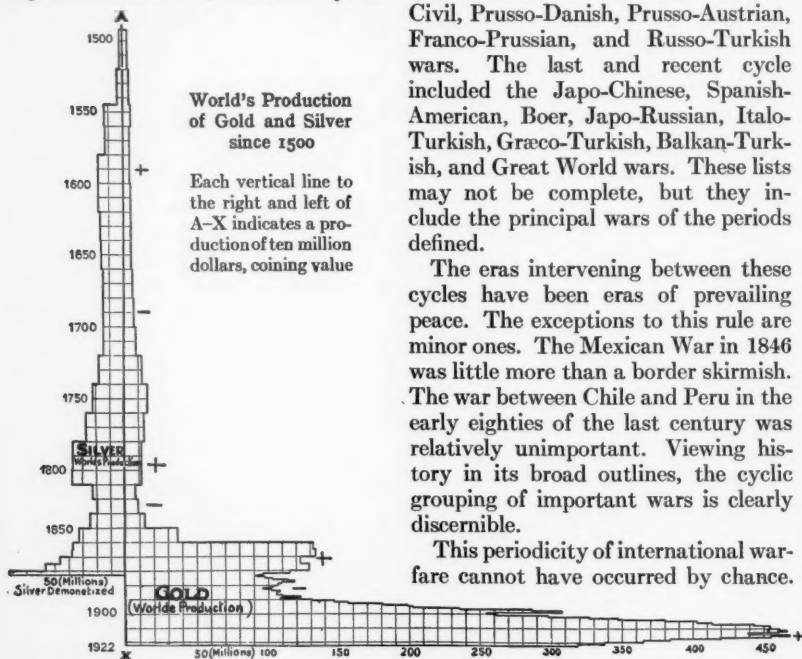
During the last two hundred years, to go no further back, three such cycles

have occurred, the first between 1701 and 1814, the second between 1854 and 1877, and the third between 1894 and 1918.

The first cycle included the War of the Spanish Succession, the First Seven Years' War, the Second Seven Years' War, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the Napoleonic Wars. The second cycle included the Crimean, Franco-Austrian, American Civil, Prusso-Danish, Prusso-Austrian, Franco-Prussian, and Russo-Turkish wars. The last and recent cycle included the Japo-Chinese, Spanish-American, Boer, Japo-Russian, Italo-Turkish, Græco-Turkish, Balkan-Turkish, and Great World wars. These lists may not be complete, but they include the principal wars of the periods defined.

The eras intervening between these cycles have been eras of prevailing peace. The exceptions to this rule are minor ones. The Mexican War in 1846 was little more than a border skirmish. The war between Chile and Peru in the early eighties of the last century was relatively unimportant. Viewing history in its broad outlines, the cyclic grouping of important wars is clearly discernible.

This periodicity of international warfare cannot have occurred by chance.



It indicates an economic cause that works in cycles.

In the physical sciences, the periodicity of phenomena is regarded as a fact of great significance. When yellow fever was the great scourge of tropical countries, it was known to be a seasonal disease. It spread with the coming of summer and abated with the first frosts of autumn. It was this periodicity, perhaps more than any other clue, that led to the detection of the Stegomyia mosquito as the disease-carrier. In other words, in looking for the cause of the periodicity of the disease, the cause of the disease was discovered.

So if we are successful in ascertaining the cause of the periodicity of warfare we may expect to identify also the economic cause of war. We must look not only for a cause operating in cycles, but also for one that operates in irregular cycles. In other words, the cause, when found, must explain the irregularity and speeding-up of these cycles during recent decades. In addition we must look for a world-wide cause, since the tendency to warfare, when the war cycle recurs, is too general to be traced to any one nation or locality.

I

In searching for a cause of war that answers to these various tests, there are certain causes popularly assigned that must be excluded. Human depravity must be excluded, for human depravity, such as it is, shows no world-wide periodicity in its manifestations. It is a constant quantity. For the same reason the ambition of rulers must be excluded. If the ambition of Napoleon tends to explain the Napoleonic Wars, it cannot account for the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the other wars of that cycle. For a similar reason we must exclude military and naval armaments, since they

reveal no such cyclic arrangement. Military preparations are fairly constant. Armaments are always somewhere being strengthened.

It would be accurate to say that the periodicity of warfare is due to the periodicity of the war complex, meaning thereby the resultant of those psychological tendencies that are conducive to war. Every era has its own psychological trend. The Germans call it the *Zeitgeist*. The English call it the spirit of the times. Everyone whose memory goes back thirty years or more knows that the war which was possible in 1914 would have been quite impossible in 1894, or even in 1924. The mood of the world in 1914 was entirely different from what it was at either other date.

But having traced the war cycle to the age psychology, the solution itself needs solving. What underlying cause or condition produces the varying world-mood that makes war possible if not probable in one era and improbable if not impossible in another?

I am not aware that economists have answered this question or even recognized the facts upon which it is based. So I am unable to cite authorities in support of the hypothesis herein suggested. My hypothesis is based upon what was to me a chance discovery made in the course of investigating another subject. This discovery was that for at least two hundred years last past the war cycles have practically coincided with the eras of rising prices, and the eras of rising prices have in like manner coincided with the peaks in the production of the money metals — gold and silver during days of bi-metallism, and gold alone since then.

I present herewith a chart of the world's production of gold from the discovery of America to and including the year 1922, which shows the peaks and the valleys in the production of

the precious metals during the period covered. The world's production of silver is shown only from 1492 till its demonetization by the United States in 1873. At that time it ceased to be basic money and, while it is still used as a money material, its current value is measured by gold.

The production of gold is shown on the right of the line A-X and that of silver on the left. Each vertical line to the right and left of A-X indicates a production of ten million dollars, coining value. Each decade from the year 1500 down is indicated by a horizontal line.

There have been four well-defined peaks of production which I have marked on the margin by the sign for plus. The first occurred during the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries. It was due partly to loot from the New World, but principally to the discovery of the silver mines of Potosi and the almost coincident discovery of the method of recovering silver from its ores by the use of quicksilver. The second peak occurred during the eighteenth and the first decade of the nineteenth centuries. It was due to the progressive development of mines in Spanish America, and fell off rapidly when Spain lost her American colonies in the early part of the last century. The third peak followed the placer discoveries in California and Australia near the middle of the nineteenth century. The fourth peak reached its pinnacle in the year 1915. It has been due principally to the gold discoveries in South Africa and Alaska and the cyanide process of reducing gold from its ores. The valleys of production are marked in the margin by minus signs.

With this chart anyone can make the same discovery that I did. If he investigates the historical facts of the period covered thereby, he will find that the

eras of rising prices have coincided, barring possibly a slight lag, with the ascending peaks of money-metal production, and that falling prices in the same manner have coincided with their descent. He will also discover that the war cycles have coincided quite closely with these peaks.

The business of owning and operating gold and silver mines used to be a governmental function. They were reserved from all grants of land. When the gold-miners of 1849 exploited the placer deposits of California, they were technically trespassers on the government domain. But there had been such a gold famine for many years preceding that the United States was only too anxious to have the exploitation continue. In 1866, however, the United States abandoned its former policy of reservation and passed its first law permitting the location and purchase of its gold and silver mines. In most of the British Colonies the same freedom of exploitation and purchase has been permitted.

This change from governmental to private operation has resulted in the quicker exhaustion of newly discovered mines. It is the policy of mining companies to work out a deposit as quickly as possible, thus saving on the 'overhead.' The cream of the placers of California and Australia was taken out in twenty years. The Klondike was exhausted in less time. Nome has been decadent for many years. South Africa is reported to have passed the peak of its production.

This speeding-up of the work of gold-mining during the last seventy-five years has resulted in greater and more frequent peaks of production and intervening valleys of shorter length, but the peaks still coincide with the eras of high prices and of wars, and the valleys with the eras of falling markets and of peace.

II

It is fair then to conclude that in the recurring peaks of money-metal production we have found the cause of the recurring war-cycles and hence the economic cause of war itself. The chart shows that this cause has operated in irregular cycles and more frequently during the last seventy-five years. Moreover, it is a world-wide cause, for nothing else affects so many people in so many places as a change in the value of the world's basic money.

Gold measures the prices of commerce, the market value of all accumulated wealth, the monetary consideration of every contract, and the value of all kinds of credit money, whether made of paper, silver, copper, or nickel. Even in the case of depreciated paper-money, it is gold that measures the extent of the depreciation. Let a new and important source of gold be found, such as was the Rand thirty years ago, and presently the whole commercial world will feel the change. The price index will slowly climb, and the rising market will bring hoarded money into active circulation.

If it were possible, by human agency, to alter the force of gravity, so that the pound, ton, or kilogramme would mean one thing one year and an entirely different thing the next, the whole world would combine to prevent by law any such interference. But, while standards of weight are beyond the reach of human tampering, the standard of value is not. Nothing is more certain than that an overproduction of gold will cheapen the world's money and will bring an era of rising prices in every nation using gold as money.

The reasons assigned for the rise of prices — the 'high cost of living' in popular phrase — during the twentieth century are legion. There is scarcely a man afflicted with such poverty of

thought as not to possess a fluent explanation of the cause of high prices. But here is one fact that is worthy the attention of every thinking man: the entire world's production of gold from the discovery of America to the close of the year 1923 was, in round numbers and in American money, nineteen billion dollars; of this aggregate amount, *more than one half has been produced since the year 1896*. Such a stupendous production of the money metal in so short a time is without precedent in all human history.

If it pleases a man to have his pet theory as to the rise of prices during the twentieth century, I should not refuse him. If it pleases many men to have many differing theories, they are within their rights. But Professor Jevons more than fifty years ago dealt with that kind of folk: —

I have only to ask those who think that the growth of population, the increase of demand, or the progress of trade is the cause of the rise in prices, whether population, demand, trade, and so forth, were not expanding before 1849, not so rapidly as since, but still expanding; and how it is that causes of the same kind have produced falling prices before 1849 and rising prices since? . . . It may be safely said that the odds are ten thousand to one in favor of a real depreciation of gold. The meaning of this is that the chances are ten thousand to one against a series of disconnected and casual circumstances having caused the rise of price, — one in the case of one commodity, another in the case of another, — instead of some general cause acting over them all.

If a cheapening of the world's money produces those psychological reactions that generate war, then the wise thing for the world's statesmen to do is to stabilize the world's money. We have laws to protect against counterfeiters and similar gentry who would debase our money, but the nations have given

the gold-miner *carte blanche* to cheapen our basic money by overproduction if he can, and the world's experience since 1896 shows that he can. Some attention should also be given to the men who waste gold in the unnecessary gilding of things.

For fourteen years before the war, Great Britain had permitted the most reckless overproduction of gold in South Africa. The resulting rising markets of that era enormously stimulated British commerce. But they stimulated the commerce of other nations as well, and brought about that commercial rivalry, that intoxication of prosperity, and that desire to grab territory, which were the root causes of the war. As a result of its lack of vision, Great Britain came out of the war with an enormous debt, with its financial primacy threatened if not lost, with its commerce greatly impaired, and with the gold of South Africa in the vaults of the United States. If this gold had been kept in the storehouses of nature and paid out into the channels of trade as it was really needed, it might have given the world the glow of an even and normal prosperity for a century to come. Instead, it was dumped as it was produced, in disregard of its economic effects, and the commercial frenzy thereby produced was followed by the frenzy of war.

The place to stabilize money is at the gold mine and in the factories where gold is wasted. I have no sympathy with those economists who claim that the government must permit everyone to use gold freely in any and every way he may please in order to preserve its value as money. If it should be found that the restriction of the unnecessary uses of gold in the arts cheapens it, that would be a desirable thing to know, since such an effect could be easily remedied by curtailing the production at the mine, a very wise thing to do if

we are to consider the future welfare of the race.

For more than thirty years the writer has been a mining lawyer in the largest mining district of the United States, if not of the world. My clients have been largely gold-miners. It has been my business to show them how mining deposits can be located and titles acquired from the government. I am sure that no one would profit more from the stabilization of the value of gold than the gold-miner himself. And it seems to me a most feasible thing to accomplish, but I can see how it will require international coöperation, at least between Great Britain and the United States, the two principal gold-producing countries.

III

We use a thermometer to let us know the condition of things in the distant furnace. The price index is the thermometer of gold-production. Between 1873 and 1894 the price index was warning us that the production of gold was scant. After a few years of approximate stability, it began to warn us that gold was being produced in excessive amounts. The nations of the world gave no heed whatever to these warnings. They seemed and still seem to regard the price index as a matter of only academic importance.

The cyclical fluctuations in prices herein referred to should be distinguished from the seasonal price-fluctuations that largely counteract each other. There is the same distinction between them that there is between ocean waves and ocean tides. Both are waves in the last analysis, but the former are local, and their force is quickly spent, while the latter are broad movements of the whole ocean's surface, lasting for hours.

Seasonal fluctuations in prices are bound to occur under the most stable

money. They are not detrimental but rather beneficial in their economic effects. They give life to trade and bestow their rewards on the keenest trader.

But it is otherwise with cyclical price-movements. They last for years, abnormally stimulating trade and industry on their rise and abnormally depressing them on their fall. They are essentially evil in their effects, and tend to breed social discontent. In so far as they are due to fluctuations in the world's supply of gold, there ought to be some cure for the evil, and I am optimistic enough to believe that a cure will be found when the ailment is correctly diagnosed. Both diagnosis and cure, however, are rendered the more difficult by conflicting class-interests. Men see quickly what it is to their interest to see. Farmers generally, being producers and property-owners, rejoice in rising prices, while wage- and salary-earners complain. If the latter can maintain the wage scale and continuity of employment, they view falling markets with great satisfaction. Hence the two classes see opposite sides of the economic shield, and agricultural sections work more or less at cross purposes with industrial centres. Stable money, based on a stabilized gold supply, would minimize this conflict and

do more than anything else could do to bring lasting contentment to both classes.

The tidal-wave price-fluctuations of the twentieth century have caused and are still causing many economic effects other than war, which I cannot point out here. My present purpose is to show that high prices are not so much caused by war as war is caused by high prices, and that in causal effect an era of increased basic-money production precedes both.

Among the many wars of the last four centuries, three stand preëminent as wars of excessive destruction and exhaustion — the Thirty Years' War, the Napoleonic Wars (considered as a single martial era), and the Great World War. Each of these, like an army of furies from Hell, bestrode the summit of a great money-metal production. And as the last of these terrible conflicts recedes in the near background of memory it becomes mankind to inquire why the very culmination of the most stupendous gold-production of all time should find the leading nations of the world springing at each other's throats in the most deadly and destructive conflict of all human history.

When once that inquiry is rightly answered, we shall then know the economic cause of war.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BALTIC SUMMER

As a fashionable watering-place, the glory of Narova-Joesuu has departed, but the sands are still as yellow and the sea is still as blue as they were in the days before the war, when the gay aristocracy of Russia and wealthy German nobles came to summer on its shores.

We are sitting on the sunny beach by a wide bay of the Baltic Sea. The long curve of wooded shore, edged with golden sand that stretches to the left of us as far as we can see, is Esthonia, the little land that is thrilled with its new freedom and is struggling to build a Utopia under difficulties. And off to the right of us curves a long, low, wooded, golden-edged shore that looks exactly the same as the curve that is Esthonia. But it is Russia. We look at the Esthonian shore with a feeling of familiarity. But with what a feeling of baffled curiosity we look at Russia! It is as if we stood at the gates of something great and mysterious and different, unknown and unknowable, which we may not enter. For in Esthonia we may come and go as we please, if we have paid ten dollars for a visa and given our family histories and a few marks to the police in the town we may wish to visit. But the borders of Russia are well guarded. Few may enter and few come out. Esthonia is filled with Russians wanting to go home. At the Russian consulate in Tallinn there are rows and rows of Russians who have come to ask for visas. Many of them fled from Russia in the days of the Revolution, and now that times are better they want to go home. Some of

them wait months for permission from Moscow for them to enter, and many of them are denied.

The nearer we have come to Russia the more we have felt this great sense of mystery about the land across the border. When we sailed from the River Emba into Peipus Lake, which is on the border, people pointed to the far shore and whispered, 'There is Russia!' And so they do here.

But not everyone in Narova-Joesuu wants to enter Russia, and the sense of being on the edge of the unknown seems to interfere not at all with the gayety of Esthonia on a holiday. The beach is swarming, for all the summer visitors at Narova-Joesuu spend their days on the sands, coming with linen towels as large as bed-sheets over their arms and undressing quite openly on the beach. They splash in the surf and lie for hours on the clean sand. Near us a half-clad family are taking their ease, the women embroidering, the men dozing; two children with nothing on but straw hats are busily building a castle in the sand. A stout gentleman, quite naked and comfortable, sits not far away, reading a book. Even when they are dressed for the afternoon no one bothers to wear stockings. To have bare ankles under a gown of ruffled voile and to undress on the beach are quite proper; but once, when we wore well-tailored knicker-suits on a long hike — Oh, those two Amerikanskas!

There are dozens of decadent-looking houses on the wooded roads along the sea beyond the village, most of them garishly embroidered on the outside with gingerbread woodwork and abounding in pergolas and balconies.

Many of them were once the summer homes of now poor Russian and German aristocrats, and we hear of former owners paying meagre board to live in their once beloved homes, now degenerated into decrepit pensions.

No summer boarding-house anywhere in the world has ever been an ideal place to spend a holiday; and since Russian boarding-houses seem particularly swarming and noisy, and their four heavy meals a day even less appetizing to us than boarding-house meals in other parts of the world, we decided, after one night in a particularly dreadful place, to seek some spot where we could view vacation life on the Baltic from a little greater distance.

A mile or two out, on the wooded road that follows the seashore, we found a quaint apartment with windows that look into the woods and a balcony where we have our desks and eat our breakfasts. It is over a little country grocery-store, kept by a flat-faced Esthonian woman who sells us fresh eggs, milk, berries, white bread, and new butter. She thinks we should eat black bread and more cheese, but — well — *Amerikanskas!* Her husband is a cab-driver and keeps his *droshky* in the back yard. And there is a maid, Eina, who giggles hysterically every time she comes near us and shakes her head sadly because we drink so much 'cold cooked water.' None of the establishment speaks any English; in fact, we have found no one in all the town who does. But with our few words of German and fewer still of Russian we manage to satisfy all our wants and make fast friends of those who can giggle with us over our gestures and mistakes.

Esthonia is a land of three languages, and the little village is a curious mixture of old Russian and German influences and the ardent nationalism of the Esthonians. The boat schedule

is in Esthonian and Russian, the moving-picture posters are in Russian. The police station buzzes with the blue and bright-green uniforms of the new Esthonian *politsei*, who ask you very solemnly for the first name of your father and ten marks, please, when you register there. The people in the shops, where fresh strawberries and sugary kringles are, speak three languages readily, changing from one to another with an ease acquired from long usage.

The white beach is just through the woods from us. We fry steak over our beach fire in the evening, and walk for long miles along the sand at the water's edge. And every little way, through the tall trees that line the shore, we see great empty houses, their windows blind, their paths grass-grown, their hedges uncut. Last night we rested in an old summerhouse at the end of a gravel path all choked with weeds, and watched the sun go down and a black fishing-boat put out to sea.

The shell of the days that were so full of gayety is broken, but the song of them is still distinct for those who listen.

THE PENALTY OF POISE

My wife has an impenetrable poise. I have n't. Nobody has ever successfully challenged her social omniscience. Nobody has ever, even ironically, accused me of possessing the most remote or elementary knowledge of the principles of social equilibrium. I am blunt and brutal. There is nothing tenuous or delicate or skillful in my handling of a social problem. Smash! Bang! I'm in it or out of it, all in a minute, and the swath I cut is as clean as if a well-directed bolt of lightning had cleared a path before and behind me. My wife picks her way daintily, with utmost charm, discretion, and skill.

A dear old lady whose face was

familiar, but only vaguely, came up to her the other day and, in that irresistible and ingratiating manner old ladies have who want to be slightly risqué and confidential, said: 'I don't blame you for being so fond of my grandson! I am, too!' There was not the slightest trace of alarm or anxiety or puzzlement on my wife's serene countenance when she said, 'He *is* a dear, is n't he?' She had n't the slightest notion who he was, but there was no betrayal of that or of her lack of affection for him. 'He is so like my son whom I lost at just his age,' the fond grandmother said, and her willing and accomplished conspirator took her first cue from the feeling of emotion she got through the emphasis the old lady put upon the age of her grandson. He must have been a promising youth, prematurely and perhaps blessedly lost before the flirtations of a slightly older woman had lured him too far. With a conscience utterly free from guile, but with frank knowledge of the charm a 'slightly older woman' has for an inexperienced and impressionable boy, she began to search her mind for her recent victims of a tender age. A procession passed before her, and she quickly and adroitly made a composite picture of them, drawing upon miscellaneous recollections in order to have a representative background for her next observation.

She might have saved all this mental effort by saying at once, 'Which grandson?' to the old lady; but then, she might have had only one. That would have been unpardonable in my wife's code. She might have said, 'I am almost equally fond of all your grandsons,' but that would not have met the grandmother's fine discrimination in grandsons with so prompt and equal appreciation. I suppose she had to say, 'He *is* a dear,' and then pick her way daintily and dangerously. She was definitely compromised. She acknowl-

edged her fondness for one particular grandson. Now was time for a moment's reconnoitring. She plays generalities very skillfully.

Following the note of age innocently admitted by the reminiscing grandmother, my talented wife said, 'It's a fascinating age.' This made her feel aloof and secure. It might be an age she could look down upon. Whatever age it was, she conveyed definitely that she was an indulgent and harmless patroness, not a participant in any contemporary pastimes or pleasures. 'I'm afraid sometimes he is too frequent a visitor at your house,' the cautious old lady said; and there might have been a note of reproach, gentle as she was. This was helpful. There were certainly not many impressionable youths, of a dangerous age, who paid visits often enough to make their dear old grandmothers anxious. She could think of a few, but pairing them off with grandmothers and checking the grandmothers against the accusing one in front of her was too much even for her practised art. There was nothing to do for the moment but deprecate the old lady's anxiety and say that his visits were always enjoyable and never too frequent. There was a slight risk, but it had to be taken. It turned out to be a veritable trap — for the acute though gentle old lady said that it did n't worry her so much as it did his mother. This was a decidedly uncomfortable attitude for her to take, and my immaculately hospitable and cordial wife began to think the whole conversation was a well-planned piece of malice and meanness. 'And his mother would n't mind his coming so much, if he were n't quite so informal.' It was now time to stop such insinuations. She would be saying words like 'intimate' next. So my resourceful wife brought me into the conversation in the smoothest, most natural way.

The mere mention of my name cast at once an atmosphere of propriety over the incident and immediately established all those trembling elements like loyalty, trust, confidence, frankness, in their proper conjugal places. She said, 'My husband is just as fond of him as I am, you know, and he probably takes great delight in his informality. Nothing shocks him, you know.' This was a very congenial turn, and with it soon came complete relief. It seems that both the old lady and her grandson approved of me enthusiastically, and when she said 'Billy adores him,' my highly strung social diplomat felt that the ultimate solution was not far off. A 'Billy' and one who adored me — simple enough, no matter who he was, what his age, or who his grandmother was. 'And I think the thing that won his heart was the cunning little rake your husband made for him. He loves to rake leaves.'

'Billy's a great help, Mrs. Allen, and the most charming little boy of six I ever knew. We both love him dearly.' Her poise is impenetrable, but its penalties are exacting. She had to confess to me that she had had another narrow squeak and she had to listen, not to my compliments upon her intricate and admirable handling of a treacherous situation, but to an intricate and equally admirable explanation of how I should have gone about it in *my* manner. This always leaves her with that imponderable question in her mind: Is poise a social grace of absolute beauty and, like virtue, its own reward, or is it a trap that sooner or later will catch the wariest?

THE VINEYARD MOSAIC

It was a warm October day and there was little to do in the dreamy Italian village of Castiglione. Italy is ever a place for dreams more than deeds;

but the visiting American, after the manner of his countrymen, must always be seeking pretexts for activity, even in that leisured land. We had already explored the old Roman wall by the sea, the Etruscan mound, and the little Etruscan Museum, piled with the snow of its alabaster relics. There seemed little else to investigate, until, in the very midst of our sojourn, word came that an old peasant, in his vineyard just beyond the village, had but yesterday chanced upon a Roman relic. We were eager to see the place at once. Surely this peasant-antiquarian must feel as the elected of the gods, the chosen of the saints. To discover a fragment of Rome in one's back yard! The glory of it! The vistaed splendor!

So, near sunset-time, when the spires of the cypresses were beginning to take shadow against a golden sky, and the sparrows flittered up in gusty flocks from the ancient Italian dust to the tops of the ilex trees, we began our little journey of exploration. Homeward-bound villagers passed us on the way, and each face had a smile of greeting or a friendly radiance that was in itself a salutation. In a little field, just before we reached our destination, a peasant was ploughing with two white oxen and the plough of long ago — a great, simple, pointed piece of wood. He paused for a moment as we approached, and with a low gracious bow of his head, as if he were doffing a plumed hat, he accosted us with '*Felice sera*' (A happy evening). '*Felice sera*!' It lingered on the evening air like the benediction that it was. It carried with it all the music and all the grace of Italy. And it evoked faintly troubled memories of our casual, curt 'Good evening' and 'Hello.'

A little farther on we came to the house of our archaeological peasant. The sound of our voices brought him and his wife and several kinsfolk to the

door. The peasant was an old man with a tawny, corrugated face, whose welcoming smile cut enormous chasms and knolls on his cheeks. His old wife had a similar toothless, cracked, venerable countenance, the kind that endows an onlooker with the painter's longing. They seemed relics themselves of the Roman days or even of the Etruscan — veritable genii of the soil. Surely, through the two thousand years since Roman days — the mere sixty or seventy generations, so slowly evolving in Italy, so very slow in peasant clay — the type could not have very greatly changed. We were looking, perhaps, upon the seventieth descendant of a peasant who supplied wine to the table of Augustus. Not impossible. And how appropriate that he should find himself the custodian of a Roman mosaic!

He would be very glad to show us the fragment, he said. His ancient face beamed and warped and cracked with kindly humor, perhaps also a trifle venal.

We followed him over the cobblestone walk and the sod of the vineyard to the very edge of the little plantation of the russet vines, while his wife hobbled slowly behind and two or three grandchildren romped around us on the way. He told us that he had been digging to extend his vineyard, making trenches for new vines, when his shovel struck that which was not earth or stone.

It was almost dusk when we came to the sacred spot and looked down into the shadowy trench upon a little plot of glimmering white mosaic pavement with a dimly discerned square-pattern border of inserted black. It glowed with delicate beauty against its crude dark trough of new-turned earth. It brought up, with subtle enchantment, the ubiquitous glory of Rome out of the sepulchre of the centuries.

After a moment of silent marveling, we turned to the fortunate peasant.

'How wonderful to find it here, in your very vineyard!'

But his eyes hardened strangely, and with a shrug of his shoulders he exclaimed: 'No, no! I do not like it. The Government has stopped all my digging. I cannot dig any more in my own vineyard. And what becomes of my new vines and my new wine? I like my new wine better than old mosaics! The Government should pay me for it, or take this thing away.'

'Or take this thing away!' The profane words sent a shudder through the sacred Roman air. The sentiments sounded like the shabby expression of narrow cupidity anywhere, the wide world over. Ever the same human nature, even in Italy, over a Roman shrine. Oh, unworthy discoverer! Oh, unconsecrated custodian!

'Here are some other things that I found down there,' continued the peasant, ignorant of our falling estimate of him. Stooping to a pile of dirt, he picked up a broken piece of pottery — and a skull. The perfectly intact white teeth of the skull gleamed in the purple dusk. The pattern of a Roman face looked out at us. Those sockets might have held eyes which looked on Cæsar or Augustus. Over those white teeth the grandiloquent Latin language surely flowed once.

But the peasant was thinking other thoughts. The skull which he held awkwardly in his hand lacked Yorick's inspiration for him. Into our reverie he broke thus, while his old wife smiled raggedly beside him: —

'I said to my old woman, when I found this here skull, "You keep these teeth. They may come in handy sometime. You have hardly any left."'

As his mouth broadened in a rustic grin, his bony old wrinkled face looked not unlike the countenance of the skull.

Brothers under the skin! Great, great, seventy times great-grandfather and son. Perhaps, after all, this ancient Roman ancestor was a numskull, too, before he was a skull. But he had evoked great visions.

When we turned homeward, the hunter's moon was shining, not over fresh golden fields of corn and pumpkins, and virgin prairies, and the young farmsteads of America, but over the venerable vineyards, the mellow gardens, the hoary olive-trees, and all the myriad fragments of lost beauty lying in the ancient treasure-house, the marble tomb of Italy.

MORNING CARAVANS

It was sunrise, but the village on the eastern slope lay still slumberous in the kindling light. It breathed gently wisps of blue breath, and pressed against the hills, and slept. Above it, into the intense blue of the sky, flared the gold crests of the hills.

The village gateway faced due east toward Peking, so that as I looked back through its ancient arch I saw the sun rise. Between the gateway and the rising sun the whole plain exhaled a saffron breath, a haze of fine gold-dust, through which the sun shot dizzying darts.

I turned away to rest half-blinded eyes upon the little town which in a higher, unperturbed air rose in ruddy, unwinking peace. Its one street was deep with dust, but as yet no traffic stirred it, and no breeze. Not the slightest film obscured its painted repose.

From the gateway this single street ran, for a little, clear of houses like a country road, and then was drawn in tightly on either side by twin rows of shops. It mounted steadily, the tiny

shops climbing beside it, and then vanished to all appearance into the heart of the gold hill.

Only one person was in view. Beside the road, a sweet-potato seller stood chanting his wares, accompanied by the bubbling and bumping of his sweet potatoes in the iron kettle over glowing charcoals. I bargained, to be sociable, and with a potato in each hand, tugging at their skins with my teeth, passed on up the yellowing road.

What gold-and-blue calm! Nothing, one felt, ever happened here — nothing save the day's incessant weaving of light and shade.

Suddenly the canvas cracked, my painted village sprang to life. From an abrupt turn in the road, where it had seemed to dive into the hills, swung a caravan of camels. Swiftly, surely, with the pace of long traveling, they came down the town. Haughtily they bore their heads and stared into the face of the rising sun. Their eyes glittered; a rich glow washed over their dusky coats.

And now the entire village was alert. For camel-drivers were dashing into shops, slamming down a cash or two, snatching up a twist of pastry, a cake of meal, and rushing out again to their camels.

Caravan after caravan swung down. The whole town was vibrant with the noise of rapid bartering, the clang of camel bells, the *shuf-shuf* of hoofs under swirls of dust, the shrieks of children, the cries of caravaneers, the barking of the village dogs.

But at length the last caravan passed out the eastern gate and vanished into the shimmering mist of the plain. The little village, as if it had in sleep tossed through a vivacious dream, sank again to dreamless slumber. The dust sifted down, the huts and the hills slept.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

It is with unusual pleasure that we begin this number with two names that have adorned the *Atlantic's* pages for more than a generation. **Charles D. Stewart** is a many-sided lover of life, a wise student of Shakespeare, and a successful novelist. In a recent letter Mr. Stewart writes us: 'The very first bees of this season made their appearance a couple of weeks ago, at a time when there were no blossoms and no pollen to gather. But there were some maple trees which had been cut down last year to make room for a new road, and this spring the sap began to rise in those stumps with the first warmth of the sun. And the bees that had gone out for the spring "cleansing flight" found those stumps and just fell to on the treasure of sweet sap. I caught one and brought it home and put it under the glass by way of looking again, with my own eyes, into the points dealt with in the *Atlantic* article.' ¶ Author of many notable volumes, **Agnes Repplier** of Philadelphia has made the essay her own with papers whose incisive skill and dexterity approach perfection. Among friends a delightful raconteur, Miss Repplier has sent us this valiant chronicle: 'An acquaintance of mine, returning late to her apartment, found that it had been entered by a burglar whom she had evidently interrupted before he could carry off his spoils. Sure that the man was somewhere near, she flung open a window, and saw him crouching on a bay-window roof outside. Being a person without fear, she reached for a weapon, caught up an *Atlantic Monthly*, and hit the burglar on the head with it, whereupon he slid down the water pipe and was gone. A triumph, I take it, for your magazine.'

The purpose and efficacy of missions have been challenged by **James Norman Hall**, who sends us from Papeete his pitiable picture of a desolate South Sea battlefield. His account recalls that dolorous land in Lyonesse where the great King Arthur

... glanced across the field
Of battle: but no man was moving there,
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen.

As though in answer to this charge, the mails brought us the manuscript of the **Reverend Dr. Robert F. Fitch**, President of Hangchow Christian College, wherein, speaking as with the tongues of men and of angels, Dr. Fitch affirms the supreme ideal of missions. These papers recall the missionary journal which appeared in the *Atlantic* of last November. ¶ In her testimony a **Social Worker** presents evidence which demands an impartial hearing. In substantiation of the author, we have been allowed to print this letter from Mr. Edward L. D. Roach, Secretary of the Committee of Seventy of Philadelphia: 'The author of the following article is known to me. I have carefully scrutinized the article and find that the facts are not exaggerated.'

It is with sorrow that we publish our final contribution from **Amy Lowell**. Conspicuous in the art of modern poetry, Miss Lowell was, as well, a discriminating critic and a vivid and sympathetic biographer. Her death deprives American letters of a courageous, indefatigable, and gifted artist, and the *Atlantic* of a proud contributor. In her last letter to us, Miss Lowell described 'Fool o' the Moon' as 'one of my most successful poems in my readings. In fact, I think it has been more successful than almost anything I have written except "Lilacs," "Patterns," and the "Sonnets to Duse."' Since her first appearance in 1910, the following poems of Miss Lowell's have appeared in the *Atlantic*: 'A Fixed Idea,' 'A Japanese Wood Carving,' 'The Dream of St. Ursula,' 'The Starling,' 'Absence,' 'Patience,' 'A Tulip Garden,' 'Fireworks,' 'Merchandise,' 'Castles in Spain,' 'Dried Marjoram,' 'Prime,' 'Autumn and Death.' **C. E. Andrews**, Professor of English at Ohio

State University, has spent six months of the past year poking about the 'impossible places' of Paris, and making fascinating acquaintances in the slums and markets. Leo Crane has severed his connection with the Indian Service after twenty-two years, during the last fourteen of which he has been laboring as an Indian Agent on the Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado frontiers. The opening chapter of Mr. Crane's experiences appeared in the June *Atlantic*. ¶At the Blue Hill Observatory of Harvard University, its director, Alexander McAdie, has had opportunity to study the wonder of the heavens and the astronomers. We predict that his advice to the thunderstricken will be cut out and hung up in conspicuous places. ¶A native of the Blue Grass country, Peter Burnaugh speaks with authority on the affairs of the turf. Mr. Burnaugh is the racing-expert on the staff of the *New York Evening Mail-Telegram*.

* * *

Morgan Barnes, a master of the Thatcher School, Ojai, California, gives us a just estimate of the cause and effect of college entrance examinations. Frances LeFevre's story breaks all rules regarding the risibilities of *Atlantic* readers. Archibald MacLeish is writing and living happily in Paris with a wife and Nine Muses to keep him company. ¶Protection from that most dreadful disease of contemporary life, reckless driving, is wisely recommended by Herbert L. Towle of Philadelphia. His facts strike a note of warning audible above the din of motors and klaxons.

* * *

From early days, Americans have returned Columbus's call with interest. To travelers and stay-at-homes alike, the position of contemporary Spain poses a question which has been intelligently and fully treated by Robert Sencourt, an English observer and essayist. William Martin, an editor of the *Journal de Genève* of Switzerland, has had opportunity for a close and impartial inspection of the Peace Treaty. ¶From history Edward Beach Howell has drawn up an intelligent hypothesis which in these bellicose times is a matter of immediate political importance.

In justice to an old and distinguished contributor, we quote from an acknowledgment which appeared in a recent number of the *World's Work*.

In the *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*, Vol. I, p. 60, the statement is made that Mr. Page, as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, changed the title of an article on the Kentucky mountains by Dr. William G. Frost, President of Berea College, from a commonplace one submitted by the author to 'Our Contemporary Ancestors.' This title has long been regarded as one of the happiest in the history of American periodical literature, and for this reason it is to be especially regretted that a mistake was made in attributing the authorship to Walter H. Page. Dr. Frost, who wrote the article, had already used this expressive phrase in describing the Southern mountains, and used it again as the title of his well-known *Atlantic* article. Its exclusive authorship is his own, and the biographer of the *Life and Letters* can only express his regret that he was misinformed into ascribing it to Walter Page.

* * *

We publish the following letter for its graphic picture of that indecision which is now holding sway in the minds of many seniors 'safe in the wide, wide world.'

HANOVER, N. H.

DEAR DAD,—

These long spring days up here certainly compensate for the dreariness of the winter. Spring football begins to-morrow and is to continue for four weeks, up to Spring Prom, May tenth. Played baseball out on the lawn most of yesterday afternoon and if the stiffness I feel to-day is any measure of my condition, there are hard days ahead. But I can't help looking forward to shaking off the winter's accumulation of fat.

Last Sunday, while sitting in the library, you said something about 'the future'—what I expected to do after college. We started to talk it over, and then I decided that probably the best policy would be for me to wait and write. I was reminded of the fact that sometimes the channels of thought between the two parties are quite different. In that case, you get the better of the argument—you unsaddle me with one well-aimed remark, and I'm licked. Writing is one sure way of getting the floor and keeping it.

Well, the whole point is that I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm trying to find out and have been for the last three years, but it seems the more I learn, and the more my interests widen, the less conviction I have—that's the curse of growth. I think if I had not come to college I

should have been a happy and contented bread-earner, a man of convictions, with a keen, unflinching eye, and a big bull head, happy and successful — as Ed says, too dumb to know I could lose.

But when a fellow gets a taste of college, a big enough one, he is apt to learn so much more than he expected to that it 'throws' him. I like to dip into things here and there. I have a lot of interests and get a 'kick' out of many things. In this respect, college has broadened me, but I'm afraid that sometimes such broadening comes at the expense of depth. College is liable to make of one an all-around dilettante. All this seems to spring from book-knowledge, so much of which experience and reality seem to deny. The reading of too many books 'tends to falsify the cosmic values.' Books give you a set of beautiful, poetic ideas that do almost everything for you except feed your stomach. All this I know, but the fact remains that I've got a number of these pretty illusions about life and how it ought to be lived, and I hate to go into the mill of business and have them knocked out of me.

In myself I see a high and a low strain. To go into business, commuting and so forth, is to accept the low. To me, the city is depressing and grows continually more so. Everyone looks the same, does the same, thinks essentially the same — everything is sameness and conformity. In all this, Dad, I do not mean to wax ethereal; it's just supposed to be representative of the kind of thought that's been running through my mind since I struck college. I am at a disadvantage putting this kind of stuff to a man who has been in business for fifty years — I take that into consideration. But far be it from me to see you as one of the hard-headed variety. I do not believe you were ever intolerant of a difference of opinion. Here is a test for tradition.

My plight is that right now I am at that age where, not having tried anything, I feel I could be a success at anything. Cut my field of choice down to any one thing and I believe I could make a 'go' of it. I have a rather high opinion of my capabilities. But the question is not one of 'success' but of happiness. In what field would life have the most meaning? A man has only one life; it is not an obligation to anyone; so why not live it the way he wants to? I have for some time harbored the illusion that I could write, be a critic, go into teaching and aim for a professorship in Philosophy or in English, or even go into the ministry. I could run a good modernist church.

It is one thing to 'think' and another thing to 'do.' Would n't it be awful to make the plunge and then be dissatisfied or fail? You see, in considering a profession I am at a disadvantage. There is the influence of precedent to overcome,

and that precedent is always whispering to me that it would be so much easier to just drift into 'business' and forget it all, and have my home, and my car, and my daily chores, and live and die and amount to nothing!

And a second point: the aesthetic professions require a very distinct temperament, and temperaments are not only expensive, but very elusive. The problem before me is to determine, once for all, just how deeply rooted this mood of mine is. It has not been a passing fancy — that, at least, is true. Some such revolution of attitude as I have undergone is usually characteristic of everyone who goes to college, but it usually passes off after a few months, leaving behind a slightly more sophisticated victim. With me, however, the change has stuck, and it seems to grip harder and surer as time passes. Perhaps that fact may be taken as a measure of the future.

After looking back over these pages, it seems as if I've proved very little — but all I set out to do was to give you some picture of the situation in which I find myself. I hope I have done that. In the last analysis, there is only one thing I am sure of. I do not want to go into business. I should like to take a shot at writing, perhaps with an incidental connection with a publishing house, or at teaching, or, lastly, at the diplomatic service, which I did not mention before. The feeling I have is a desire to spread my wings — to clear out and lead a life of freedom — to do something different. But I don't know where I'm at and I'll admit it. Is there anything you can suggest? You've left the thing up to me so far and I'm glad of it — I've had a chance to do some thinking on the subject — but it seems as if I'm approaching the end of the rope. Will you tell what *you'd* like me to do?

Affectionately,

BOB

Bliss Perry's disquisition on fly fishing has evoked considerable applause and some criticism. Fellow anglers show their pleasure by relating their favorite yarns, one of the most believable of which we reproduce.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wonder whether any of your readers of Professor Perry's 'Fishing with a Fly,' in your May number, can equal this.

A year ago last September, the members of our small fishing club had a very disappointing season. One afternoon I discovered a small open space among the lily pads at the foot of one of our lakes and, casting in my fly, had it instantly taken by a large trout. There followed in quick succession seven others, total weight eighteen and a half pounds.

During the next three days several members tried the same spot without getting a rise. On the fourth day I went down again and struck eight trout, landing seven weighing eighteen pounds. The eighth got tangled in the lilies and broke away. All of these were taken on a dark Montreal.

Last year, during a four weeks' stay at the club, I tried this same place time and again with a dark Montreal and every other fly in my book without getting a rise.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. CROSBY

The critics resent the implication that one must be either a son of Izaak Walton or a sentimentalist.

BRYN MAWR, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I note with pain that your distinguished contributor, Bliss Perry, in his truly delightful paper on 'Fishing with a Fly,' is on the defensive for his favorite sport. Why otherwise does he scout the non-fisherman in his simple unvaunted enjoyment of nature? It is apparently the rare fisherman who can resist the temptation of a fling at the 'sentimentalist' while exulting in the fish 'flopping in the basket'; and yet this attitude seems somewhat gratuitous and the epithet inaccurate.

Must one be dubbed a sentimentalist because he takes his pleasure in the natural world without the destruction of vertebrate life, being provided with perfectly good lunches by a paid butcher?

I am not disposed to belittle what the man with the rod or the gun sees, but I cannot suffer in silence the assumption that he who does not carry these admirable instruments of pleasure sees less. There is conceivably an occupation (or preoccupation) other than fishing or gunning which trains the eye to the perception of every contour of hill and valley, to every form and coloration of rock and boulder, to every graceful movement of wild life, which indeed quickens the senses and the interpretive powers of the mind quite beyond 'mere passive receptivity,' and which contributes to a joyous ecstasy (equal, I humbly believe, to that contributed by the rod and gun, though I am loath to measure another's emotions) that truly is not without sentiment — and what joy is? — but which scarcely makes of one a sentimentalist.

It might be noted in passing that the lower courses of 'the brook in the Heart of Greylock,' enticing to the fisherman, are less enthralling than the headwaters of this same stream, presumably unvisited by the fisherman, deep sunk in the heart of the mountain, eternally twilighted, surrendered to an unabashed and vigorous nature. How frequently, I wonder, have the fishermen of

Williamstown experienced the rewards of a trackless climb in moments spent on the quartz ledge summiting the Dome? Why, finally, assume that the man without a rod or gun goes into the woods 'to peep and botanize (*sic*) and name all the birds'?

* * *

F. BASCOM

This thrifty lesson in home economics is in accord with the highest authority in the land.

GOSHEN COLLEGE,
GOSHEN, IND.

DEAR EDITOR, —

My wife and I were especially interested in Ida L. Albright's discussion of 'The High Cost of Babies.' We fully agree with her main arguments concerning the abuses of their sacred privileges by the medical fraternity, but regret that Mrs. Albright revealed a very weak spot in her own armor. We fear that she is not a reliable champion of the cause of the people against medical profiteers.

Mrs. Albright's weakness is in the handling of her home finances — or, rather, how the family income managed to vanish so mysteriously. When the Albrights had been married seven years, he was receiving four thousand dollars. They should have already saved a few thousand dollars, at that rate, before the prolonged illness of their child. But then his salary had jumped to nearly eight thousand dollars. If they had started with nothing after that spell of sickness four or five years ago, they should have saved twenty-five thousand dollars, or more, by this time, after living comfortably.

I base my estimate upon the fact that the ordinary preacher or college professor can rear a family in comfort on a salary of two thousand dollars, and have a good home, automobile, and so forth, free of debt. That leaves a margin of nearly six thousand dollars for the Albrights to go on. If they cannot pay all those exorbitant doctor-bills and still save a few thousand a year, they need to have a guardian appointed to administer their finances.

Now I do not wish to have this little lesson in home economics for Mrs. Albright overshadow my hearty approval of her suggestions along purely medical lines. I would favor state control of public health by putting doctors on the civil-service list and fixing a sliding schedule of salaries and bonuses to pay them in proportion to the percentage of freedom from sickness within a prescribed district. Then the specialists would be required to serve rich and poor alike, without mercenary motives.

Sincerely yours,

ORVILLE T. RODMAN

Conciliatory advice from a mother who is a physician.

PHILADELPHIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Being a mother, and also a physician, may qualify me to disagree (though I may also sympathize) with the mother who wrote to you in the May number as to the 'high cost of babies,' and family in general.

It seems rather unfortunate that the young parents encountered such high-priced specialists, rather than the practical physician, who keeps pace with changed conditions in medicine and manner of living. Both my husband and myself have practised many years and also raised a healthy family in a large city. We have met all varieties of patients, with and without incomes, more or less appreciative. Together with many other physicians, we call on specialists when there is need of technical skill in extreme cases. Otherwise a knowledge of human nature as well as medical knowledge, together with common-sense, brings success in the treatment of most bodily ailments. Certainly, before developing as a specialist, there should be a few years of practical knowledge, besides hospital practice. As to set prices, it is the physician's privilege to be guided by the patient's income. Medical ethics prevent advertising other than by G. P.'s (grateful patients). Outside of the palatial offices mentioned, the equipment, books, and so forth, require a large outlay, even for an ordinary doctor, so fees must necessarily increase. Moderate incomes can be served by able doctors even though they are not specialists.

Sincerely,

A FAMILY PHYSICIAN

A businesslike defense.

MASON CITY, IOWA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the language of the street, 'How does D. W. Fisher get that way?' — the mood he was in when he wrote 'Seven Centuries of Civilization,' appearing in the April *Atlantic*.

His entire thesis seems to have been founded on the major premise that what was of the Middle Ages was perfect, while what is of to-day is perfectly putrid; that the one was mediæval and therefore right, that the other is modern and therefore wrong.

Mr Fisher's implication that there is no ethics

or morality in modern economics and business, that — on the contrary — both are wholly imbued with the principle of either unholy and unrestricted competition or an equally immoral monopoly, is not justified. On the contrary, general business of to-day is militantly moral. Business men are fashioning for themselves codes of ethics and rules of action that are far in advance of the legal codes established for their regulation. It is true that there are many cases of glaring criminality in the conduct of modern business, but the percentage is marvelously small.

Mr. Fisher would have us canonize a civilization that was steeped in illiteracy and that was founded on the social, legal, and economic inequalities of feudalism and serfdom, whose history is written largely in the chronicles of wars between barons, feudal lords, and piratically competitive independent cities. In the same breath, as it were, he would have us pillory, if not burn at the stake of our hot scorn, a civilization builded on the principles of universal suffrage and education, political and legal freedom and equality, freedom of contract and sacredness of property rights; a civilization that renounced slavery and serfdom, and in which even voluntary labor by all ages and sexes is safeguarded and regulated, in which workmen's compensation and insurance, and extensive participation in ownership by workers, are common and voluntary practice.

All of which simply shows that Mr. Fisher does not really know the facts about modern man, modern business, or modern civilization.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES A. KING

We hope that many do not die of it, but we feel obliged to tell the story.

NEBRASKA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In a Mid-West college town a few ladies were discussing a fatal accident which had occurred in the neighborhood, and from that drifted on to their own preferences for meeting death. After all the rest had expressed themselves, one quiet little gentlewoman remarked, 'I have always said that I hope to die sitting on the porch dressed in my best gown with the *Atlantic Monthly* in my lap.'

J. E. V.

